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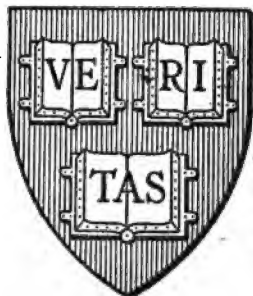
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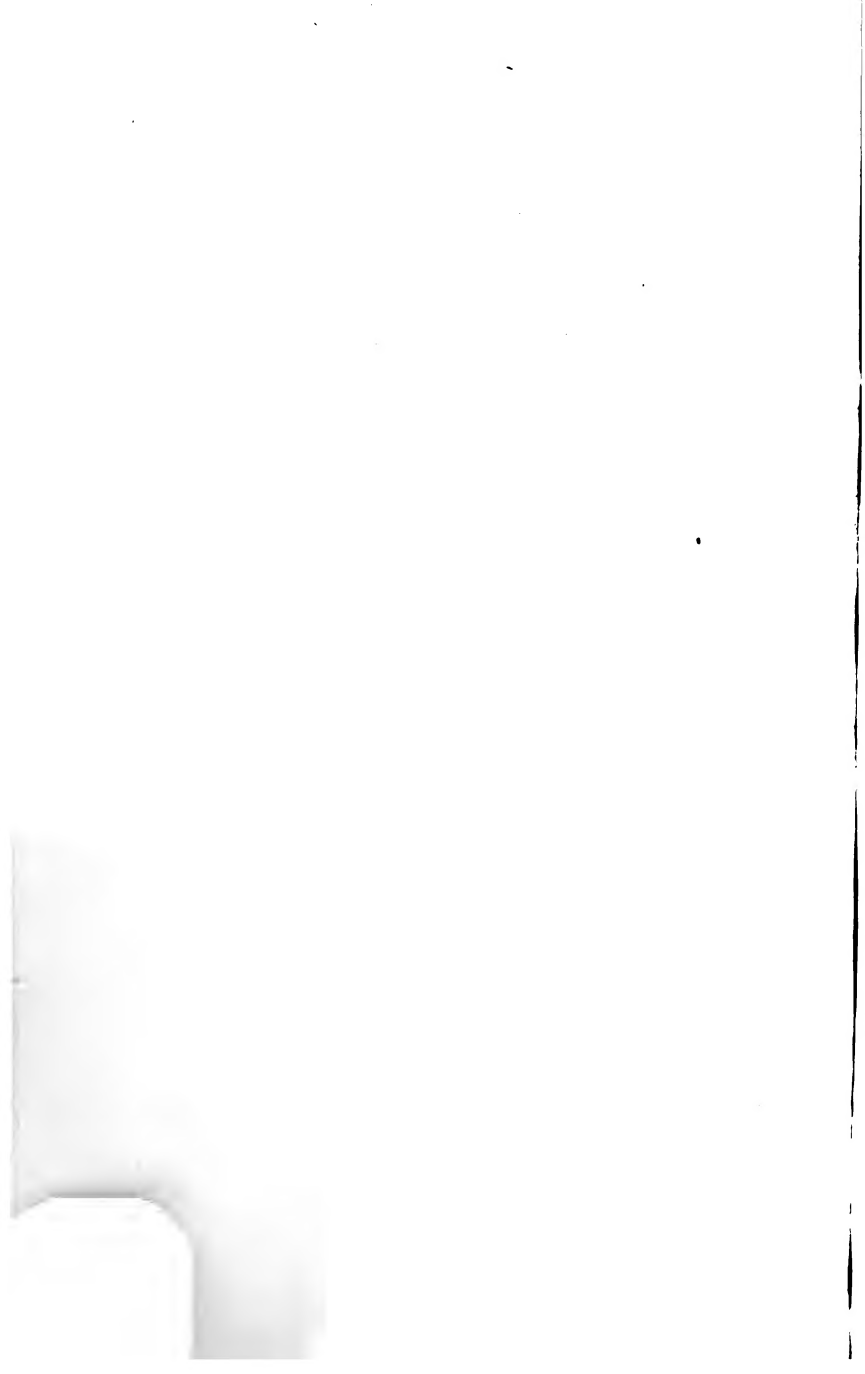
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BY

JOHN MATTHEWS MANLY

PROFESSOR IN BROWN UNIVERSITY

VOL. I

This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard !  
The best in this kind are but shadows ;  
and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

BOSTON, U.S.A., AND LONDON  
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✓ A



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TO  
THE MEMORY  
OF  
**Francis James Child**  
MY  
MASTER AND FRIEND



## P R E F A C E.

---

SOME four years ago it became clear that the two volumes originally announced as the scope of this book would not suffice. In the first place, a good many minute but not insignificant facts regarding the history of almost every period of the drama had come to light, making necessary a somewhat longer historical sketch than was originally planned. In the second place, it seemed not merely desirable, but even imperative, to illustrate certain phases of the early drama which had in collections of a similar character either been neglected or not sharply defined against the apparently monotonous background of mediæval dramatic art. Thirdly, a somewhat different kind of annotation from that hitherto provided seemed worth attempting, if these volumes were to serve as an effective introduction to an art as spacious and as hospitable as the mediæval Church, and to render intelligible and vital to the student forms of art so different from ours in aim, in spirit, in method, in conventions, and in material accessories. A plan for a three-volume edition was therefore submitted to the general editors of the series and to the publishers, who readily agreed to any change that would make the book more useful and interesting.

At the suggestion and request of some teachers who wish to use the book, the texts have been put together in two volumes, and the whole of the illustrative and explanatory material reserved for the third. It is hoped that this arrangement will make the volumes more convenient for use.

Preceding the main body of texts will be found certain documents which, though, for one reason or another, not entitled to a place among the main texts, are nevertheless indispensable in a book of this kind. Taken together, they represent various stages of the liturgical drama, without which the inter-relations of the



Scripture cycles will be altogether misunderstood. The first two of them are dramatic tropes of the office of Easter. The third presents a later form of the same trope, very highly developed within itself, but free from the accretions by which this dramatic office grew into a cyclic drama of the life of Christ. The fourth has a twofold interest : it is, perhaps, the only extant example of a MS. prepared for the use of a single actor and containing only his part and his cues ; and it also affords an interesting glimpse of the vernacular liturgical drama as presented in the churches during the florescence of the craft-plays.

I should have been glad to include in this preliminary section an example of the Latin cycle developed by the combination of such separate plays as the Easter plays just mentioned ; but, although it can hardly be doubted that such cycles existed in England, no text of English origin has yet come to light. I have felt less regret at my inability to include a Latin miracle-play of English origin, because, although miracle-plays, in the strict sense of the term, were common in England from the time of their origin to the sixteenth century, there is a total lack of documents illustrating the stages of development of this species of play, the earliest extant English example being *The Play of the Sacrament*.

In the main body of texts, Part I is devoted entirely to the craft-cycles and their congeners. It will be observed that the arrangement adopted is that of the order of the subjects in cosmical history. For obvious reasons, an arrangement based on the order of composition of the cycles would have been sometimes impossible and sometimes misleading ; and in a book of this kind it seemed more desirable to present materials for giving the student some conception of the nature and effect of the cyclic drama as a whole than to try to illustrate the inter-relations of the cycles, — a line of inquiry which demands, indeed, a more elaborate equipment both of knowledge and of documents than seems to have been suspected even by some serious investigators. My choice of pageants was not, however, entirely determined by the wish to present an artificial cycle. It seemed desirable, in the first place, that all the extant cycles should be represented (the

Newcastle *Noah* play has been omitted on account both of its fragmentary character and its corrupt text), and, secondly, that the representative pageants should each have some specific claim to attention. Thus, the two Norwich pageants afford the only known example of a pageant and the substitute which later took its place. The Towneley *Noah*, with its characteristically English conception of Noah's wife, justifies itself. The Hegge *Noah* is included both as a contrast to this and as containing in the Lamech episode an English example of a farce, in the original sense of the word. Whether the Brome *Abraham and Isaac* belongs to a cycle or is an isolated play, it clearly could not be omitted. The Towneley *Isaac* and *Jacob* pageants are included, not only because, in ten Brink's opinion, they are the most primitive of all the pageants, but also because of their remarkable combination of intensity of conception and phrasing with a simplicity—not to say nakedness—of presentation. The Chester *Balaam* pageant affords, in the version here given, an unparalleled example of the transition stage of the *Processus Prophetarum*, and, although unknown to Sepet when he wrote *Les Prophètes du Christ*, confirms in an interesting manner his theory of the development and influence of the pseudo-Augustinian sermon. The question of the additions and excisions by which this version was reduced to the ordinary form must, of course, be reserved for the Notes. The Hegge *Salutation and Conception* contains the most striking example in English of that debate between the Four Daughters of God which played so commanding a part in mediæval religious thought. The Towneley *Secunda Pastorum* has so long been recognized as the best extant example of individualization of typical characters and of rapid transition from the farcical to the sublime that it is expected in every book of selections. In the Coventry Plays choice was limited to two; *The Pageant of the Shearmen and Taylors* was selected because it illustrates so admirably the way in which several originally distinct pageants were, by force of circumstances, combined into one. A pageant dealing with the Resurrection seemed to be absolutely demanded by the importance of the Easter play in the development of the cyclic drama: the example here given from the York series will be

found to contain reminiscences of the most primitive form of this strangely fated trope. A treble interest attaches to the Chester *Antichrist* pageant, here printed from a hitherto unpublished and practically unknown MS., — a prompt-book antedating by a century the other MSS. of this unique play. No English cycle would be complete without a pageant of the Judgment, that specifically English development ; and no one, I think, can fail to be impressed by the dignity and power of the specimen here presented from the York Plays.

In the artificial cycle thus constructed certain subjects find, of course, no representation ; but, for all that, the student can obtain from it a clear and not wholly inadequate conception of the craft-cycle as a form of the drama. That I have put together pageants from various sources can hardly, in view of the heterogeneous character of the cycles themselves and their complex inter-relations, be a serious objection. And any one who wishes to form an idea of the distinctive characteristics of the various cycles can, with the aid of the table of contents, easily bring together the specimens of each.

Part II contains two religious plays totally unconnected with the Scripture cycles. *The Conversion of St. Paul*, therefore, uninteresting as it is as dramatic literature, can hardly be neglected by the literary historian. *The Play of the Sacrament* not only exhibits the Banes in their real function of a preliminary announcement of the play, but also claims attention by its entirely and doubly unique character.

Part III affords illustrations of important phases of dramatic activity heretofore too little regarded by students. No one who reads the scanty records of dramatic performances in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with their constantly recurring notices of May plays, Robin Hood plays, St. George plays, and sword plays and dances, will fail to welcome the three Robin Hood plays, or, in view of the clearly antique elements which form the basis of the St. George plays and *The Revesby Sword Play*, cavil at the introduction of texts so recently committed to writing.

Of the five Moralities forming Part IV little need be said. I wished to print one of the unpublished Macro plays ; Dr. Fur-

nivall offered me *Mankind*, and I gladly accepted it. *Mundus et Infans* and *Hycke-scorner* complete the representation of this important class of Moralities. *Every-man* has so long and so justly figured as the most impressive play of its kind that its omission may need justification. Here I can only say briefly that, in spite of its enormous influence upon general European literature, this seemed justified by Logeman's proof that it is not of English composition, but a translation from the Dutch, by its accessibility in cheap and convenient form, and by the fact that the type to which it belongs is sufficiently represented by the plays just mentioned. *Wyt and Science* is not only one of the most perfect allegories extant, but also an excellent example of the Morality in the service, not of religious, but of secular education. *Nice Wanton* is, without doubt, the most vividly dramatic of all the Moralities.

Heywood's *Johan-Johan*, *Tyb and Syr Jhan* I had intended to print, as being the only one of his interludes possessed of real dramatic movement; but instructors will perhaps not regret to see instead their old favorite, *The Foure PP.*

*Kynge Johan*, *Roister Doister*, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *Cam-bises*, *Gorboduc*, *Alexander and Campaspe*, *James IV*, *David and Bethsabe*, and *The Spanish Tragedy* need no comment to render their significance clear. Marlowe finds no place here, because he is too important to be represented by anything less than his complete works, and they are now easily accessible.

Most of the texts here published have been either copied or collated anew for this book. Collations of *The Play of the Sacrament* and of *Mundus et Infans* were made under the supervision of Dr. T. K. Abbot, the Librarian of Trinity College, Dublin. The copy of Mr. Wynne's MS. of the *Antichrist* pageant was made by Mrs. Agnes Furnivall and revised by Dr. F. J. Furnivall. All other copies and collations were made by Mrs. Furnivall, whose accuracy has been confirmed by such tests as I have been able to apply.

In printing the texts I have aimed at fidelity to my originals. This ideal, however, did not seem to me impaired by the introduction of modern usage in regard to capitals and punctuation.

Upon the latter a good deal of care has been expended, and, though I cannot hope to have avoided all errors, I do hope that it will be found in general an aid to the reader and in ambiguous passages an indication of the most probable interpretation. Attention has also been devoted to exhibiting the metrical structure of these poems. The stanza-forms are various and in some cases confused, but the effort to detach to the eye such parts as possess definite stanzaic form seemed worth making, if only for the light thus thrown upon the composite character of certain plays and the artistic helplessness of the authors of certain others. In these three matters I have introduced my own system without special notification and have not recorded variations from it on the part either of ancient scribes and printers or modern editors. Instances in which a different punctuation from mine indicates a different interpretation will be discussed in the Notes in vol. III when they seem of sufficient importance. In regard to the forms of certain letters, it is perhaps inconsistent that I should strictly reproduce ancient usage in regard to *z*, *u*, and *v*, and neglect it in regard to *s*; but I have perhaps often failed to be consistent, and in this particular matter I may plead precedent as well as the fact that in textual cruces I have reproduced long *s* in the footnotes. Stage-directions not in the original are printed in brackets. When I began to print I intended to credit to previous editors those supplied by them, but the attempt was soon abandoned, as it became clear that too much space would be required to set forth that in this instance I had changed the place and in another the form of a direction supplied by one of my predecessors. Such a record could, moreover, have scarcely any other interest than that of curiosity, whereas it is clearly a matter of great importance that the text should not be sophisticated by confusion of ancient documents with modern conjectures.

With the modifications just noted, I may say in general that I have made no unindicated alterations in the texts. When the treatment of a text varies in any particular from that adopted in general, a distinct account of such difference is given in the head-note preceding the play; and I believe it will always be found possible for the textual critic to learn from text and footnotes

exactly the appearance of the original. Expanded contractions are, of course, indicated by italics. It will be observed that in the early plays I have recorded with scrupulous minuteness the readings of other editions. In the later texts this seemed both unnecessary and undesirable; but I have aimed to omit no variant which, the date of the text being considered, could have even the slightest significance. On the earlier texts a large number of conjectural emendations have been printed in various publications. These I have, for the sake of convenience and completeness, attempted to collect and record. The later plays have, fortunately for the editor, not been subjected to so much ingenuity.

A warning must be issued in regard to the footnotes; it is never safe to interpret the symbols attached to variants and emendations without reference to the headnote of the particular play. For instance, in some plays H. means Halliwell, in others Holthausen; but perhaps the greatest danger of confusion resides in the symbol K., which in several plays marks the textual notes of Professor Kölbing, and in one the readings of an edition by the printer John Kyng, but never the emendations of Professor Kittredge, whose suggestions, as being unpublished and communicated directly to me, are always distinguished by his unabbreviated surname.

A word or two in regard to the contents of vol. III seem necessary. It will contain an Introduction, with certain appendices, a body of Notes, and a Glossary. The Introduction will trace the history of the drama on the Continent as well as in England from the beginning of the tenth century to the formation of the Scripture cycles, and then in England alone from that time to the end of the sixteenth century. In the appendices will be given a bibliography and lists of places in England at which performances are known to have occurred before the Age of Elizabeth, and of persons and places possessing companies of players, with the nearest ascertainable dates of recorded performances. A map illustrating the distribution of plays in England will accompany the list of performances.

The Notes will give information as to date, authorship, place and mode of presentation, character of costumes, etc., when such

information is obtainable. In the case of plays with international affiliations the more important parallels and congeners will be pointed out. Effort will also be made to aid the reader in involved or obscure passages by explanation and paraphrase, and to emphasize the dramatic elements as distinct from the literary. Elaborate linguistic annotation seems inappropriate in a book intended to aid the study of a form of art, and consequently the linguistic notes will be confined to passages of obscure or ambiguous signification. Much of the linguistic information usually given in notes will be found in the Glossary.

The Glossary will aim to meet the needs of the intelligent student who has no training in the older forms of English. It will therefore include all words obsolete as to either form or meaning and words which by their strange spelling are likely to elude the ingenious; but it will not include words which ought, even in their strange spelling, to be recognizable by any intelligent Englishman.

The material for vol. III has, with the exception of that published recently, been in hand since the summer of 1893. I therefore hope that the appearance of that volume need not be postponed much longer.

The list of persons to whom my thanks are due is a long one. Would that I might give them a pleasure equal to that with which I remember their services and here record their names!

First, as to texts. W. R. M. Wynne, Esq., of Peniarth, Wales, not only allowed me to have copies made of two of his most interesting MSS., but, with a kindness which I cannot adequately acknowledge, himself brought them from Peniarth to London for the use of my copyist, and allowed them to remain in the British Museum for a longer time than it is pleasant to recall. Dr. F. J. Furnivall, of London, with his accustomed liberality, allowed me to have a copy made of his copy of *Mankind*, and sent me advance sheets of the Towneley Plays. Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, of Oxford, with the generosity of a scholar, was willing that I should make use of the texts so well edited by her, and the Delegates of the Clarendon Press kindly allowed me to reprint two pageants from her edition of the York Plays.

Thanks for the loan of books are due to the Rev. Father Shandelle, S. J., of St. Joseph's School, Providence; to W. E. Foster, Esq., the obliging Librarian of the Public Library, Providence; and, most of all, to T. J. Kiernan, Esq., Superintendent of Circulation in the Harvard College Library, whose unfailing kindness and matchless knowledge of the resources of his library are gratefully remembered by so many scholars.

For helpful answers to inquiries addressed to them I have to thank Dr. John Young, Keeper of the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, and the Rev. Canon Fowler and the Rev. Canon Wordsworth, of Lincoln.

Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University, nearly ten years ago first awakened my interest in the subject of these volumes. In the Introduction he will doubtless recognize, as his own, ideas which, after the lapse of so long a time, I am unable to credit to their rightful owner. For inspiration, however, I should thank most of all, were he still alive, my lamented teacher and friend, to whom I had hoped to offer these volumes, but whose friendship and aid I can now record only in a dedication to his memory.

To Professor J. F. Jameson, of Brown University, and Professor A. R. Marsh, of Harvard, I am grateful for interest in my work and for notification of interesting materials which would otherwise have escaped me. Professor E. S. Sheldon, of Harvard, has been tireless in answering questions in the field of Old French and in helping me through many a dark and difficult passage. To Professor G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard, I am indebted for aid so various that space fails me not only to record the instances, but even to enumerate the kinds. With him, from the very beginning of my work, I have discussed theories and facts of all degrees of importance; again and again I have received from him notes of books and documents that had escaped my observation; and more recently he has done me the inestimable service of reading with me all the proofs of vol. I and aiding me in the establishment and punctuation of the text. Some of his aid I have been able to point out specifically, but much of it has been such as cannot be recorded.



For such errors as time and criticism may disclose I, of course, am alone responsible. I have striven to make them few.

In conclusion, I express the hope that these volumes may really serve the purpose for which they were planned, — that of helping the student to follow the fortunes of the modern drama through its strange and interesting nonage, to come into sympathy with the aims and methods of the known and nameless artists whose work is here presented, and to form some conception of the vast amount of dramatic activity and the widespread dramatic interest which made possible the career of Shakspeare. Such results cannot be attained by him who regards even the poorest of these plays as a mere butt for nineteenth-century ridicule, or who forgets that the old German playwright touched the root of the whole matter when he said in regard to his play: “Das wassen vñ das läben diss vnd andren spilen stodt nit alleyn in sprüchen, sonder vyl meer im wassen, würcken vnd gbärden.”

JOHN MATTHEWS MANLY.

BARNSTABLE, Aug. 30, 1897.

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## LITURGICAL TEXTS.



## DRAMATIC TROPEs.

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These two dramatic tropes of the service of Easter are of interest not only because they are among the earliest known texts of the germ from which developed the great mediæval Easter cycle, but also because they show that before the Norman Conquest the development of the drama in England had begun.

The first is printed from the *Regularis Concordia Monachorum*, ascribed to Dunstan or, with more probability, to Ethelwold, and usually assigned to the year 967 (on both these points, see vol. III). The text is, of course, based upon W. S. Logeman's edition, *Anglia*, XIII, 426-428, in preference to any of the older editions; but the contractions and word-division of the original are not indicated. In this version, it will be observed, the trope occurs in the nocturnal service, immediately after the third responsory.

The second is found in two tropers originally belonging to Winchester Cathedral, the earlier assigned to the years 979-1016 (and probably before Oct. 20, 980), the later to the middle of the eleventh century. In the text I follow "The Winchester Troper," edited by W. H. Frere for the Henry Bradshaw Society, London, 1894; but I have not followed Frere (p. 17) in putting in brackets words found in the earlier version but not in the later. In the earlier MS. this trope precedes the *Benedictio cerei*, etc., of Easter Eve, but, for all that, it appears to be here, as, in Gautier's opinion, it is in origin, a trope of the Introit of the Mass.

### I.

Dum tertia recitatur lectio, quatuor fratres induant se, quorum unus alba<sup>1</sup> indutus ac si ad aliud agendum ingrediatur, atque latenter sepulchri locum adeat, ibique manu tenens palmam, quietus sedeat. Dumque tertium percelebratur responsorium, residui tres succedant, omnes quidem cappis induti, turribula cum incenso<sup>2</sup> manibus gestantes ac pedetemptim ad similitudinem querentium quid, ueniant ante locum sepulchri. Aguntur enim hec ad imitationem angeli sedentis in monumento atque mulierum cum aromatibus uenientium ut ungerent corpus Ihesu. Cum ergo ille residens tres uelut erraneos ac aliquid querentes uiderit sibi adproximare, incipiat mediocri uoce dulcisono cantare :

Quem queritis [in sepulchro, o Christicole] ?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. abba.

<sup>2</sup> Logeman, incensu.

<sup>3</sup> All words in brackets are supplied from other versions of the play.

Quo decantato fine tenus, respondeant hi tres uno ore :

Ihesu[m] Nazarenum [crucifixum, o celicola].

Quibus ille :

Non est hic ; surrexit, sicut predixerat :

Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit a mortuis.

Cuius iussionis<sup>1</sup> uoce uertant se illi tres ad chorum dicentes :

Alleluia ! resurrexit Dominus !

Dicto hoc, rursus ille residens, uelut reuocans illos dicat antiphonam :

Uenite, et uidete locum [ubi positus erat Dominus, alleluia ! alleluia !]

Hec uero dicens surgat, et erigat uelum, ostendatque eis locum cruce nudatum, sed tantum linteamina posita quibus crux inuoluta erat. Quo uiso, deponant turribula que gestauerunt in eodem sepulchro, sumantque linteum et extendant contra clerum, ac, ueluti ostendentes quod surrexerit Dominus et iam non sit illo inuolutus, hanc canant antiphonam :

Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro,  
[Qui pro nobis pendit in ligno].

Superponantque linteum altari. Finita antiphona, Prior congaudens pro triumpho Regis nostri, quod, deuicta morte, surrexit, incipiat hymnum :

Te, Deum, laudamus.

Quo incepto, una pulsantur omnia signa ; post cuius finem dicat sacerdos versum :

In resurrectione tua, Christe,

uerbo tenus, et initiet matutinas dicens :

Deus, in adiutorium meum intende !

<sup>1</sup> MS. iussimus ; Dugdale, *Monasticon Angl.*, missionis.

II.

ANGELICA DE CHRISTI RESURRECTIONE.

Quem queritis in sepulchro, [o] Christicole?

*Sanctarum mulierum responsio:*

Ihesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o caelicola!<sup>1</sup>

*Angelice uocis consolatio:*

Non est hic, surrexit sicut praedixerat,  
Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit, dicentes:

*Sanctarum mulierum ad omnem clerum modulatio:*

Alleluia! Resurrexit Dominus hodie,  
Leo fortis, Christus filius Dei! Deo gratias dicite, eia!

*Dicat angelus:*

Uenite et uidete locum ubi positus erat Dominus, alleluia!  
alleluia!

*Iterum dicat angelus:*

Cito euntes dicite discipulis quia surrexit Dominus, alleluia!  
alleluia!

*Mulieres<sup>2</sup> una uoce canant iubilantes:*

Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro,  
Qui pro nobis pependit in ligno, alleluia!

<sup>1</sup> The later MS. has celicole.

<sup>2</sup> Frere has mulieri.



## EASTER DRAMATIC OFFICE.

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This version of the *Officium Sepulchri* is taken from a fourteenth-century MS. Processional of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Dublin. The text is based upon the facsimile given by Frere, "The Winchester Troper," plate 26<sup>b</sup>. The four pages reproduced by Frere unfortunately do not contain the very beginning of the office. I have therefore supplied a few lines in brackets, mainly on the basis of a very similar Orléans version of the thirteenth century (Lange, "Die lateinischen Osterfeiern," München, 1887, pp. 160 ff.). In a few instances I have called attention to deviations from the forms found in other service-books, but in general it seemed best to print the text without change or remark, startling as it sometimes is.

The music of the office is written on the unbarred four-line staff, and is reproduced very clearly in Frere's facsimile. I may add here that plate 26<sup>b</sup> in Frere's book is a facsimile of the later MS. of the Winchester Easter trope given above, the musical notation of which is in neumes.

At the top of the first of the four pages of the facsimile is written, not in the book-hand of the rest, but in cursive script: "Condimentis aromatum vāguentes corpus sanctissimum quo preciosa. This is a part of the hymn, "Heu! pius pastor occiditur," and was probably written here by some one who remembered the hymn as a whole.

[Ad faciendam similitudinem Domini sepulcri primum procedant tres fratres induti dalmaticis]<sup>1</sup> sericis<sup>2</sup> capitibus uelatis quasi tres Marie querentes *Christum*, singule portantes pixidem in manibus quasi aromatibus, quarum prima ad ingressum chori usque sepulcrum procedat et<sup>3</sup> quasi lamentando dicat:

Heu! pius pastor occiditur,<sup>4</sup>

Quem nulla culpa infecit:

O mors lugenda!

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by me.

<sup>2</sup> MS. seems to have tericis or cericis.

<sup>3</sup> MS. per.

<sup>4</sup> The Orléans version has occidit; but the musical notation makes it clear that occiditur is the right reading here.

Factoque modico interuallo, intret <sup>1</sup> *secunda* Maria simili modo et dicat :

Heu! nequam gens Iudaica,  
Quam dira frendet <sup>2</sup> uesania,  
Plebs execranda!

Deinde iij Maria consimili modo: '

Heu! uerus doctor <sup>3</sup> obijt,  
Qui uitam functis <sup>4</sup> contulit:  
. O res plangenda!

Ad huc paululum procedendo prima Maria dicat hoc modo:

Heu! misere cur contingit  
Uidere mortem Saluatoris?

Deinde secund[a] Maria:

Heu! Consolacio nostra,  
Ut quid mortem sustinuit!

Deinde tertia Maria:

Heu! Redempcio nostra,  
Ut quid taliter agere uoluit!

Tunc se coniungant et procedant ad gradum chori ante altare dicentes:

Iam, iam, ecce, <sup>5</sup> iam properemus ad tumulum  
Ungentes Dilecti corpus sanctissimum!

Tunc *secunda* Maria dicat per se:

Nardi uetet commixtio,  
Ne putrescat in tumulo  
Caro beata!

<sup>1</sup> MS. intre t (n erased, but still visible).

<sup>2</sup> Orléans frendens.

<sup>3</sup> Orléans has pastor here as well as above.

<sup>4</sup> MS. clearly has functis; Orléans has sanctis.

<sup>5</sup> MS. effe.

Deinde *tercia* Maria :

Sed nequimus hoc patrare<sup>1</sup> sine adiutorio.

Quisnam saxum hoc reuoluit a monumenti ostio ?

Facto interuallo, *angelus nixus sepulcrum* appariat eis et dicat hoc modo :

Quem queritis ad sepulcrum,<sup>2</sup> o Cristicole ?

Deinde respondeant tres Marie simul :

*Ihesum Nazarenum crucifixum*, o celicola !

Tunc *angelus* dicat sic :

Surrexit, non est hic, sicut dixit ;

Uenite et uidete locum ubi positus fuerat.

Deinde *predicte Marie sepulcrum* intrent inclinantes se *et* prospectantes undique intra sepulcrum, alta uoce quasi gaudento *et* admirantes *et* parum a sepulcro recedentes dicant simul :

Alleluya ! surrexit Dominus !

Alleluya ! surrexit Dominus hodie !

Resurrexit potens, fortis, *Christus*, Filius Dei !

Deinde *angelus* ad eas dicens :

Et euntes dicite discipulis eius et Petro quia surrexit.

In qua reuertant ad angelum quasi mandatum suum ad implendum parate dicentes simul :

Eya ! pergamus propere

Mandatum hoc perficere !

Interim ueniant ad ingressum chori due persone nude pedes sub personis apostolorum *Iohannis et Petri* indute albis sine paruris cum tunicis, quarum *Iohannes* amictus tunica alba palmam in manu gestans, *Petrus* uero rubea tunica indutus clauas in

<sup>1</sup> Most other versions of this line have *patere*, but *patrare* seems preferable.

<sup>2</sup> Usually in sepulcro.

manu deferens; *et* *predicte* mulieres de sepulcro reuertentes *et* quasi de choro simul exeuntes, dicat prima Maria sequenciam :

Victime paschali laudes  
Immolant *Christiani*.

*Secunda* Maria :

Agnus redemit oues :  
*Christus* innocens Patri  
Reconsiliauit peccatores.

*Tercia* Maria dicat :

Mors et uita duello  
Confl[i]xere <sup>1</sup> mirando :  
Dux uite mortuus <sup>2</sup>  
Regnat uiuus.

Tunc obuiantes eis in medio chori predicti discipuli, interrogantes simul dicant :

Dic nobis, Maria,  
Quid uidisti in uia?

Tunc *prima* Maria respondeat quasi monstrando :

Sepulcrum *Christi* uiuentis,  
Et gloriam uidi resurgentis.

Tunc *ij* Maria respondeat quasi monstrando :

Angelicos testes,  
Sudarium et uestes.

*Tercia* Maria respondeat :

Surrexit *Christus*, spes nostra,  
Precedet uos in Galileam.

Et sic procedant <sup>3</sup> simul ad ostium chori; *et* interim currant duo ad monumentum; uerumptamen ille discipulus quem diligebat *Ihesus* uenit prior ad monumentum, iuxta euangelium: "Curre-

<sup>1</sup> Every trace of i has disappeared.

<sup>2</sup> MS. mortuis.

<sup>3</sup> MS. precedant.

bant *autem* duo simul *et* ille alius discipulus <sup>1</sup> *precucurrit* cicius Petro *et* uenit prior ad monumentum, non *tamen* introiuit." Uidentes discipuli sepulcrum uacuum *et* uerbis Marie credentes reuertant se ad chorum dicentes hoc modo :

Credendum est magis soli Marie ueraci  
*Quam* Iudeorum turbe fallaci !

Tunc audito *Christi* resurrectione, chorus *prosequatur* alta uoce quasi gaudentes *et* exultantes sic dicant :

Scimus *Christum* surrexisse  
A mortuis uere.  
Tu nobis, uictor Rex, miserere !

Qua finita,<sup>2</sup> executor officii incipiat :

Te, Deum, laudamus.

<sup>1</sup> MS. discipulis.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly facta.

## FRAGMENTS OF LITURGICAL PLAYS.

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The following document was published in *The Academy*, January 11, 1890, pp. 27 ff., by the Rev. Professor W. W. Skeat. The MS., belonging to the library of Shrewsbury School, consists of forty-two leaves — five quires of eight leaves (one leaf cut out) and one quire of three leaves. The first thirty-six leaves contain Latin anthems; the plays begin on leaf 38. Dr. Skeat assigns the MS. to the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The claim of these fragments upon the attention of scholars is even greater than Dr. Skeat declared it to be. We have here, not merely fragments of a hitherto unrepresented set of plays, but the only known example of a class of plays, the existence of which is otherwise established, but the nature of which, and their relations to the craft-cycles, could hardly be set forth with certainty but for the discovery of this document. It is, indeed, a fragment, not, as Dr. Skeat suggests, of the lost Beverley cycle, or any similar collection, but of a series of plays performed in a church on the days and in the service celebrating the events of which the plays treat. This is clearly established by the phraseology of the Latin with which the second and third plays begin, — the beginning of the first is, as will be seen, missing.

Dr. Skeat points out the fact that many of the Latin passages are provided with a musical notation and that some of them are from the Gospels. That they are noted for singing arises from their being in reality parts of the troped service of the Church for the days to which the plays belong. Details as to this will be given in the Notes, in vol. III; here let it suffice to direct attention to this interesting illustration of the manner in which, in the later stages of the liturgical drama, the liturgical texts appear side by side with the vernacular additions.

As Dr. Skeat has shown, we have here a MS. prepared for the use of a single actor, and containing only his part and his cues. In order to make the fragments intelligible, I have, where it seemed worth while, supplied, on the basis of similar plays, information as to the action and speeches omitted.

## I.

[OFFICIUM PASTORUM.]<sup>1</sup>

*Pastores erant in regione eadem uigilantes et custodientes  
gregem suum. Et ecce angelus Domini astitit iuxta  
illos et timuerunt timore magno.*<sup>2</sup>

[*The Star appears and the Angels sing.*]

[II. PASTOR.]<sup>3</sup> We, Tib!

III. PASTOR. Telle on!

[II. PASTOR.] . . . . . the nyght.

III. PASTOR. Brether, what may *this* be,  
Thus bright to man *and* best?

7

[II. PASTOR.] . . . . . at hand.

III. PASTOR. Whi say *ȝe* so?

[II. PASTOR.] . . . . . warand.

10

III. PASTOR. Suche sȝt was neuer sene  
Before in oure Iewery;  
Sum merueles wil hit mene  
That mun be here in hy.

14

[II. PASTOR.] . . . . . a sang.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. contains no heading. In the corresponding York play, to the relations of which with this Dr. Skeat has called attention, each of the three shepherds speaks a stanza of twelve lines concerning the Messianic prophecies before the point at which this play begins is reached. Possibly this play lacks at the beginning, not only a heading similar to those of the other two plays of this MS., but also a speech by the Third Shepherd; but it may be that, in view of the nature of the church service, the introductory speeches were regarded as unnecessary, and that we have the beginning of the play.

<sup>2</sup> Noted for voices.

<sup>3</sup> Here and throughout the three plays the speaker's name in brackets is supplied by Dr. Skeat. Whether sometimes the cue word does not belong to another actor is an idle question.

<sup>4</sup> In York the First and Second Shepherds declare that they "can synge itt alls wele as he"; to which the Third Shepherd's reply is similar to that here.

III. PASTOR. *Ȝe lye, bothe, by this list,  
And raues as recheles royes!*<sup>1</sup>  
Hit was an angel bryȝt  
*That made this nobulle noyes.* 19

[II. PASTOR.] . . . . . of *prophecy.*

III. PASTOR. He said a barn schuld be  
In *the* burgh of Bedlem born ;  
And of *this*, mynnes me,  
Oure fadres fond be-forn. 24

[II. PASTOR.] . . . . . Iewus kyng.

III. PASTOR. Now may we se *the* same  
Euen in oure pase puruayed ;  
*The* angel nemed his name, —  
“Crist, Saueour,” he saied. 29

[II. PASTOR.] . . . . . not raue.

III. PASTOR. *Ȝone* brightnes wil vs bring  
Vnto *that* blisful boure ;  
For solace schal we syng  
To seke oure Saueour. 34

*Transeamus usque Bethalem, et uideamus hoc verbum quod  
factum est, quod fecit Dominus et ostendit nobis.*<sup>2</sup>

[*They follow the Star.*]

[II. PASTOR.] . . . . . to knowe.

III. PASTOR. For no-thing thar vs drede,  
But thank God of alle gode ;  
*This* light euer wil vs lede  
To fynde *that* frely fode. 41

<sup>1</sup> In this part of York, which is in a different stanza from the rest of the play, the resemblances to our fragment extend only to the main course of the thought and an occasional phrase.

<sup>2</sup> Noted for voices.



[*They enter the stable and adore the Child.*]

[II. PASTOR. Now wat 3e what]<sup>1</sup> I mene.

III. PASTOR. A! loke to me, my Lord dere,<sup>2</sup>

Alle if I put me noght in prese!

To suche a prince without[en]<sup>3</sup> pere

Haue I no presand *that* may plese.

But lo! a horn-spone haue I here

*That* may herbar an hundrith pese:

*This* gift I gif *the* with gode chere, —

Suche dayntese wil do no disese.

Fare-wele now, swete swayn,

God graunt *the* lifyng lang!

[I. PASTOR. And go we hame agayn,

And mak mirth as we gang!]<sup>4</sup>

54

<sup>1</sup> After reaching Bethlehem the shepherds in York adore the Child, each speaking one stanza of twelve lines. That of the Third Shepherd is identical with his speech here and the speeches of the others are in the same stanza-form. Dr. Skeat is, therefore, right in inferring that the words, I mene, which end the speech of the Second Shepherd in both plays, point to a practical identity of those speeches.

<sup>2</sup> Before this line in MS. there is a star referring to the words: Saluatorem, Christum, Dominum, infantem pannis inuolutum, secundum sermonem angelicam (sic). These words are in a later hand. They belong to a dramatic trope (of Christmas) which will be given in full in the discussion of the origins of the drama in the Introduction.

<sup>3</sup> Supplied by Skeat.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Skeat says: "I supply these two lines from the York Mysteries, and assign them to the First Shepherd instead of to the Third, because the MS. has here two blank lines, showing that the Third Shepherd did not speak them."

## II.

[OFFICIUM RESURRECTIONIS.]<sup>1</sup>*Hic incipit Officium Resurreccionis in die Pasche.*

[Enter the three Marys on their way to the Sepulchre.]

III. MARIA.<sup>2</sup> *Heu! Redemcio Israel,  
Ut quid mortem sustinuit!*<sup>3</sup>

[II. MARIA.] . . . . . payne.

III. MARIA. Allas! he *that* men wend schuld by  
Alle Israel, bothe knyght *and* knaue,  
Why suffred he so forto dy,  
Sithe he may alle sekenes saue?

*Heu! cur ligno fixus clavis*

*Fuit doctor tam suavis?*

*Heu! cur fuit ille natus*

*Qui perfodit eius latus?*

II

[II. MARIA.] . . . . . is oght.

III. MARIA. Allas, *that* we suche bale schuld bide  
That todayn sight so forto see,  
The best techer in world wide  
With nayles be tacched to a tre!  
Allas, *that* euer so schuld be-tyde,  
Or *that* so bold mon born schuld be  
For to assay oure Saueour side  
And open hit with-oute pite!

20

<sup>1</sup> The corresponding York play is printed below, pp. 153 ff. It is in a different metre. The character of the York play on the appearance of Christ to Magdalen suggests that it was once connected with a play very similar to this, especially when the nature of the corresponding Towneley play is considered.

<sup>2</sup> In MS. the name is written *iiij<sup>a</sup> m*.

<sup>3</sup> What the others probably said may be seen above, p. xxiii.

[ALL THREE.]<sup>1</sup> *Iam, iam, ecce, iam properemus ad tumu-  
lum,*

*Vngentes Dilecti corpus sanctissimum !<sup>2</sup>*

*Et appropiantes sepulcro cantent :*

[ALL THREE.] *O Deus, quis reuoluet nobis lapidem  
Ab hostio monumenti ?<sup>3</sup>*

24

[II. MARIA.] . . . . . him leid.

III. MARIA. He *that thus* kyndely vs has kend

Vn-to *the* hole where he was hid,

Sum socoure sone he wil vs send,

At help to lift away *this* lid.

29

[*They find the stone rolled away, and learn from the angels that Christ is risen.*]

III. MARIA. Alleluya schal be oure song,

Sithen Crist, oure Lord, by angellus steuen,

Schewus him as mon here vs among

And is Goddis Son, heghest in heuen.

33

[*The Marys return and announce the Resurrection to the disciples.*]<sup>4</sup>

[II. MARIA.] . . . . . was gon.

[CHORUS. *Dic nobis, Maria,  
Quid uidisti in uia ?*

I. MARIA. *Sepulcrum Christi uiuentis,  
Et gloriam uidi resurgentis.*

II. MARIA. *Angelicos testes,  
Sudarium et uestes.*

III. MARIA.] *Surrexit Christus, spes nostra,  
Precedet vos in Galileam !<sup>4</sup>*

42

<sup>1</sup> Cf. p. xxiii, above.

<sup>2</sup> Noted for voices.

<sup>3</sup> A red line here in MS.

<sup>4</sup> Skeat assigns these two lines to the angel (he speaks of only one angel) ; but there is no reason why the words of the angels should appear in this MS. I have supplied in brackets all the words from CHORUS to III. MARIA to sustain my view that the two lines belong to the Third Mary ; cf. p. xxv, above.

III. MARIA. Crist is rysen, wittenes we<sup>1</sup>  
 By tokenes *that* we haue sen *this* morn !  
 Oure hope, oure help, oure hele, is he,  
 And hase bene best, sithe we were born !  
 Yf we wil seke him for to se,  
 Lettes noght *this* lesson be for-lorn :  
 "But gose euen vn-to Galilee ;  
 There schal 3e fynd him 3ow beforn !" <sup>2</sup>

50

## III.

[OFFICIUM PEREGRINORUM.]<sup>3</sup>

*Feria secunda in ebdomada Pasche discipuli insimul content :*

[CHORUS.]<sup>4</sup> Infidelis incursum populi  
 Fugiamus, Ihesu<sup>5</sup> discipuli !  
 Suspenderunt Ihesum patibulo ;  
 Nulli parcent eius discipulo.<sup>6</sup>

4

*[The disciples depart ; Luke and Cleophas go together.]*

[LUKE.]<sup>7</sup> . . . . . fast to fle.

[CLEOPHAS.] But if we fle, *thai* wil vs fang,  
 And ful felly *thai* wil vs flay ;<sup>8</sup>  
 Agayn to Emause wil we gang,  
 And fonde to get *the* gaynest way.

<sup>1</sup> I suppose this speech to have been preceded by similar ones from the other two Marys, but no cue is given in MS.

<sup>2</sup> After this a red line in MS.

<sup>3</sup> Skeat supplies as the heading: The Two Disciples going to Emmaus.

<sup>4</sup> The actor was one of this Chorus, or their words would not appear here.

<sup>5</sup> MS. ihesum; corr. by Skeat.

<sup>6</sup> Noted for voices. A red line after this verse.

<sup>7</sup> This play does not give the name of either speaker. Skeat points out that the one who appears later among the apostles is probably Cleophas ; the other, Luke.

<sup>8</sup> Qy. slay.

And make *in* mynd euer vs amang  
 Of oure gode Maister, as we may,  
 How he was put to paynes strang, —  
 On *that* he trusted con *him* be-tray!<sup>1</sup>

13

[*Jesus enters and talks with them.*]<sup>2</sup>

[JESUS.] . . . . but agayn.

[CLEOPHAS.] By wymmen wordis wele wit may we  
 Christ is risen vp in gode aray;  
 For to oure-self *the* sothe say[d]<sup>3</sup> he,  
 Where we went in *this* world away,  
 That he schuld dye *and* doluen be,  
 And rise fro *the* dethe *the* thrid day.  
 And *that* we myzt *that* sȳt now se,  
 He wisse vs, Lord, as he wele may!

22

[JESUS?] . . . . resoun riȳt.

[CLEOPHAS.]<sup>4</sup> *Et quoniam tradiderunt eum summi sacerdotes et principes nostri in dampnacione[m]*<sup>5</sup> *mortis et crucifixerunt eum.*

Right is *that* we reherce by raw  
 The maters *that* we may on mene,  
 How prestis *and* princes of oure lawe  
 Ful tenely toke *him* hom be-twen,  
 And dampned *him*, *with-ouen* awe,  
 For to be dede *with* dole,<sup>6</sup> be-dene;  
 Thai crucified *him*, wele we know,  
 At Caluary, *with* caris kene.

34

<sup>1</sup> After this verse a red line in MS. Probably, as Skeat suggests, *Jesus enters here.*

<sup>2</sup> This conversation in all the plays on this subject follows very closely Luke xxiv, 17-21.

<sup>3</sup> Supplied by Skeat.

<sup>4</sup> Skeat does not assign the Latin to any one; he puts CLEOPHAS opposite the first line of the English which follows.

<sup>5</sup> Skeat has dele.

[CLEOPHAS AND LUKE.]<sup>1</sup> *Dixerunt etiam se visionem angelorum vidisse, qui dicunt eum viuere.*

[LUKE.] . . . . . wraist.

[CLEOPHAS.] The wymmen gret, for he was gon ;

But yet *thai* told of meruales mo :

*Thai* saw angellus stondyng on *the* ston,

And sayn how he was farne hom fro.

Sithen of oures went ful gode wone

To se *that* sȳt, *and* said right so.

Herfore we murne *and* makis *this* mon ;

Now wot *thou* wele of alle oure wo.

45

[LUKE?]<sup>2</sup> . . . . . in pese.

[CLEOPHAS AND LUKE.]<sup>3</sup> *Mane nobiscum, quoniam ad-  
uesperascit et inclinata est iam dies. Alleluya!*<sup>4</sup>

[*They approach Emmaus.*]

[JESUS.] . . . . . wight.

[CLEOPHAS.]<sup>5</sup> Amend oure mournyng, maister dere,

And fond oure freylnes for to felle!

Herk, brother ! help to hold him here,

Ful nobel talis wil he vs telle!

53

[LUKE.] . . . . . lent

[CLEOPHAS.] And gode wyne schal vs wont non,

For *ther-to* schal I take entent.

<sup>1</sup> Skeat does not indicate the speaker ; the cue following he assigns to Jesus. It seems unlikely that a speech by Jesus existed between this Latin and the English in which Cleophas gives the substance of it. I therefore suppose both disciples to have recited the Latin and then each to have given, as was usual, the sense of it, each emphasizing different features.

<sup>2</sup> It is impossible to decide whether to assign this to Luke or to Jesus.

<sup>3</sup> Not indicated by Skeat.

<sup>4</sup> Noted for voices.

<sup>5</sup> Omitted by Skeat.

[*Jesus breaks the bread, and, after giving it to them, vanishes.*]

[LUKE.] . . . . . he went. 57

[CLEOPHAS.] Went he is, *and* we ne wot how,

For here is nocht left in his sted!<sup>1</sup>

Allas! where were our wittis now?

With wo now walk we, wil of red!

[LUKE.] . . . . . [he brak]<sup>2</sup> our bred. 62

[CLEOPHAS.] Our bred he brak *and* blessed hit;

On mold were neuer so mased men,

When *that* we saw him by vs sit,

*That* we couthe nocht consayue him *then*. 66

[LUKE.] . . . . . ay.

[*Cleophas and Luke return to the other disciples, singing :*]

[CLEOPHAS AND LUKE.] *Quid agamus uel dicamus,  
Ignorantes quo eamus,  
Qui Doctorem sciencie  
Et patrem consolacionis  
Amisimus?*<sup>3</sup>

72

[LUKE.] . . . . . gode state

[CLEOPHAS.] We schal hom telle, *with-outen* trayn,

Bothe word *and* werk, how [that] hit was,

I se hom sitt samyn in a playn.

Forthe in apert dar I not pas! 77

[*They join the other disciples.*]<sup>4</sup>

[LUKE?] . . . . . *and* wife.

[CLEOPHAS.] We saw him holle, hide *and* hewe;

*Therfore* be still, *and* stint *3oure* strife!

<sup>1</sup> MS. stid; *corr.* by Skeat.

<sup>2</sup> *Supplied* by Skeat.

<sup>3</sup> *Noted* for voices.

<sup>4</sup> *A red line* here in MS. Skeat interprets it as *I do*.

That hit was Crist ful wele we knewe,  
He cutt oure bred with-outen knyfe.

82

[All the disciples sing:]

[CHORUS.] *Gloria tibi, Domine,  
Qui surrexisti a mortuis,  
Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula; Amen!*<sup>1</sup>

[Enter St. Thomas, who refuses to believe until convinced by the appearance of Christ.]<sup>2</sup>

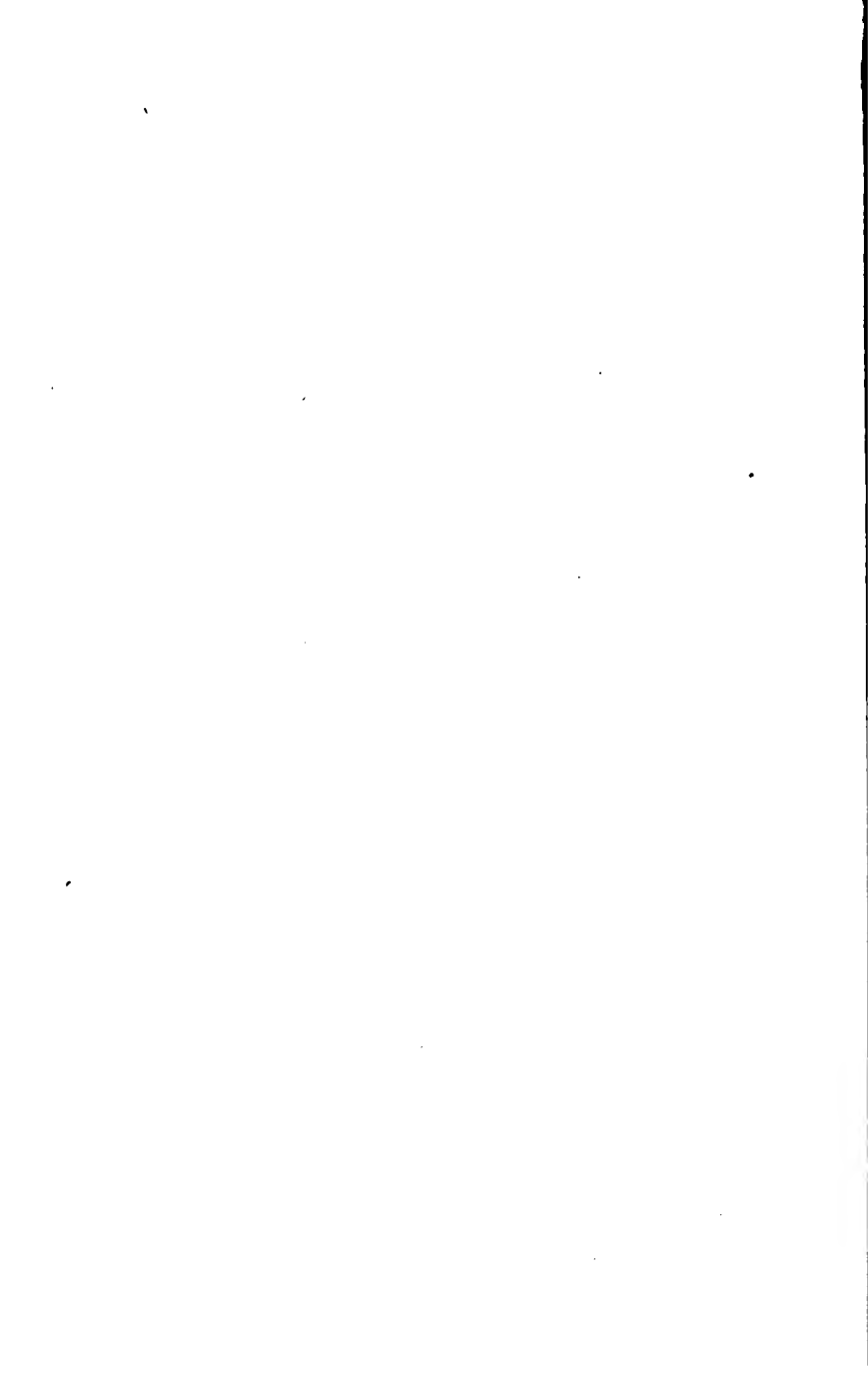
[CHORUS.] *Frater Thoma, causa tristicie  
Nobis tulit summa leticie!*

[Explicit.]

<sup>1</sup> Noted for voices.

<sup>2</sup> Skeat thinks a new play begins here; but the Incredulity of St. Thomas is not celebrated on Easter Monday.





# PART I.



## NORWICH WHITSUN PLAYS.

---

These two versions of the pageant of the Grocers of Norwich are reprinted from: "Norwich Pageants. The Grocers' Play. From a MS. in the possession of Robt. Fitch, Esq., F.G.S. [Privately printed.] Norwich, 1856." The first of them was composed before June 16, 1533; the other, in 1565.

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### I.

The Story of *the*<sup>1</sup> Creacion<sup>2</sup> of Eve, with *the* Expelling of Adam *and* Eve out of Paradyce.

PATER. *Ego principium, Alpha et ω, in altissimis habito;*  
In *the* heavenly empery I am resydent.  
Yt ys not semely for man, *sine adjutorio*,  
To be allone, nor very convenyent.  
I have plantyd an orcheyard most congruent  
For hym to kepe *and* to tylle, by contemplacion.  
Let us make an adjutory of our formacion 7  
  
To hys symylatude, lyke in plasmacion.  
In-to Paradyce I wyll nowe descende  
With my mynysters angelicall of our creacion  
To assyst us in ower worke *that* we intende,  
A slepe in-to man be soporacion to sende.  
A ribbe out of mannys syde I do here take;  
Bothe flesche *and* bone I do thys creatur blysse;  
And a woman I fourme, to be his make,  
Semblable to man; beholde here she ys. 16

<sup>1</sup> F. y<sup>e</sup>; so below.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps this ought to be expanded as Creacyon.

ADAM. O my Lorde God, incomprehensyble, withoute mysse,  
Ys thy hyghe excellent magnyfysens.

Thys creature to me ys *nunc ex ossibus meis*,

And *virago* I call hyr in thy presens,

Lyke on-to me in naturall preemynens.

Laude, honor and glory to the I make.

Bothe father and mother man shall for hyr forsake.

23

PATER. Than my garden<sup>1</sup> of plesure kepe thou suer.

Of all fruts *and* trees shall thou ete *and* fede,

Except thys tre of connyng, whyle ye bothe indure ;

Ye shall not touche yt, for that I forbede.

ADAM. Thy precept, Lorde, in will, worde and deede  
Shall I observe, and thy request fulfyll

As thou hast commandyd, yt ys reason *and* skyll.

30

PATER. Thys tre ys callyd of connyng good *and* yll ;

That day that ye ete thereof shall ye dye,

*Morte moriemini*, yf that I do you aspye ;

33

Showe thys to thy spowse now by and bye.

I shall me absent for a time and space ;

A warned man may lyve ; who can it denye ?

I make the lord therof ; kepe wyll my place ;

If thou do thys, thou shall have my grace ;

In-to mortalite shall thou elles falle.

Looke thou be obedyent whan I the calle.

40

ADAM. Omnipotent God and hygh<sup>2</sup> Lord of all,<sup>2</sup>

I am thy servante, bownde onder thyn obedyens,

And thou my creatour, one God eternall ;

What thou commandest, I shall do my dylygens.

PATER. Here I leve the, to have experyens,  
To use thys place in vertuse occupacón,

For nowe I wyll retorne to myn habitacón.

47

ADAM. O lovely spowse of Godes creacón,

I leve the here alone, I shall not tary longe,

For I wyll walke a whyle for my recreacón

<sup>1</sup> A stroke over n.

<sup>2</sup> Both the h and the ll are crossed.

And se over Paradyce, that ys so stronge.

No-thinge may hurt us, nor do us wronge ;  
 God ys ower protectour *and* soverayn<sup>1</sup> guyde ;  
 In thys place non yll thyng may abyde. 54

SERPENS. O gemme of felycyte and femynyne love,  
 Why hathe God under precept *prohybyte* thys frute,  
 That ye shuld not ete therof to your behofe ?  
 Thys tre ys plesant *withouten* refute. 58

EVA. *Ne forte* we shuld dye, *and* than be mortall ;  
 We may not towche yt, by Godes commandement.  
 SERPENS. *Ne-quaquam*, ye shall not dye perpetuall,  
 But ye shuld be as godes resydent,  
 Knowyng good *and* yll spyrytuall ;  
 No-thing can dere you *that* ys carnall. 64

EVA. For us than now what hold you best,  
 That we do not ower God offende ?  
 SERPENS. Eate of thys apple at my requeste.  
 To the, Almyghty God dyd me sende.  
 EVA. Nowe wyll I take therof ; *and* I intende,  
 To plesse my spowse, therof to fede,  
 To know good *and* yll for ower mede. 71

ADAM. I have walkyd abought for my solace ;  
 My spowse, how do you? tell me.  
 EVA. An angell cam from Godes grace  
 And gaffe me an apple of thys tre.  
 Part therof I geffe to the ;  
 Eate therof for thy pleasure,  
 For thys frute ys Godes own treasure. 78

PATER. Adam, Adam, wher art thou thys tyde?  
 Before my presens why dost thou not appere?

[A large gap in the MS. here.]

Musick.

*Aftyr that Adam and Eve be drevyn out of Paradyse, they schall speke  
 thys foloyng:*

<sup>1</sup> A stroke over n.

ADAM. O, *with* dolorows sorowe we may wayle *and* weepe !

Alas, alas, whye ware we soo bolde ?

Bye ower fowle presumpsyon we ar cast full depe,

Fro pleasur to payn, *with* carys manye-fold.

84

EVA.<sup>1</sup> *With* wonderows woo, alas ! it cane not be told ;

Fro Paradyse to ponyschment *and* bondage full strong.

O wretchys that we are, so ever we xal be inrollyd ;

Therfor ower handes we may wrynge *with* most dullfull<sup>2</sup>

song.

88

*And so thei xall syng, walkyng together about the place, wryngyng ther handes :*

Wythe dolorous sorowe we may wayle *and* wepe

Bothe<sup>3</sup> nyght *and* daye in sorowe,<sup>4</sup> sythys full depe.

90

[*N.B. These last 2 lines set to musick twice over and again, for a chorus of 4 ptes.*]<sup>5</sup>

## II.

The Storye of *the* Temptacion of Man in Paradyce,  
beyng therin placyd, *and* the Expellynge of Man  
*and* Woman from thence, newly renuid<sup>6</sup> *and*  
accordynge unto *the* Skrypture, begon thys yere,  
A° 1565, A° 7 Eliz.

ITEM. *Yt ys to be notyd that when the Grocers Pageant is played with-owte eny other goenge befor yt, then doth the Prolocutor say in this wise :*

### [THE FIRST PROLOGUE.]

Lyke as yt chancyd before this season,

Owte of Godes Scripture reuealed, in playes

Was dyvers stories sett furth, by reason,

Of pageants apparellyd in Wittson dayes ;

And lately be fallen into decayes ;

<sup>1</sup> F. Eve.

<sup>3</sup> In F. at end of preceding line.

<sup>2</sup> F. dull full.

<sup>4</sup> F. sory.

<sup>5</sup> This note is apparently added by F.

<sup>6</sup> F. renvid.

Which stories dependyd in theyr orders sett  
By severall devyces, much knowledge to gett; 7

Beginnyng in Genesis, that story repleate,  
Of God his creacion of eche lyvyng thyng,  
Of heaven *and* of erth, of fysh smalle *and* greate,  
Of fowles, herbe *and* tre, *and* of all bestes crepyng,  
Of angel, of man, *which* of erth hath beyng,  
*And* of *the* fall of angell[s], in *the* Apocalyps to se;  
Which stories with the Skriptures most justly agree. 14

Then followed this ower pageant, *which* sheweth to be  
*The* Garden of Eden, *which* God dyd plante,  
As yn *the* seconde chapter of Genesis ye se;  
Wherin of frutes pleasant no kynde therof shulde wante;  
In *which* God dyd putt man to cherish tre *and* plante,<sup>1</sup>  
To dresse *and* kepe *the* grownde, *and* eate what frute hym lyst,  
Except *the* tre of knowledge, Godes high wyll<sup>2</sup> to resyste. 21

The story sheweth further, that, after man was blyste,  
The Lord did create woman owte of a ribbe of man;  
Which woman was deceyvyd with *the* Serpentes darkned myste;  
By whose synn ower nature is so weake no good we can;  
Wherfor they were dejectyd *and* caste from thence than  
Unto dolloure *and* myseri<sup>3</sup> *and* to traveyle *and* payne  
Untyll Godes spryght renuid;<sup>4</sup> *and* so we ende certayne. 28

*Note that yf ther goeth eny other pageantes before yt, the Prolocutor sayeth  
as ys on the other syde and leaveth owte this.*

### [THE SECOND PROLOGUE.]

THE PROLOCUTOR. As in theyr former pageantes is semblably  
declared

Of Godes mighty creacion in every lyvyng thyng,  
As in *the* fyrst of Genesis to such it is prepared<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> F. [hym] taute.

<sup>4</sup> F. renvid.

<sup>2</sup> F. wytt.

<sup>5</sup> F. *prepared*.

<sup>3</sup> F. nyseri.



As lust they have to reade to memory to brynge  
 Of pride *and* fawle of angells that in hell hathe beinge;  
 In *the* seconde of Genesis of mankynde hys creacion  
 Unto this Garden Eden is made full preparacion. 7

And here begynneth ower pageant to make *the* declaracion,  
 From *the* letter C in *the* chapter before saide,  
 Howe God putt man in Paradyse to dresse yt in best fassion,  
 And that no frute therof from hym shuld be denayed,  
 Butt of *the* tre of lyffe *that* man shuld be afraide  
 To eat of, least that daye he eate yt he shuld dye;  
*And* of womans creacion apperinge by *and* bye; 14

And of *the* Deavills temptacion discouv[r]inge *with* a lye  
 The woman beinge weakest, *that* cawsed man to tast.  
 That<sup>1</sup> God dyd so offende, that even contynentlye  
 Owte of *the* place of joye was man *and* woman cast,  
 And into so great dolloure *and* misery browght at last;  
 Butt that by God his spright was comforted ageyne.  
 This is of this ower pagent *the* some *and* effect playne. 21

[THE CREATION AND FALL.]

GOD *THE* FATHER. I am Alpha et Homega, my Apocalyps  
 doth testyfy,

That made all of nothinge for man his sustentacion;  
 And of this pleasante garden *that* I have plante most goodlye  
 I wyll hym make *the* dresser for his good recreacion.  
 Therfor, Man, I gyve yt the, to have thy delectacion.  
 In eatyng thou shalt eate of every growenge tre  
 Excepte *the* tre of knowledge, *the* which I forbydd the; 7

For in what daye soever thou eatest<sup>2</sup> thou shalt be  
 Even as the childe of death; take hede; *and* thus I saye,  
 I wyll the make an helper, to comforte the alwaye.  
 Beholde, therfore a slepe I bryng this daye on the,

<sup>1</sup> F. *inserts* [he].

<sup>2</sup> F. eaten.

*And* owte of this thy ribbe, that here I do owte-take,  
A creature for thy help behold I do the make.

A-ryse, *and* from thy slepe I wyll the nowe awake,  
*And* take hyr unto the, that you both be as one  
To comfort one thother when from you I am gone. 16

*And*, as I saide before when *that* thou wert alone,  
In eatyng thou mayst eate of every tre here is,  
Butt of *the* tre of knowledge of good *and* evyll eate non,  
Lest that thou dye the deth by doenge so amysse.  
I wyll departe <sup>1</sup> now wher myn habitacion is.  
I leave you here.  
Se *that* ye have my wordes in most high estimacion.

*Then Man and Woman speke bothe.*

[MAN AND WOMAN.] We thank the, mighty God, *and* gyve  
the honoracion. 24

*Man spekethe.*

[MAN.] Oh bone of my bones *and* flesh of my flesh eke,  
Thou shalt be called Woman, by-caus thou art of me.  
Oh gyfte of God most goodlye, *that* has <sup>2</sup> us made so lyke,  
Most lovyng spowse I mucche do here rejoyce of the.  
WOMAN. And I lykewyse, swete lover, do much reioyce of  
the.

God therefore be praised, such comforte have us gyve  
That ech of us *with* other thus pleasantly do lyve. 31

MAN. To walke abowt this garden my fantasye me meve;  
I wyll the leave alone tyll that I turne ageyne;  
Farewell, myn owne swete spouse, I leave *the* to remayne.  
WOMAN. And farewell, my dere lover, whom my hart  
doth conteyn. 35

*The Serpent spekethe.*

[THE SERPENT.] Nowe, nowe, of my purpos I dowght nott  
to attayne;  
I can yt nott abyde, in theis joyes they shulde be.  
Naye! I wyll attempt them to syn unto theyr payne;

<sup>1</sup> F. deprote.

<sup>2</sup> F. hast.

By subtylty to catch them the waye I do well se ;  
 Unto this, angell of lyght I shew mysylfe to be,  
 With hyr for to dyscemble ; I fear yt nott at all,  
 Butt that unto my haight some waye I shall hyr call. 42

Oh lady of felicite, beholde my voice so small !  
 Why have God sayde to you, "Eate nott of every tre  
 That is within this garden" ? Therein now answere me. 45

WOMAN. We eate of all the frutte that in the grownde we se,  
 Excepte that in the myddest, wherof we may nott taste,  
 For God hath yt forbydd, therfor yt may nott be,  
 Lest that we dye *the* deth *and* from this place be caste.

THE SERPENT. Ye shall not dye *the* deth; he made you  
 butt agaste ;  
 Butt God doth know full well *that* when you eate of yt  
 Your eys shall then be openyd *and* you shall at *the* last  
 As godes both good *and* evyll to knowe ye shall be fytt. 53

WOMAN. To be as God <sup>1</sup> indede *and* in his place to sytt,  
 Therto for to agre my lust conceyve somewhatt;  
 Besydes the tre is pleasante to gett wysedome *and* wytt,  
 And nothyng is to be comparyd unto that.

THE SERPENT. Then take at my request, *and* eate, *and*  
 fere yt natt. 58

*Here she takyth and eatyth, and Man cumyth in and sayeth unto hyr :*

MAN. My love, for my solace I have here walkyd longe.  
 Howe ys yt nowe *with* you? I pray you do declare.

WOMAN. In-dede, lovely lover, the heavenly kyng most stronge  
 To eate of this apple his angell hath prepare ;  
 Take therof at my hande thother frutes amonge,  
 For yt shall make you wyse *and* even as God to fare. 64

*Then Man taketh and eatyth and sayethe :*

[MAN.] Alack ! alacke ! my spouse, now se I nakid we ar ;  
 The presence of ower God we can yt nott abyde.

<sup>1</sup> F. Godes.

We have broke his precepte, he gave us of to care;  
 From God therfor in secrete in some place lett us hide.  
 WOMAN. *With* fygge-leavis lett us cover us, of God we  
 be nott spyede. 69

THE FATHER. Adam! I saye, Adam! Wher art thou now  
 this tyde,  
 That here before my presence thou dost nott now apere?  
 ADAM. I herde thy voyce, oh Lorde, but yett I dyd me hide.  
 For that which I am naked I more greatly dyd feare. 73

THE FATHER. Why art thou then nakyd? Who so hath  
 cawsyd the?  
 MAN. This woman, Lord *and* God, which thou hast gyven  
 to me.  
 THE FATHER. Hast thou eat of *the* frute *that* I forbyd yt the?  
 Thow Woman, why hast thou done unto him thys trespase?  
 WOMAN. The Serpente diseayvyd me *with* that his fayer  
 face. 78

THE FATHER. Thow Serpente, why dydst thou this wise pre-  
 ventte my grace,  
 My creatures *and* servantes in this maner to begyle? 80  
 THE SERPENTE. My kynde is so, thou knowest, *and* that in  
 every case, —  
 Clene oute of this place theis *persons*<sup>1</sup> to exile.<sup>2</sup>

THE FATHER. Cursed art for causynge my commandement to  
 defyle,  
 Above all cattell *and* beastes. Remyne thou in *the* fylde;  
 Crepe on thy bely *and* eate duste for this thy subtyll wyle;  
 The womans sede shall over-com the, thus yt<sup>3</sup> have I wylde.  
 Thou, Woman, bryngyng chyl dren *with* payne shall be  
 dystylde,  
 And be subiect to thy husbonde, *and* thy lust shall pertayne<sup>4</sup>  
 To hym. I hav determynyd this ever to remayne. 89

<sup>1</sup> F. *prosons*.<sup>3</sup> F. *yt*.<sup>2</sup> F. *excite*.<sup>4</sup> F. *protayne*.

And to the, Man, for *that* my voyce thou didst disdayne,  
 Cursed is *the* erth for ever for thy sake ;  
 Thy lyvyng shall thou gett with swett unto thy payne,  
 Tyll thou departe unto the erth [wherof] I dyd the make.  
 Beholde, theis letherin aprons unto *yourselves* now take. 94

Lo ! Man as one of us hathe bene, good *and* evyll to knowe ;  
 Therfor I wyll exempte hym from this place to aslake,  
 Lest of the tre of lyfe he eate *and* ever growe.  
 Myne angell, now cum furth *and* kepe *the* waye *and* porte,  
 Unto *the* tre of lyfe that they do nott resorte. 99

THE AUNGELL. Departe from hence at onys from this place of  
 comferte,  
 No more to have axcesse or ells for to apere.  
 From this place I exile you, that you no more resorte,  
 Nor ever do presume ageyne for to come here. 103

*Then Man and Woman departyth to the nether parte of the pageant, and Man sayeth :*

[MAN.] Alack ! myn owne sweteharte, how am I stroke *with* fear,  
 That from God am exiled *and* browght to payne *and* woo.  
 Oh ! what have we lost ! Why dyd we no more care,  
 And to what kynd of place thatt we resort *and* goo ?  
 WOMAN. Indede into *the* worlde now must we to *and* fro,  
 And where or how to rest I can nott saye at all.  
 I am even as ye ar, what-so-ever me be-fall. 110

*Then cumeth Dolor and Myserye and taketh Man by both armys and Dolor sayeth :*

[DOLOR.] Cum furth, O Man, take hold of me !  
 Through envy hast lost thy heavenly lyght  
 By eatynge ; in bondage from hence shall be.  
 Now must thou me, Dolor, have always in sight. 114

MYSERYE. And also of me, Myserye, thou must taste *and* byte,  
 Of hardenes *and* of colde *and* eke of infirmitie ;

Accordinge to desarte thy portion is, of right,  
To enioye that in me that is withoute certentye. 118

ADAM. Thus troubyld, nowe I enter into Dolor *and* Miserie.  
Nowe, Woman, must we lerne ower lyvynge<sup>s</sup> to gett  
With labor *and* with travell; ther is no remedye,  
Nor eny-thing therfrom we se that maye us lett. 122

*Then cumyth in the Holy Ghost comforting Man and sayeth :*

[THE HOLY GHOST.] Be of good cheare, Man, *and* sorowe  
no more ;  
This Dolor *and* Miserie that then thou hast taste  
Is nott in respecte, layd<sup>u</sup>p in store,  
To *the* joyes for the that ever shall<sup>1</sup> last.  
Thy God doth not this the away to cast,  
But to try the as gold is tryed in *the* fyre ;  
In the end, premonyshed, shalt have thy desire. 129

Take owte of the Gospell *that* yt the requyre,  
Fayth in Chryst Jhesu *and* grace thatt ensewe.  
I wylbe thy guyde *and* pay the thy hyer  
For all thy good dilygence *and* doenge thy<sup>d</sup> dewe.  
Gyve eare unto me, Man, *and* than yt ys trewe,  
Thou shalt kyll affectes *that* by lust in the reygne,  
And put Dolor *and* Mysery and Envy to payne. 136

Theis armors ar preparyd, yf thou wylt turne ageyne ;  
To fyght wyth, take to the, *and* reach Woman the same:  
The brest plate of rightousnes Saynte Paule wyll the retayne ;  
The shyld of faythe to quench, thy fyrye dartes to tame ;  
The hellmett of salvacion the devylls wrath shall lame ;  
And *the* sworde of *the* spright, *which* is *the* worde of God, —  
All theis ar nowe the offred to ease thy payne *and* rodd. 143

ADAM. Oh ! prayse to the, Most Holye, *that* hast *with* me  
abode,  
In mysery premonyshynge by this thy Holy Spright.

<sup>1</sup> F. shalt.

Nowe fele I such great comferte, my syns they be unlode  
*And* layde on Chrystes back, *which* is my joye *and* lyght.  
 This Dolor *and* this Mysery I fele to me no wight;  
 No ! Deth is overcum by fore predestinacion,  
 And we attayned wyth Chryst in heavenly consolacion. 150

Therfor, myne owne swett spous, *with*outen cavylation  
 Together lett us synge, *and* lett our hartes reioyse  
*And* gloryfye ower God wyth mynde, powre *and* voyse. 153  
 Amen.

[*Old musick, Triplex, Tenor, Medius, Bass :* ]<sup>1</sup>

With hart *and* voyce  
 Let us reioyce  
*And* prayse the Lord alwaye  
 For this *our* joyfull daye,  
 To se of this *our* God his maiestie,  
 Who<sup>2</sup> hath given himsellfe *over* us to rayne *and* to governe us.  
 Lett all *our* harte[s] reioyce together,  
 And lett us all lifte up *our* voyce, on of us with another. 161

<sup>1</sup> Apparently added by F.

<sup>2</sup> F. Who the hath. *Perhaps something is lost that is necessary to the regularity of the stanza.*

## TOWNELEY PLAYS.

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Reprinted from advance sheets of the edition of the Early English Text Society. I have not reproduced the crosses, tags, and curls usually attached in this MS. to *ll*, *th*, *ht*, *t*, *f*, and *r*, for they seem mere flourishes. The MS. dates from the second half of the fifteenth century. In the footnotes, M. indicates Mätzner's "Altenglische Sprachproben," I, 1, pp. 357 ff.

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### Processus Noe cum filiis. Wakefield.

NOE. Myghtfull God veray, / maker of all that is,  
Thre persons, withoutten nay, / oone God in endles blis,  
Thou maide both nyght & day, / beest, fowle, & fysh;  
All creatures that lif may / wroght thou at thi wish,

As thou wel myght;

The son, the moyne, verament,  
Thou maide; the firmament;  
The sternes also full feruent

To shyne thou maide ful bright;

9

Angels thou maide ful euen, / all orders that is,  
To haue the blis in heuen : — / this did thou more & les.  
ffull mervelus to neuē, / yit was ther vnkyndnes,  
More bi foldis seuen / then I can well expres;

ffor why

Of all angels in brightnes  
God gaf Lucifer most lightnes,  
Yit prowldy he flyt his des,

And set hym euen hym by.

18



He thocht hymself as worthi / as hym that hym made,  
 In brightnes, in bewty. / Therfor he hym degrade;  
 Put hym in a low degre / soyn *after*, in a brade,  
 Hym and all his menye, / wher he may be vnglad  
     ffor euer.

Shall thay neuer wyn away,  
 Hence vnto domysday,  
 Bot burne in bayle for ay;  
     Shall thay neuer dysseuer.

27

Soyne *after* that gracyous Lord / to his liknes maide man,  
 That place to be restord / euen as he began,  
 Of the Trinite bi accord, / Adam, & Eue that woman.  
 To multiplie *wit*hout discord / in paradise put he thaym,  
     And sithen to both

Gaf in commaundement,  
 On the tre of life to lay no hend;  
 Bot yit the fals feynd

    Made hym *wit*h man wroth,

36

Entysyd man to glotony, / styrd him to syn in pride;  
 Bot in paradise, securly, / myght no syn abide,  
 And therfor man full hastely / was put out, in *that* tyde,  
 In wo & wandreth for to be; / <sup>1</sup> paynes full vnrid

    To knawe, <sup>2</sup>

ffyrst in erth, sythen <sup>3</sup> in hell

*Wit*h feyndis for to dwell,

Bot he his *mercy* mell

    To those that will hym trawe.

45

Oyle of *mercy* he hus hight, / as I haue hard red,  
 To *euery* lifyng wight / that wold luf hym and dred;  
 Bot now before his sight / *euery* liffyng leyde  
 Most party day and nyght / syn in word and dede  
     ffull bold;

<sup>1</sup> E. E. T. S. *has* In paynes.

<sup>2</sup> MS. knowe.

<sup>3</sup> E. E. T. S. *has* in sythen in; M. *reads* and sythen.

Som in pride, ire, and enuy,  
 Som in couetyse<sup>1</sup> & glotynty,  
 Som in sloth and lechery,  
 And other wise many-fold.

54

Therfor I drede lest God / on vs will take veniance,  
 ffor syn is now alod / *wit*hout any repentance;  
 Sex hundreth yeris & od / haue I, without distance,  
 In erth, as any sod, / liffyd with grete grevance

All-way;

And now I wax old,  
 Seke, sorry, and cold,  
 As muk apon mold

I widder away;

63

Bot yit will I cry / for mercy and call;  
 Noe thi seruant am I, / Lord, ouer-all !  
 Therfor me and my fry, / shal *wit*h me fall,  
 Saue from velany / and bryng to thi hall

In heuen;

And kepe me from syn  
 This world within;  
 Comly Kyng of mankyn,

I pray the here my stevyn !

72

DEUS. Syn I haue maide all thyng / that is liffand,  
 Duke, emperour, and kyng / *wit*h myne awne hand,  
 ffor to haue thare likyng / bi see & bi sand,  
 Euery man to my bydyng / shuld be bowand  
 full feruent,

That maide man sich a creatoure,  
 ffairest of favoure.

Man must luf me *paramoure*,  
 By reson, and repent.

81

Me thoght I shewed man luf / when I made hym to be  
 All angels abuf, / like to the Trynyte;

<sup>1</sup> MS. Couetous; *corr. by M.*

And now in grete reprufe / full low ligis he,  
In erth hymself to stuf / with syn that displeasse me

Most of all;

Veniance will I take

In erth for syn sake,

My grame thus will I wake

Both of grete and small.

90

I repente full sore / that euer maide I man,

Bi me he settis no store / and I am his soferan;

I will distroy therfor / both beest, man, and woman,

All shall perish, les and more; / that bargan may thay ban

That ill has done.

In erth I se right noght

Bot syn that is vnsoght;

Of those that well has wrought

ffynd I bot<sup>1</sup> a fone.

99

Therfor shall I fordo / all this medill-erd

With floodis that shall flo / & ryn with hidous rerd;

I haue good cause therto; / ffor me no man is ferd;

As I say shal I do, / of veniance draw my swerd,

And make end

Of all that beris life,

Sayf Noe and his wife,

ffor thay wold neuer stryfe

With me then<sup>2</sup> me offend.

108

Hym to mekill wyn / hastily will I go,

To Noe my seruand, or I blyn, / to warn hym of his wo.

In erth I se bot syn, / reynand to and fro,

Emang both more & myn, / ichon other fo

With all thare entent;

All shall I fordo

With floodis that shall floo,

Wirk shall I thaym wo,

That will not repent.

117

<sup>1</sup> MS. bot.

<sup>2</sup> MS. then; E. E. T. S. ne.

[*God descends and comes to Noah.*]<sup>1</sup>

Noe, my freend, I thee commaund, / from cares the to keyle,  
A ship that thou ordand / of nayle and bord ful wele.  
Thou was alway well wirkand, / to me trew as stele,  
To my bydyng obediand; / frendship shal thou fele  
To mede.

Of lennthe thi ship be  
Thre hundreth cubettis, warn I the,  
Of heght euen thirte,<sup>2</sup>

Of fyfty als in brede.

126

Anoynt thi ship *with* pik and tar / *without* & als *within*,  
The water out to spar / this is a noble gyn;  
Look no man the mar; / thre chese<sup>3</sup> chambres begyn;  
Thou must spend many a spar / this wark or thou wyn  
To end fully.

Make in thi ship also  
Parlours oone or two,  
And houses of offyce mo

ffor beestis that ther must be.

135

Oone cubite on hight / a wyndo shal thou make;  
On the syde a doore *with* slyght / be-neyth shal thou take;  
*With* the shal no man fyght / nor do the no kyn wrake.  
When all is doyne thus right, / thi wife, that is thi make,  
Take in to the;

Thi sonnes of good fame,  
Sem, Iaphet, and Came,  
Take in also [t]hame,<sup>4</sup>

Thare wifis also thre.

144

ffor all shal be fordone / that lif in land bot ye,  
*With* floodis that from abone / shal fall, & that plente;  
It shall begyn full sone / to rayn vncessantle,

<sup>1</sup> *Supplied by E. E. T. S.*

<sup>3</sup> MS. chefe.

<sup>2</sup> E. E. T. S. thirte.

<sup>4</sup> *Corr. by M.*

After dayes seuen be done, / and indur dayes fourty,  
 Withoutten fayll.

Take to thi ship also  
 Of ich kynd beestis two,  
 Mayll & femayll, bot no mo,  
 Or thou pull vp thi sayll.

153

ffor thay may the avayll / when al this thyng is wroght;  
 Stuf thi ship with vitayll, / ffor hungre that ye perish noght,  
 Of beestis, foull, and catayll, / ffor thaym haue thou in thoght;  
 ffor thaym is my counsayll / that som socour be soght

In hast;  
 Thay must haue corn and hay,  
 And oder mete alway;  
 Do now as I the say,  
 In the name of the Holy Gast.

162

NOE. A ! benedicite ! / what art thou that thus  
 Tellys afore that shall be ? / Thou art full marvelous !  
 Tell me, for charite, / thi name so gracios.  
 DEUS. My name is of dignyte / and also full glorius  
 To knowe.<sup>1</sup>

I am God most myghty,  
 Oone God in Trynyty,  
 Made the and ich man to be:  
 To luf me well thou awe.

171

NOE. I thank the, Lord so dere, / that wold vowch-sayf  
 Thus low to appere / to a symple knafe;  
 Blis vs, Lord, here; / for charite I hit crafe;  
 The better may we stere / the ship that we shall hafe,  
 Certayn.

DEUS. Noe, to the and to thi fry  
 My blyssyng graunt I:  
 Ye shall wax and multiply,  
 And fill the erth agane,

180

<sup>1</sup> MS. knowe.

When all thise flood<sup>is</sup> ar past / and fully gone away.

NOE. Lord, homward will I hast / as fast as that I may;

My [wife]<sup>1</sup> will I frast / what she will say, *[Exit Deus.]*<sup>2</sup>

And I am agast / that we get som fray

    Betwixt vs both;

ffor she is full techē,<sup>3</sup>

ffor litill oft angre,

If any-thing wrang be,

    Soyne is she wroth.

189

*Tunc perget ad uxorem.*

God spede, dere wife, / how fayre ye?

VXOR. Now as euer myght I thryfe, / the wars I thee see.

Do tell me belife, / where has thou thus long be?

To dede may we dryfe / or lif for the,

    ffor want.

When we swete or swynk,

Thou dos what thou thynk,

Yit of mete and of drynk

    Haue we veray skant.

198

NOE. Wife, we ar hard sted / with tythyngis new.

VXOR. Bot thou were worthi be cled / in Stafford blew;

ffor thou art alway adred, / be it fals or trew.

Bot God knowes I am led, / and that may I rew

    ffull ill;

ffor I dar be thi borow,

ffrom euen vnto morow

Thou spek<sup>is</sup> euer of sorow:

    God send the onys thi fill!

207

We women may wary / all ill husband<sup>is</sup>.

I have oone, bi Mary / that lowsyd me of my band<sup>is</sup> !

If he teyn, I must tary, / how-so-euer it stand<sup>is</sup>,

With seymland full sory, / wryngand both my hand<sup>is</sup>

    ffor drede.

<sup>1</sup> *Supplied by E. E. T. S.*

<sup>2</sup> *E. E. T. S. tethee.*



NOE. I tary full lang / fro my warke, I traw ;  
 Now my gere will I fang / and thederward draw.  
 I may full ill gang, / the soth for to know.  
 Bot if God help amang, / I may sit downe daw

To ken ;

Now assay will I

How I can of wrightry,

*In nomine Patris, & Filii,*

*Et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.*

252

To begyn of this tree / my bonys will I bend ;  
 I traw from the Trynyte / socoure will be send.  
 It fayres full fayre, thynk me, / this wark to my hend ;  
 Now blissid be he / that this can amend.

Lo, here the lenght,

Thre hundreth cubettis euenly ;

Of breed, lo ! is it fyfty ;

The heght is euen thyrtty

Cubettis full strenght.

261

Now my gowne will I cast, / and wyrk in my cote ;  
 Make will I the mast, / or I flyt oone foote.  
 A ! my bak, I traw, will brast ! / this is a sory note !  
 Hit is wonder that I last, / sich an old dote

All dold !

To begyn sich a wark,

My bonys ar so stark,

No wonder if thay wark,

ffor I am full old.

270

The top and the sayll / both will I make ;  
 The helm and the castell / also will I take ;  
 To drife ich a nayll / will I not forsake ;  
 This gere may neuer fayll, / that dar I vndertake  
 Onone.

This is a nobull gyn,

Thise nayles so thay ryn

Thoro more and myn,

Thise bordis ichon ;

279



Wyndow and doore, / euen as he saide,  
 Thre ches-chambre, / thay ar well maide ;  
 Pyk & tar full sure / ther-apon laide ;  
 This will *euer* endure, / therof am I paide ;

ffor why

It is *better* wrought  
 Then I coude haif thoght.  
 Hym that maide all of noght

I thank onoly.

288

Now will I hy me, / and no-thing be leder,  
 My wife and my meneye / to bryng euen heder.

[*Goes to find his wife.*]

Tent hedir tydely, / wife, and consider ;  
 Hens must vs fle / all sam togeder

In hast.

VXOR. Whi, syr, what alis you?

Who is that asalis you?

To fle it aualis you

And ye be agast.

297

NOE. Ther is garn on the reyll / other, my dame.

VXOR. Tell me that ich a deyll, / els get ye blame.

NOE. He that cares may keill, — / blissid be his name ! —

He has [spokyn?] <sup>1</sup> for oure seyll, / to sheld vs fro shame,

And sayd,

All this warld aboute

With floodis so stoute,

That shall ryn on a route,

Shall be ouerlaide.

306

He saide all shall be slayn / bot oonely we,  
 Oure barnes, that ar bayn, / and thare wifis thre ;  
 A ship he bad me ordayn / to safe vs & oure fee.

Therfor *with* all oure mayn / thank we that fre,

Beytter of bayll.

<sup>1</sup> No word nor gap in E. E. T. S.

Hy vs fast ; go we thedir !

VXOR. I wote neuer whedir ;

I dase and I dedir

ffor ferd of that tayll.

315

NOE. Be not aferd ; haue done ; / trus sam oure gere,

That we be ther or none, / *wit*hout more dere.

I<sup>1</sup> FILIUS. It shall be done full sone. / Brether, help to bere.

II FILIUS. ffull long shall I not hoyne / to do my devere,

Brether Sam.

III FILIUS. *Wit*hout any yelp,

At my myght shall I help.

VXOR. Yit for drede of a skelp

Help well thi dam.

324

[*They go to the Ark ; Uxor enters it.*]

NOE. Now ar we there / as we shuld be ;

Do get in oure gere, / oure catall and fe

In-to this vessell here, / my chylder fre.

VXOR. I was neuer bard ere, / as euer myght I the,

In sich an oostre as this.

In fa[i]th, I can not fynd,

Which is before, which is behynd.

Bot shall we here be pynd,

Noe, as haue thou blis ? [*Exit from Ark.*]

333

NOE. Dame, as it is skill, / here must vs abide grace ;

Therfor, wife, *wit*h good will / com into this place.

VXOR. Sir, for Iak nor for Gill / will I turne my face,

Till I haue on this hill / spon a space

On my rok.

Well were he, myght get me !

Now will I downe set me ;

Yit reede I no man let me,

ffor drede of a knok.

342

<sup>1</sup> Here and below MS. has the regular contracted forms of the Latin ordinal numerals.

NOE. Behold to the heuen, / the catteractes all,  
 Thay<sup>1</sup> are open full euen, / grete and small,  
 And the planettis seuen / left has thare stall ;  
 Thise thoners and levyn / downe gar fall  
           ffull stout

Both halles and bowers,  
 Castels and towres ;  
 ffull sharp ar thise showers  
           That renys aboute ;

35 I

Therfor, wife, haue done ; / com into ship fast.

VXOR. Yei, Noe, go cloute thi shone, / the better will thai last.

I MULIER. Good moder, com in sone, / for all is ouer-cast,  
 Both the son and the mone. /

II MULIER.                               And many wynd blast  
           ffull sharp ;

This floodis so thay rin,  
 Therfor, moder, come in.

VXOR. In fayth, yit will I spyn ;  
           All in vayn ye carp.

360

III MULIER. If ye like ye may spyn, / moder, in the ship.

NOE. Now is this twyys : com in, / dame, on my frenship.

VXOR. Wheder I lose or I wyn, / in fayth, thi felowship,  
 Set I not at a pyn. / This spyndill will I slip  
           Apon this hill

Or I styr oone fote.

NOE. Peter ! I traw we<sup>2</sup> dote ;

Without any more note,  
           Come in if ye will.

369

VXOR. Yei, water nyghys so nere / that I sit not dry ;  
 Into ship with a byr, / therfor, will I hy  
 ffor drede that I drone here. /       *[Rushes into the ship.]*

NOE.                                       Dame, securly,  
 It bees boght full dere, / ye abode so long by  
           Out of ship.

<sup>1</sup> E. E. T. S. That.

<sup>2</sup> Qy. ye.

VXOR. I will not, for thi bydyng,  
Go from doore to mydyng.

NOE. In fayth, and for youre long taryyng,  
Ye shall lik on the whip.

378

VXOR. Spare me not, I pray the, / bot euen as thou thynk,  
Thise grete wordis shall not flay me. /

NOE. Abide, dame, and drynk,  
ffor betyn shall thou be / *with* this staf to thou stynk.

Ar strokis good? say me. / [*Striking her.*]

VXOR. What say ye, Wat Wynk?

NOE. Speke!

Cry me *mercy*, I say!

VXOR. Therto say I nay.

NOE. Bot thou do, bi this day,  
Thi hede shall I breke.

387

VXOR. Lord, I were at ese / and hertely full hoylle,  
Might I onys haue a measse / of wedows coyll;  
ffor thi saull, *without* lese, / shuld I dele penny doyll;  
So wold mo, no frese, / that I se on this sole

Of wifis that ar here,  
ffor the life that thay leyd,  
Wold thare husbandis were dede;  
ffor, as *euer* ete I brede,  
So wold I oure syre were.

396

NOE. Yee men that has wifis, / whyls they ar yong,  
If ye luf youre lifis, / chastice thare tong.  
Me thynk my hert ryfis, / both levyr and long,  
To se sich stryfis / wedmen emong;

Bot I,

As haue I blys,  
Shall chastyse this.

VXOR. Yit may ye mys,

Nicholl Nedy! [*Fighting ad lib.*]

405

NOE. I shall make *the* still as stone, / begynnar of blunder!  
I shall bete the, bak and bone, / and breke all in sonder.

VXOR. Out, alas, I am gone ! / oute apon the, mans wonder !

NOE. Se how she can grone / and I lig vnder !

Bot, wife,

In this hast let vs ho,

ffor my bak is nere in two.

VXOR. And I am bet so blo

That I may not thryfe.

414

I FILIUS. A ! whi fare ye thus, / ffader and moder both ?

II FILIUS. Ye shuld not be so spitus, / standyng in sich a  
woth.

III FILIUS. Thise [strifis?] <sup>1</sup> are so hidus, / ~~with~~ many a cold  
coth.

NOE. We will do as ye bid vs ; / we will no more be wroth,

Dere barnes !

Now to the helme will I hent,

And to my ship tent.

VXOR. I se on the firmament,

Me thynk, the seven starnes.

423

NOE. This is a grete flood, / wife, take hede.

VXOR. So me thoght, as I stode ; / we are in grete drede ;  
Thise wawghes ar so wode. /

NOE. Help, God, in this nede !

As thou art stere-man good, / and best, as I rede,

Of all,

Thou rewle vs in this rase,

As thou me behete hase.

VXOR. This is a perlous case :

Help, God, when we call !

432

NOE. Wife, tent the stere-tre, / and I shall asay

The depnes of the see / that we bere, if I may.

VXOR. That shall I do ful wysely ; / now go thi way,  
ffor apon this flood haue we / flett many day

~~With~~ pyne.

<sup>1</sup> No word nor gap in E. E. T. S.

NOE. Now the *water* will I sownd :

A ! it is far to the grownd ;

This trauell, I expownd,

Had I to tyne.

441

About all hillys bedeyn / the *water* is rysen late

Cubettis *fyfteyn* ; <sup>1</sup> / bot in a higher <sup>2</sup> state

It may not be, I weyn, / for this well I wate,

This forty dayes has rayn beyn ; / it will therfor abate

Full lele.

This *water* in hast

Eft will I tast ;

Now am I agast,

It is wanyd a grete dele.

450

Now are the weders cest / and cateractes knyht,

Both the most and the leest. /

VXOR.

Me thynk, bi my wit,

The son shynes in the eest ; / lo, is not yond it?

We shuld haue a good feest, / were thise floodis flyt,

So spytus.

NOE. We have been here, all we,

*Thre hundreth* <sup>3</sup> dayes and fyfty.

VXOR. Yei, now wanyis the see ;

Lord, well is vs !

459

NOE. The thryd tyme will I prufe / what depnes we bere.

VXOR. How <sup>4</sup> long shall thou hufe ? / Lay in thy lyne there.

NOE. I may towch with my lufe / the grownd evyn here.

VXOR. Then begynnys to grufe / to vs mery chere ;

Bot, husband,

What grownd may this be?

NOE. The hyllys of Armonye.

VXOR. Now blissid be he

That thus for vs can ordand !

468

<sup>1</sup> MS. xv.

<sup>3</sup> MS. ccc.

<sup>2</sup> E. E. T. S. *highter*.

<sup>4</sup> E. E. T. S. Now ; *corr. by* Child.

NOE. I see the toppys of hyllys he, / many at a syght ;  
No thyng to let me, / the wedir is so bright.

VXOR. Thise ar of *mercy* / tokyns full right.

NOE. Dame, thou<sup>1</sup> counsell me / what fowll best myght  
And cowth

With flight of wyng

Bryng, *without* taryyng,

Of *mercy* som tokynyng

Ayther bi north or southe ;

477

ffor this is the fyrst day / of the tent moyne.

VXOR. The ravyn, durst I lay, / will come agane sone ;

As fast as thou may, / cast hym furth ; haue done.

He may happyn to-day / com agane or none

With grath.

NOE. I will cast out also

Dowfys oone or two.

Go youre way, go, [He sends out the birds.]

God send you som wathe !

486

Now ar thise fowles flone / into seyr countre ;

Pray we fast ichon, / kneland on our kne,

To hym that is alone / worthiest of degre,

That he wold send anone / oure fowles som fee

To glad vs.

VXOR. Thai may not fayll of land,

The *water* is so wanand.

NOE. Thank we God all-weldand,

That lord that made vs.

495

It is a wonder thyng, / me thynk sothle,

Thai ar so long taryyng, / the fowles that we

Cast out in the mornyng. /

VXOR. Syr, it may be

Thai tary to thay bryng. /

NOE. The ravyn is a-hungrye

All-way ;

<sup>1</sup> E. E. T. S. thi; corr. by Kittredge.

He is *wit*hout any reson ;  
 And he fynd any caryon,  
 As *per*aventure may befon,  
                   He will not away ;

504

The dowfe is more gentill, — / her trust I vntew, —  
 Like vnto the turtill, / for she is ay trew.  
 VXOR. Hence bot a litill / she *commys*. Lew, lew !  
 She bryngys in her bill / som novels new.

Behald !

It is of an olif tre  
 A branch, thynkys me.

NOE. It is soth, *perde*,  
                   Right so is it cald.

513

Doufe, byrd full blist, / ffayre myght the befall !  
 Thou art trew for to trist / as ston in the wall ;  
 Full well I it wist, / thou wold com to thi hall.  
 VXOR. A trew tokyn ist, / we shall be sauys all ;  
                   ffor why

The *water*, syn she com,  
 Of depnes plom  
 Is fallen a fathom

And more, hardely.

522

I FILIUS. Thise floodis ar gone, / fader, behold.  
 II FILIUS. Ther is left right none, / and that be ye bold.  
 III FILIUS. As still as a stone / oure ship is stold.  
 NOE. Apon land here anone / that we were, fayn I wold,  
                   My childer dere,  
 Sem, Japhet and Cam,  
 With gle and with gam  
 Com go we all sam,  
                   We will no longer abide here.

531

VXOR. Here haue we beyn, / Noy, long enogh,  
 With tray and with teyn / and dreed mekill wogh.



NOE. Behald, on this greyn / nowder cart ne plogh  
Is left, as I weyn, / nowder tre then bogh,

Ne other thyng,

Bot all is away ;

Many castels, I say,

Grete townes of aray,

fflitt has this flowyng.

540

VXOR. Thise floodis not afright / all this warld so wide  
Has mevid *wit*h myght / on se and bi side.

NOE. To dede ar thai dyght, / prowdist of pryde, —

Euer ich a wyght / that euer was spyde

With syn ;

All ar thai slayn,

And put vnto payn.

VXOR. ffrom thens agayn

May thai neuer wyn ?

549

NOE. Wyn ? No, i-wis, / bot he that myght hase  
Wold myn of thare mys / & admytte thaym to grace.

As he in bayll is blis, / I pray hym in this space,

In heven hye *wit*h his / to purvaye vs a place,

That we,

With his santis in sight

And his angels bright,

May com to his light :

Amen, for charite.

558

*Explicit processus Noe, sequitur Abraham.*

## HEGGE PLAYS.

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Printed from MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii. I have expanded curled *r* and *n* and crossed *k* and *ll*, because the scribe seems to have used them with a definite intention. In the footnotes, H. marks the readings of the edition of the old Shakespeare Society: "Ludus Coventriæ, . . . ed. J. O. Halliwell. London, 1841."

I have chosen to call the plays by the name of the earliest known owner of the MS., for I see no reason to connect them with Coventry, and "so-called Coventry Plays" is a clumsy expression.

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### [NOAH AND LAMECH.]

NOE. God of his goodnesse and of grace grounde,  
By whoys gloryous power alle thyng is wrought,  
In whom alle vertu plenteuously<sup>1</sup> is ffounde,  
Withowtyn whos<sup>2</sup> wyl may be ryth nought,  
Thy seruauntes saue, Lord, fro synful sownde  
In wyl, in werk, in dede *and* in thouht;  
Oure welth in woo lete nevyr be fownde;  
Vs help, Lord, from synne *that* we be in brought,  
Lord God fful of myght!  
Noe, seres, my name is knowe; [*Addressing the audience.*]  
My wyff *and* my chyldere here on rowe;  
To God we pray *with* hert ful lowe,  
To plesse hym in his syght.

13

In me, Noe, *the* secunde age  
Indede be-gynnyth as I ȝow say;

<sup>1</sup> MS. plentevoufly.

<sup>2</sup> MS. whof; *probably for* whofe.

Afftyr Adam, *withoutyn* langage,  
*The* secunde fadyr am I, in fay.  
 But men of levying be so owt-rage  
 Bothe be nyght *and* eke be day,  
*That*, lesse *than* synne *the* soner swage,  
 God wyl be vengyd on vs *sum* way,  
 In-dede.  
 Ther may no man go *therowte*,  
 But synne regnyth in every rowte ;  
 In every place rownde a-bowte  
 Cursydnys doth sprynge *and* sprede.

26

VXOR NOE. Alle-myghty God, of his gret grace,  
 Enspyre men *with* hertely wyll  
 For to sese of here trespase ;  
 ffor synfull<sup>e</sup> levying oure sowle xal spyll.  
 Synne offendyth God in his face  
*And* a-grevyth oure Lorde ffulle ylle ;  
 It causyth to man ryght grett manace  
*And* scrapyth hym out of lyvys bylle,  
*That* blyssyd book.  
 What man in synne doth alle-vey scleppe,  
 He xal gon to helle ful depp ;  
 Than xal he nevyr *after* creppe <sup>1</sup>  
 Out of *that* <sup>2</sup> brennyng brook.

39

I am *your* wyff, *your* childeryn *these* be ;  
 On-to us tweyn it doth longe  
 Hem to teche in alle degre  
 Synne to for-sakyn *and* werkys wronge.  
 Therefore, sere,<sup>3</sup> for loue of me,  
 Enforme hem wele evyr <sup>4</sup> a-monge  
 Synne to for-sake *and* vanyte,  
*And* vertu to ffolwe, *that* thei fflonge  
 Oure Lord God to plese.

<sup>1</sup> MS. crepp.<sup>2</sup> H. the.<sup>3</sup> MS. fere.<sup>4</sup> MS. ovyr.

NOE. I warne þow, childeryn, on *and* alle,  
 Drede our Lord God in hevyn[n] halle,  
*And* in no forfete *that* we ne <sup>1</sup> ffalle  
 Our Lord for to dysplese.

52

CHEM.<sup>2</sup> A ! derz ffadyr, God for-bede  
*That* we xulde do in ony wyse  
 Ony werke of synful dede  
 Oure Lord God *that* xulde a-gryse.  
 My name is Chem, þour son of prise :  
 I xal werke aftere þour rede ;  
*And* also, wyff, *the* weyll awyse  
 Wykkyd werkys *that* thou non <sup>3</sup> brede,  
 Never in no degre.

VXOR SEEM. Forsothe,<sup>4</sup> sere, be Goddys grace,  
 I xal me kepe from alle trespace  
*That* xulde offende Goddys face,<sup>5</sup>  
 Be help of *the* Trynyte.

65

CHAM. I am Cham, þour secunde son,<sup>6</sup>  
*And* purpose me, be Goddys myght,  
 Nevyr suche a dede for to don  
*That* xuld <sup>7</sup> agreve God in syght.  
 VXOR CHAM. I pray to God me grawnt *this* bone,<sup>8</sup>  
 That he me kepe in suche a plyght  
 Mornynge, hevenynge, mydday *and* none,  
 I to affendyn hym day nor nyght.  
 Lord God, I *the* pray,  
 Bothe wakyng *and* eke in slepe,  
 Gracyous God, *thou* me keppe,  
*That* I nevyr in daunger crepe  
 On dredfulle domys-day.

78

IAPHET. Iaphet, *thi* iij<sup>d</sup>e sone, is my name ;  
 I pray to God, wher-so we be,

<sup>1</sup> MS. no.<sup>5</sup> H. fface.<sup>2</sup> H. Shem.<sup>6</sup> H. sone.<sup>3</sup> H. none.<sup>7</sup> H. xulde.<sup>4</sup> H. fforsothe.<sup>8</sup> *Curl over n in MS.*

*That he vs borwe fro synfulle shame,*  
*And in vertuous<sup>1</sup> levyng evyr-more kepe me.*  
 Vx[OR] IAPHET. I am *your wyff and pray the same,*  
*That God vs saue on sonde and se,*  
*With no grevauns that we hym grame ;*  
*He grawnt vs grace synne to fle.*  
           Lord God, now here *oure bone !*  
 NOE. Gracious God, *that best may,*  
*With herty wyl to the we pray, —*  
*Thou saue us sekyr bothe nyght and day,*  
           Synne *that we noon done.*

91

[*God speaks in heaven.*]

DEUS. Ow ! what menyht this mys-levyng man,  
           Whiche myn hand made *and* byldyd in blysse?  
 Synne so sore grevyht me, 30,<sup>2</sup> in certayn,  
           I wol be vengyd of *this* grett mysse.  
 Myn aungel dere, *thou* xalt gan  
           To Noe *that* my servaunt is ;  
 A shypp to make on hond to tan  
           *Thou* byd hym swyth<sup>3</sup> for hym *and* his,  
           ffrom drynchyng hem to saue ;  
 ffor, as I am God off myght,  
 I xal dystroye *this* wer[l]d<sup>4</sup> downe-ryght ;  
 Here synne so sore grevyht me in syght,  
           *Thei* xal no mercy haue.

104

*ffecisse hominem nunc penitet<sup>5</sup> me,*  
           *That* I made man sore doth me rewe ;  
 Myn handwerk to sle sore grevyth me,  
           But *that* here synne here deth doth brewe.  
 Go sey to Noe as I bydde *the* :  
           Hym-self, his wyf, his chyldeyn<sup>6</sup> trewe,

<sup>1</sup> MS. vertuous.

<sup>2</sup> H. 3a.

<sup>3</sup> H. swythe.

<sup>4</sup> MS. has werd as standard form.

<sup>5</sup> H. poenitet.

<sup>6</sup> H. childeryn.

Tho viii<sup>1</sup> sowlys in shyp to be ;  
 Thei xul not drede *the* flodys fflowe,  
     *The* flod xal harme them nowht ;  
 Of alle fflowlys *and* bestys thei take a peyre  
 In shipp<sup>2</sup> to saue, bothe ffoule *and* ffayere,  
 ffrom alle dowyts *and* gret dyspeyre,  
     This vengeauns or it be wrought.

117

[*The angel descends.*]

ANGELUS (*ad Noe*). Noe ! Noe ! A shypp loke *thou* make,  
     *And* many a chaumbyr *thou* xalt haue *therinne* ;  
 Of euery kyndys best a cowpyl *thou* take  
     *With-in the* shypp-bord,<sup>3</sup> here lyvys to wynne ;  
     ffor God is sore grevyd *with* man for his synne,  
*That* alle *this* wyde werd xalbe dreynt *with* flood,  
     Saff *thou and thi* wyff xal be kept from *this* gynne,  
*And* also *thi* chylderyn *with* here vertuys good.

125

NOE. How xuld I haue wytt a shypp for to make ?

I am of ryght grett age, v. c. 3ere olde ;  
 It is not for me *this* werk to vndyr-take ;  
     ffor ffeyntnesse<sup>4</sup> of age my leggys gyn ffolde.

ANGELUS. This dede ffor to do be bothe blythe *and*  
     bolde ;  
 God xal enforme *the and* rewle *the* ful ryght ;  
     Of byrd *and* of beste take, as I *the* tolde,  
 A peyr in-to *the* shypp, *and* God xal *the* qwyght.

133

NOE. I am ful redy, as God doth me bydde,  
     A shypp for to make be myght of his grace.

[*Exit angelus.*]

Alas ! *that* ffor synne it xal so be betydde  
     *That* vengeauns of flood xal werke *this* manasæ.  
 God is sore grevyd *with* oure grett tresspas,  
 That *with* wylde watyr *the* werd xal be dreynt.

<sup>1</sup> H. viij.<sup>3</sup> H. *omits* bord.<sup>2</sup> H. shypp.<sup>4</sup> MS. ffeyynneffe = ffeythnesse.

A shyppe<sup>1</sup> for to make now lete us hens pas,  
 That God azens us of synne haue no compleynt. 141

*Hic transit Noe cum familia sua pro navi; quo exevante, locum interludij  
 sub-intret statim Lameth conductus ab adolescente et di[cat]<sup>2</sup>:*

LAMETH. Gret mornyng I make *and* gret cause I haue ;  
 Alas ! now I se not, for age I am blynde ;  
 Blyndenes dothe make me of wytt forto rave ;  
 Whantynge of eye-syght in peyn doth me bynde.  
 Whyl I had syht,<sup>3</sup> myht nevyr man fynde  
 My pere of archerye in alle *this* werd a-boute,  
 ffor zitt schet I nevyr at hert, [h]are, nere hynde,  
 But yf *that* he deyde : of *this* no man haue doute. 149

" Lameth, *the* good archere " my name was ovyr-alle,  
 ffor *the* best archere myn name dede ever sprede ;  
 Record of my boy here, wytnes *this* he xal,  
 What merk *that* were set me, to deth it xuld blede.  
 ADOLESCENS. It is trewe, mayster, *that* ze seyn indede ;  
 ffor *that* tyme ze had zoure bowe hent in honde,  
 If *that* zour prycke had be half a myle in brede,  
 Ze wolde *the* pryk han hitte if ze ny had stonde. 157

LAMETH. I xuld nevyr a ffaylid,<sup>4</sup> what marke *that* ever were  
 sett,  
 Whyl *that* I myght loke, *and* had my clere syght ;  
 And zitt, as me thynkyht, no man xuld shete bett  
 Than I xuld do now if myn hand were sett aryght.  
 Aspye som marke, boy, — my bowe xal [I] <sup>5</sup> bende wyght, —  
 And sett myn hand eyn to shete at some best !  
 And I dar ley a wagour his deth for to dyght.  
 The marke xal I hitt, my lyff do I hest. 165

<sup>1</sup> MS. shyppe.

<sup>4</sup> MS. affaylid, H. affayled.

<sup>2</sup> MS. di --- ; H. dicens.

<sup>5</sup> Supplied by H.

<sup>3</sup> MS. syht yt myht ; H. syht, ther myht.

[*The boy sees Cain.*]

ADOLESCENS. Vndyr 3on grett busche, mayster, a best do I se ;

Take me *thin* hand swyth *and* holde it ful styлле ;

Now is *thin* hand evyn as eyr it may be ;

Drawe up *thin* takylle 3on best for to kylle.

LAMETH. My bowe xal I drawe ryght *with* herty wyлле ;

This brod arwe I shete *that* best ffor to saylle ;

Now, haue at *that* busche 3on best for to spyлле !

A sharppe schote I shote, *therof* I xal not faylle.

173

CAYM. Out ! out ! *and* alas ! myn hert is on-sondyr ;

*With* a brod arwe I am ded *and* sclayn.

I dye here on grounde ; myn hert is alle to tundryr,

*With this* brod arwe it is clovyn on twayn.

LAMETH. Herke, boy, cum telle me *the* trewth in certeyn ;

What man is he *that this* cry doth *thus* make ?

ADOLESCENS. Caym *thou* hast kyllyd, I telle *the* ful pleyne ;

*With* sharp shetyng his deth hath he take.

181

LAMETH. Haue I slayn Cayme ? Alas ! what haue I done ?

*Thou* stynkyng lurdeyn, what hast *thou* wrought ?

*Thou* art *the* [cause] why I scle hym so sone ;

*Ther-fore* xal I kylle *the* here, *thou* skapyst nowght.

*Hic Lameth cum arcu suo<sup>1</sup> verberat adolescentem ad mortem, dicente adolescente :*

ADOLESCENS. Out ! out ! I deye here, my deth is now sought.

*This* theffe *with* his bowe hath broke my brayn.

*Ther* may non helpe be, my dethe is me brought ;

Ded here I synke down, as man *that* is sclayn.

189

LAMETH. Alas ! what xal I do, wrecche, wykkyd on woolde ?

God wyl be vengyd ful sadly on me ;

ffor deth of Caym I xal haue vij folde

<sup>1</sup> H. sua.



More peyn *than* he had *that* Abelle dede sle.  
 These to mennys deth fulle sore bought xal be ;  
 Vpon alle my blood God wylle venge *this* dede.  
 Where-fore, sore wepyng, hens wyl I fle,  
*And* loke where I may best my hede sone heyde.

197

*Hic recedat Lameth et statim intrat Noe cum navi cantantes.<sup>1</sup>*

NOE. With doolful hert, syenge sad *and* sore,  
 Grett mornynge I make for this dredful flood ;  
 Of man *and* of best is dreynthe many a skore.  
 Alle *this* werd <sup>2</sup> to spylle *these* flodys be ful wood ;  
*And* alle is for synne of mannys wylde mood  
*That* God hath ordeyned *this* dredfulle vengeance.<sup>3</sup>  
 In *this* flood spylt is many a mannys blood ;  
 ffor synfulle levynge of man we haue gret grevauns.

205

Alle *this* hundryd 3ere ryght here haue I wrought  
 This schypp for to make, as God dede byd me ;  
 Of alle maner bestes a copylle is in brought  
 With-in my shypp-borde on lyve for to be.  
 Ryght longe God hath soferyd, amending to se,  
 Alle *this* hundryd <sup>4</sup> 3ere God hath shewyd grace.  
 Alas ! fro gret syn man wyl not fle.  
 God doth *this* vengeauns for oure gret trespase.

213

VXOR NOE. Alas ! for gret ruthe of *this* gret vengeance !  
 Gret doyl it is to se *this* watyr so wyde.  
 But 3it thankyd be God of *this* ordenaunce,  
*That* we be now savyd on lyve to a-byde.  
 SEEM. ffor grett synne of lechery alle *this* doth betyde ;  
 Alas ! *that* evyr <sup>5</sup> suche synne xulde be wrought.  
*This* ffood is so gret on every a syde,<sup>6</sup>  
*That* alle *this* wyde werd to care is now brought.

221

<sup>1</sup> See Notes.

<sup>2</sup> H.; MS. were.

<sup>3</sup> MS. vengeaunce.

<sup>4</sup> H. hundryd.

<sup>5</sup> MS. ovyr.

<sup>6</sup> MS. asyde.

VXOR SEEM. Be-cawse of chylderyn of God *that* weryn good

Dede forfeite ryght sore what tyme *that thei* were

Synfully coupellyd<sup>1</sup> to Caymys blood,

Therfore be we now cast in ryght grett care.

CHAM. ffor synful levyng *this* werde doth for-fare.

So grevous<sup>2</sup> vengeauns myght nevyr man se ;

Ovyr alle *this* werd wyde *ther* is no plot bare.

With watyr *and* with flood God vengyd wylle be. 229

VXOR CHAM. Rustynes of synne is cawse of *these* wawys.

Alas ! in *this* flood *this* werd xal be lorn ;

ffor offens to God, brakyng his lawys,

On rokkys ryght sharp is many a man torn.

IAPHET. So grevous fflodys were nevyr jett be-forne ;

Alas ! *that* lechery *this* vengeauns doth gynne.

It were welle bettyr euer to be vn-born

Than fforto forfeiten evyr-more in *that* synne. 237

VXOR IAPHET. Oure Lord God I thanke of his gret grace,

*That* he doth us saue from *this* dredful payne.

Hym for to wurchipe in euery stede *and* place

We beth gretly bownde with myght *and* with mayn.

NOE. XL<sup>th</sup> days *and* nyghtes hath lasted *this* rayn,

And xli<sup>th</sup> days *this* grett flood begynnyth to slake.

This crowe xal I sende out to seke sum playn ;

Good tydynges to brynge *this* massage I make. 245

*Hic emittat cornum et parum expectans iterum dicat :*

This crowe on sum careyn is falle for to ete ;

*Ther-fore* a newe masangere I wylle fforthe now sende.

ffly fforth, *thou* fayr dove, ovyr *these* waterys wete,

*And* aspye afftere sum drye lond oure mornyng to amend.

*Hic euolet columba ; qua redeunte<sup>3</sup> cum ramo viridj olive,<sup>4</sup> [dicat Noe :]*

Ioye now may we make of myrth *that that* were frende ;

A grett olyve bushe *this* dowe doth us brynge ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. compellyd ; corr. by Kittredge.

<sup>3</sup> MS. redeuite.

<sup>2</sup> MS. grevous.

<sup>4</sup> H. viride olivæ.

ffor ioye of *this* tokyn ryght hertyly we tende.  
Oure Lord God to worchep a songe lete vs synge.

253

*Hic decantent hos versus :*

*Mare vidit, et fugit : Iordanis conuersus est retrorsum.  
Non nobis, Domine, non nobis : sed nomini tuo da gloriam.*

*Et sic recedant cum naui.*

## BROME PLAY.

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For this text I have used primarily the edition by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, in *Anglia*, VII, 316-337, and secondarily the edition (also by Miss Smith) in "A Commonplace Book of the Fifteenth Century . . . Printed from the Original MS. at Brome Hall, Suffolk, by Lady Caroline Kerrison. Edited with notes by Lucy Toulmin Smith. London and Norwich, 1886." In the footnotes, A. indicates the *Anglia* edition; B., The Boke of Brome; MS. indicates a reading found in the manuscript but relegated to the footnotes by Miss Smith. H. indicates the emendations of Holthausen, *Anglia*, XIII, 361.

As to the MS. Miss Smith says: "The crossed *ll* and *k* are constantly used, but for this ~~date~~ (1470 or 1480) it did not seem necessary to treat them otherwise than as *ll* and *k*."

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### [ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.]

ABRAHAM. Fader of heuyn *omnipotent*,

With all my hart to the I call;

Thow hast ȝoffe me both lond and rent,

And my lyvelod thow hast me sent;

I thanke the heily euer-more of all.

5

Fyrst off the erth *thou* madyst Adam,

And Eue also to be hys wyffe;

All other creatures<sup>1</sup> of them too cam;

And now thow hast grant to me, Abraham,

Her in thys lond to lede my lyffe.

10

In my age *thou* hast grantyd me thys,

That thys ȝowng chyld *with* me shall wone;

I love no-thing so myche, i-wysse,

Excepe<sup>2</sup> *thin* owyne selffe, der Fader of blysse,

As Ysaac her, my owyne swete sone.

15

<sup>1</sup> B. creatures. Such differences between the two prints I shall not record hereafter.

<sup>2</sup> B. Except.

I haue dyuerse chyldryn moo,

The wych I love not halffe so wyll ;

Thys fayer swet chyld he schereys me soo

In euery place wer that I goo,

That noo dessece her may I fell.

20

And therfor,<sup>1</sup> Fadyr of heuyn, I the prey

For hys helth and also for hys grace ;

Now, Lord, kepe hym both nygth and day,

That neuer dessese nor noo fray

Cume to my chyld in noo place.

25

Now cum on, Ysaac, my owyne swet<sup>2</sup> chyld ;

Goo we hom and take owr rest.

ISAAC. Abraham, myne owyne fader so myld,

To folowe 3ow I am full prest,<sup>3</sup>

Bothe erly *and* late.

ABRAHAM. Cume on, swete chyld, I love the best

Of all the chyldryn that euer I be-gat.

32

[*God speaks above.*]

DEUS. Myn angell, fast hey the thy wey,

And on-to medyll-erth anon *thou* goo ;

Abrams hart now wyll I asay,

Wether that he be stedfast or noo.

36

Sey I commaw[n]dyd<sup>4</sup> hym for to take

Ysaac, hys 3owng sonne, *that* he love so wyll,

And *with* hys blood sacryfyce he make,

Yffe ony off my freynchepe he<sup>5</sup> wyll fiell.

40

Schow hym the wey on-to the hylle

Wer that hys sacryffyce schall be.

<sup>1</sup> B. ther for.

<sup>2</sup> B. swete.

<sup>3</sup> MS. glad ; cf. *Englische Studien*, XIX, 150.

<sup>4</sup> A. inserts the n, but it is regularly omitted in this MS.

<sup>5</sup> A. B. yf before he.

I schall a-say now hys good wyll,  
 Whether he lovyth<sup>1</sup> better hys chyld or me.  
 All men schall take exampyll be hym  
 My *commawmentes* how they schall kepe.

46

[*The angel begins to descend.*]

ABRAHAM. Now, Fader of heuyn, *that* formyd all thyng,  
 My preyer~~es~~ I make to the a-~~ze~~yn,  
 For thys day my tender offryng  
 Here mvst I ~~ze~~ve to the, certeyn.  
 A ! Lord God, all-myty Kyng,  
 Wat *maner* best woll make *the* most fayn ?  
 Yff I had ther-of very knyng,  
 Yt schuld be don *wit*h all my mayne  
 Full sone anone.<sup>2</sup>  
 To don thy plesyng on an hyll,  
 Verely yt ys my wyll,  
 Dere Fader, God in *tr*inyte.

58

THE ANGELL. Abraham, Abraham, wyll *thou* rest !  
 Owr Lord comandyth *the* for to take  
 Ysaac, thy ~~z~~owng sone that thow lovyst best,  
 And *wit*h hys blod sacryfyce *that* thow make..

62

In-to the lond of V[i]syon<sup>3</sup> thow goo,  
 And offer thy chyld on-to thy Lord ;  
 I schall the lede and schow all-soo.  
 Vnto Goddes hest, Abraham, a-cord,

66

And folow me vp-on thys grene.

ABRAHAM. Wolle-com to me be my Lordes sond,  
 And hys hest I wyll not *wit*h-stand ;  
~~3~~yt Ysaac, my ~~z~~owng sonne in lond,  
 A full dere chyld to me haue byn.

71

<sup>1</sup> A. B. lovyd.

<sup>2</sup> For anone, H. suggests by me, to rhyme with 58.

<sup>3</sup> Corr. by H.

I had lever, yf God had be plesyd,  
 For to a for-bore all *the* good *that* I haue,  
 Than Ysaac my sone schuld a be desessyd,  
 So God in heuyn my sowll mot saue ! 75

I lovyd neuer thyng soo mych in erde,<sup>1</sup>  
 And now I mvst the chyld goo kyll.  
 A ! Lord God, my conseons ys stronly steryd,  
 And 3yt, my dere Lord, I am sore <sup>2</sup> a-ferd  
 To groche ony thyng a-3ens 3owr <sup>3</sup> wyll. 80

I love my chyld as my lyffe,  
 But 3yt I love my God myche more,  
 For thow my hart woold make ony stryffe,  
 3yt wyll I not spare for chyld nor wyffe,  
 But don after my Lordes lore. 85

Thow I love my sonne neuer so wyll,  
 3yt smythe of hys hed sone I schall.  
 A ! Fader of heuyn, to the I knell,  
 An hard dethe my son schall fell  
 For to honor the, Lord, *with*-all. 90

THE ANGELL. Abraham ! Abraham ! thys ys wyll seyd,  
 And all thys comamentes loke *that thou* kepe ;<sup>4</sup>  
 But in thy hart be no-tyng dysmayd.<sup>5</sup>  
 ABRAHAM. Nay, nay, for-soth, I hold me wyll plesyd <sup>6</sup>  
 To plesse <sup>7</sup> my God to the best *that* I haue.<sup>8</sup> 95

For thow my hart be heuely sett  
 To see the blood of my owyn dere sone,  
 3yt for all thys I wyll not lett, [*Exit angel.*]  
 But Ysaac, my son, I wyll goo fett,  
 And cum asse fast as euer we can. 100

<sup>1</sup> MS. erthe.<sup>5</sup> H. for MS. dysmasyd.<sup>2</sup> A. serz.<sup>6</sup> Qy.: a-payd.<sup>3</sup> B. 3owre.<sup>7</sup> MS. pelsse.<sup>4</sup> Qy.: loke thou obay.<sup>8</sup> Qy.: may.

Now, Ysaac, my owyne son dere,

Wer art thou, chyld? Speke to me.

YSAAC. My fayer<sup>1</sup> swet fader, I am here,

And make my preyrys to *the* Trenyte.

104

ABRAHAM. Rysse vp, my chyld, and fast cum heder,

My gentyll barn *that* art so wysse,

For we to, chyld, must goo to-geder

And on-to my Lord make sacryffyce.

108

YSAAC. I am full redy, my fader, loo!

3evyn at 3owr handes I stand rygth here,

And wat-so-euer 3e byd me doo,

Yt schall be don *with* glad cher,

Full wyll and fyne.<sup>2</sup>

ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, my owyn son soo dere,

Godes blyssyng I 3yffe the, and myn.

115

Hold thys fagot vp-on *thi* bake,

And her my-selffe fyer schall bryng.

YSAAC. Fader, all thys her wyll I packe;

I am full fayn to do 3owr bedyng.

ABRAHAM. A! Lord of heuyn, my handes I wryng,

Thys chyldes wordes all to-wond my harte.

121

Now, Ysaac son,<sup>3</sup> goo we owr wey

On-to 3on mownte, *with* all owr mayn.

YSAAC. Go we,<sup>4</sup> my dere fader, as fast as I may;

To folow 3ow I am full fayn

All-thow I be slendyr.

ABRAHAM. A! Lord, my hart brekyth on tweyn,<sup>5</sup>

Thys chyldes wordes, they be so tender.

128

[*They arrive at the Mount.*]

A! Ysaac, son, a-non ley yt down,

No lenger vp-on *thi* backe yt hold,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> B. fader.

<sup>4</sup> B. Gowe.

<sup>2</sup> A. syne.

<sup>5</sup> MS. tewyn; *corr.* by A.

<sup>3</sup> B. on.

<sup>6</sup> MS. bere; *corr.* by Kittredge (*cf.* v. 116).



For I mvst make redy bon  
To honowr my Lord God as I schuld.<sup>1</sup> 132

YSAAC. Loo, my dere fader, wer yt ys !  
To cher 3ow all-wey I draw me ner ;  
But, fader, I mervell sore of thys,  
Wy *that* 3e make thys heuy chere ; 136

And also, fader, euer-more dred I :  
Wer ys 3owr qweke best *that* 3e schuld kyll?  
Both fyer and wood we haue redy,  
But queke best haue we non on *this* hyll. 140

A qwyke best, I wot wyll, must be ded  
3owr sacryfyc for to make.<sup>2</sup>  
ABRAHAM. Dred the nowyth, my chyld, I the red,  
Owr Lord wyll send me on-to thys sted  
Summ maner a best for to take,  
Throw hys swet sond.  
YSAAC. 3a, fader, but my hart begynnyth to quake  
To se *that* scharpe sword in 3owr hond. 148

Wy bere 3e 3owr sword drawyn soo?  
Off 3owre conwnauns I haue mych wonder.  
ABRAHAM. A ! Fader of heuyn, so <sup>8</sup> I am woo !  
Thys chyld her brekys my harte on-sonder.<sup>4</sup> 152

YSAAC. Tell me, my dere fader, or that 3e ses,  
Ber 3e 3owr sword draw[yn]<sup>5</sup> for me?  
ABRAHAM. A ! Ysaac, swet son, pes ! pes !  
For i-wys thow breke my harte on thre. 156

YSAAC. Now trewly, sum-wat,<sup>6</sup> fader, 3e thynke,  
That 3e morne thus more and more.

<sup>1</sup> A. suggests that I fere for as I schuld. H. prefers as dewli were.

<sup>2</sup> Lines 141, 142 reversed in MS.; corr. by A.

<sup>3</sup> MS. os; corr. by A.

<sup>4</sup> A. B. on too; H.'s correction on basis of Chester Play.

<sup>5</sup> Corr. by H.

<sup>6</sup> B. sum-what.

ABRAHAM. A ! Lord of heuyn, thy grace let synke,  
For my hart was <sup>1</sup> neuer halffe so sore. 160

YSAAC. I preye 3ow, fader, *that* 3e wyll let me *that* wyt,  
Wyther schall I haue ony harme or noo.

ABRAHAM. I-wys, swet son, I may not tell the 3yt,  
My hart ys now soo full of woo. 164

YSAAC. Dere fader, I prey 3ow, hyd yt <sup>2</sup> not fro me,  
But *sum* of 3owr thowt *that* 3e tell me.

ABRAHAM. A ! Ysaac, Ysaac, I must kyll the !  
YSAAC. Kyll me, fader ? alassee ! wat haue I done ? 168

Yff I haue trespassyd a-3ens 3ow owt,  
*With* a 3ard 3e may make me full myld ;  
And *with* 3owr scharp sword kyll me noght,  
For i-wys, fader, I am but a chyld. 172

ABRAHAM. I am full sory, son, thy blood for to spyll,  
But truly, my chyld, I may not chese.

YSAAC. Now I wold to God my moder were her on *this* <sup>3</sup> hyll !  
Sche would knele for me on both hyr knees  
To save my lyffe.

And sythyn that my moder ys not here,  
I prey 3ow, fader, schonge 3owr chere,  
And kyll me not *with* 3owyr knyffe. 180

ABRAHAM. For-sothe, son, but 3yf I the kyll,  
I schuld greve God rygth sore, I drede ;  
Yt ys hys commawment and also hys wyll  
That I schuld do thys same dede. 184

He commawdyd me, son, for serteyn,  
To make my sacryfyce *with* thy blood.

YSAAC. And ys yt Goddes wyll *that* I schuld be slayn ?

ABRAHAM. 3a,<sup>4</sup> truly, Ysaac, my son soo good,  
And ther-for my handes I wryng. 189

<sup>1</sup> B. wos.

<sup>3</sup> A. ys ; B. yis = *this*.

<sup>2</sup> A. B. hydygth.

<sup>4</sup> B. Za.

YSAAC. Now, fader, agens my Lordes wyll<sup>1</sup>  
 I wyll neuer groche, lowd nor styl ;  
 He mygth a sent me a better desteny  
 Yf yt had a be hys plecer.<sup>2</sup>

193

ABRAHAM. For-sothe, son, but yf Y<sup>3</sup> ded *this* dede,  
 Grevosly dysplessyd owr Lord wyll be.

YSAAC. Nay, nay, fader, God for-bede  
 That euer 3e schuld greve hym for me.

197

3e haue other chyldryn, on or too,  
 The wyche 3e schuld love wyll be kynd.  
 I prey 3ow, fader, make 3e no woo,  
 For, be I onys ded and fro 3ow goo,  
 I schall be sone owt of 3owr mynd.

202

Ther-for deo owr Lordes byddyng,  
 And wan I am ded, than prey for me ;  
 But, good fader, tell 3e my moder no-thing,  
 Say<sup>4</sup> *that* I am in a-nother cuntre dwellyng.<sup>5</sup>

ABRAHAM. A ! Ysaac, Ysaac, blessyd mot thou be !

207

My hart be-gynnyth<sup>6</sup> stronly to rysse,  
 To see the blood off thy blyssyd body.  
 YSAAC. Fadyr, syn yt may be noo other wysse,  
 Let yt passe ouer as wyll as I.

211

But, fader, or I goo on-to my deth,  
 I prey 3ow blysse me *with* 3owr hand.  
 ABRAHAM. Now, Ysaac, *with* all my breth  
 My blyssyng I 3eve *the* vpon thys lond  
 And Godes also ther-to, i-wys.  
 Ysaac, Ysaac, sone, vp thou stond,  
 Thy fayer swete mowthe *that* I may kys.

218

<sup>1</sup> Qy.: decre.<sup>4</sup> B. Sey.<sup>2</sup> Qy.: wyll.<sup>5</sup> MS. dewllyng; *corr. by A.*<sup>3</sup> B. I.<sup>6</sup> MS. begynnnyd; *A. suggests begynnys.*

YSAAC. Now for-wyll, my owyne fader so fyn,

And grete wyll my moder in erde.<sup>1</sup>

But I prey ȝow, fader, to hyd my eyne,

That I se not *the* stroke of ȝowr scharpe swerd,<sup>2</sup>

That my fleysse schall defyle.

ABRAHAM. Sone, thy wordes make me to wepe <sup>3</sup> full sore ;

Now, my dere son Ysaac, speke no more.

YSAAC. A ! my owyne dere fader, were-fore ?

We schall speke to-gedyr her but a wyll.

227

And sythyn that I must nedysse be ded,

Ȝyt, my dere fader, to ȝow I prey,

Smythe but fewe <sup>4</sup> strokes at my hed,

And make an end as sone as ȝe may,

And tery not to longe.

ABRAHAM. Thy meke wordes, chyld, make me afray;<sup>5</sup>

So, "welawey !" may be my songe,

234

Excepe alonly Godes wyll.

A ! Ysaac, my owyn swete chyld,

Ȝyt kysse me a-ȝen vp-on thys hyll !

In all thys war[l]d <sup>6</sup> ys non soo myld.

238

YSAAC. Now truly, fader, all thys teryyng

Yt doth my hart but harme ;

I prey ȝow, fader, make an enddyng.

ABRAHAM. Cume vp, swet son, on-to my arme.

242

I must bynd thy handes <sup>7</sup> too,

All-thow thow be neuer soo myld.

YSAAC. A ! mercy, fader ! wy schuld ȝe do soo ?

ABRAHAM. That thow schuldyst not let,<sup>8</sup> my chyld.

246

<sup>1</sup> A. B. erthe.

<sup>5</sup> A. B. afrayed.

<sup>2</sup> A. B. sword.

<sup>6</sup> ward is the regular form of world in this MS.

<sup>3</sup> B. weep.

<sup>7</sup> B. hands.

<sup>4</sup> A. B. feve.

<sup>8</sup> A. B. insert [me].

YSAAC. Nay, i-wysse, fader, I wyll not let 3ow ;  
 Do on for me 3owr wyll,  
 And on the *purpos* that 3e haue set 3ow  
 For Godes love kepe yt forthe styl. 250

I am full sory thys day to dey,  
 But 3yt I kepe not my God to greve ;  
 Do on 3owr lyst for me hardly,  
 My fayer swete fader, I 3effe 3ow leve. 254

But, fader, I prey 3ow euer-more,  
 Tell 3e my moder no dell ;  
 Yffe sche wost yt,<sup>1</sup> sche wold wepe full sore,  
 For i-wysse, fader, sche lovyt me full wylle,  
 Goddes blyssyng mot sche haue !<sup>2</sup> 259

Now for-wyll, my moder so swete,  
 We too be leke no mor to mete.  
 ABRAHAM. A ! Ysaac, Ysaac ! son, *thou* makyst me to gret,  
 And *with* thy wordes thow dystempurst me. 263

YSAAC. I-wysse, swete fader, I am sory to greve 3ow,  
 I cry 3ow mercy of that I haue donne,  
 And of all trespasse *that* euer I ded meve 3ow ;  
 Now, dere fader, for-3yffe me *that* I haue donne.  
 God of heuyn be *with* me ! 268

ABRAHAM. A ! dere chyld, lefe of thy monys ;  
 In all thy lyffe thow grevyd me neuer onys ;  
 Now blyssyd be thow, body and bonys,  
 That euer thow were bred and born !  
 Thow hast be to me chyld full good.  
 But i-wysse, chyld, thow I morne neuer so fast,  
 3yt must I nedes here at the last  
 In thys place sched all thy blood. 276

<sup>1</sup> A. B. wostyt.

<sup>2</sup> H. suggests haue mot sche, to rhyme with 263.

Ther-for, my dere son, here schall *thou* lye.

On-to my warke I must me stede,

I-wysse I had as leve my-selffe to dey —

Yff God wyll be <sup>1</sup> plecyd wyth my dede —

And myn owyn body for to offer.

YSAAC. A ! *mercy, fader, morne 3e no more,*

3owr wepyng make <sup>2</sup> my hart sore,

As my owyn deth that I schall suffer.

284

3owr kerche, *fader, a-bowt my eyn 3e wynd !*

ABRAHAM. So I schall, my swetest chyld in erde.<sup>3</sup>

YSAAC. Now 3yt, good *fader*, haue thys in mynd,

And smyth me not oftyn *with 3owr* scharp sword,<sup>4</sup>

But hastely that yt be sped.

*Here Abraham leyd a cloth on Ysaaces face, thus seyyng :*

ABRAHAM. Now fore-wyll, my chyld, so full of *grace*.

YSAAC. A ! *fader, fader*, torne downgward my face,

For of 3owr scharpe sword I am euer a-dred.

292

ABRAHAM. To don thys dede I am full sory,

But, Lord, thyn hest I wyll not *with-stond*.

YSAAC. A ! *Fader* of heuyn, to the I crye,

Lord, reseyyve me in-to <sup>5</sup> thy hand.

296

ABRAHAM. Loo ! now ys the tyme cum certeyn

That my sword in hys necke schall bite.<sup>6</sup>

A ! Lord, my hart reysyth ther-ageyn,<sup>7</sup>

I may not fynd yt <sup>8</sup> in my harte to smygth, —

My hart wyll not now ther-too.

3yt fayn I woold warke my Lordes wyll ;

But thys 3owng innosent lygth so styll,

I may not fynd yt <sup>8</sup> in my hart hym to kyll.

O ! *Fader* of heuyn ! what schall I doo ?

305

<sup>1</sup> B. *omits* be.

<sup>5</sup> A. *omits* to.

<sup>2</sup> H. maketh.

<sup>6</sup> MS. synke ; *corr. by* H.

<sup>3</sup> A. B. erthe.

<sup>7</sup> B. the ageyn.

<sup>4</sup> A. B. sword.

<sup>8</sup> A. B. fyndygth.

YSAAC. A ! *mercy*, *fader*, wy tery ze so,  
 And let me ley thus longe on *this* hethe?  
 Now I wold to God *the* stroke were doo !  
*Fader*, I prey 3ow hartely, schorte me of my woo,  
 And let me not loke thus *after* my degth. 310

ABRAHAM. Now, hart, wy wolddyst not thow breke on thre?  
 3yt schall *th[o]*u not make me to my God on-myld.  
 I wyll no lenger let for the,  
 For that my God a-grevyd wold be ;  
 Now hoold tha stroke, my owyn dere chyld. 315

*Her Abraham draw<sup>1</sup> hys stroke and the<sup>2</sup> angell toke the sword in hys hond  
 soddenly.*

THE ANGELL. I am an angell, thow mayist se blythe,  
 That fro heuyn to the ys senth.  
 Owr Lord thanke the an C sythe  
 For the keypyng of hys commawment. 319

He knowyt *thi* wyll and also thy harte,  
 That thow dredyst hym above all thyng ;  
 And *sum* of thy hevynes for to departe  
 A fayr ram 3ynder I gan brynge ; 323

He standyth teyed, loo ! a-mong *the* breres.  
 Now, Abraham, a-mend thy mood,  
 For Ysaac, thy 3owng son *that* her ys,  
 Thys day schall not sched hys blood ; 327

Goo, make thy sacryfece *with* 3on<sup>3</sup> rame.  
 Now for-wyll, blyssyd Abraham,  
 For on-to heuyn I goo now hom ;  
 The way ys full gayn.  
 Take vp thy son soo free. [Exit.] 332

ABRAHAM. A ! Lord, I thanke the of thy gret *grace*,  
 Now am I yeyed<sup>4</sup> on dyuers wysse ;

<sup>1</sup> B. *drew*.      <sup>2</sup> B. *the*.      <sup>3</sup> A. 3ou.      <sup>4</sup> Qy.: for ethed = eased.

A-rysse vp, Ysaac, my dere sunne, a-rysse ;

A-rysse vp, swete chyld, and cum to me.

336

YSAAC. A ! mercy, fader, wy smygth ze nowt ? <sup>1</sup>

A ! smygth on, fader, onys *with* 3owr knyffe.

ABRAHAM. Pesse, my swet son, <sup>2</sup> and take no thowt, <sup>3</sup>

For owr Lord of heuyn hath grant *thi* lyffe

Be hys angell now,

341

That *thou* schalt not dey *this* day, <sup>4</sup> sunne, truly.

YSAAC. A ! fader, full glad than wer I,

I-wys, fader, I sey, i-wys,

Yf thys tale wer trew.

ABRAHAM. An hundyrd tymys, my son fayer of hew,

For joy *thi* mowth <sup>5</sup> now wyll I kys.

347

YSAAC. A ! my dere fader, Abraham,

Wyll not God be wroth *that* we do thus ?

ABRAHAM. Noo, noo ! har[de]ly, my swyt son,

For 3yn same rame he hath vs sent <sup>6</sup>

Hether down to vs. <sup>7</sup>

352

3yn best schall dey here in *thi* sted,

In the *worthschup* <sup>8</sup> of owr Lord a-lon ;

Goo, fet hym hethyr, my chyld, in-ded.

YSAAC. Fader, I wyll goo hent hym be the hed,

And bryng 3on best *with* me a-non.

357

[Isaac catches the ram.]

A ! scheppe, scheppe, blyssyd <sup>9</sup> mot *thou* be,

That euer thou were sent down heder !

Thow schall thys day dey for me,

In the worchup of the holy Trynyte.

<sup>1</sup> MS. not 3yt ; *corr. by H.*

<sup>2</sup> A. B. sir.

<sup>4</sup> B. dey.

<sup>3</sup> H. *proposes* dowl.

<sup>5</sup> B. mowt.

<sup>6</sup> H. *proposes*: For he hath sent us 3yn same rame.

<sup>7</sup> *Qy.*: Noo, noo, swyt son, for 3yn same rame

He hath sent hether down to vs.

<sup>8</sup> MS. *worpschup* ; *corr. by A.*

<sup>9</sup> B. blessed.



Now cum fast and goo we to-geder  
 To my Fader of heuyn.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thow *thou* be neuer so jentyll and good,  
 3yt had I leuer thow schedyst *thi* blood,  
 I-wysse, scheppe, than I.

366

Loo! fader, I haue browt here full smerte  
 Thys jentyll scheppe,<sup>2</sup> and hym to 3ow I 3yffe;  
 But, Lord God, I thanke *the* <sup>3</sup> *with* all my hart,  
 For I am glad that I schall leue  
 And kys onys my dere moder.  
 ABRAHAM. Now be rygth myry, my swete chylde,  
 For thys qwyke best *that* ys so myld  
 Here I schall present be-fore all other.

374

YSAAC. And I wyll fast be-gynne to blowe;  
 Thys fyer schall brene a full good spyd.  
 But, fader, wyll I stowppe downe lowe,  
 3e wyll not kyll me *with* 3owr sword, I trowe?  
 ABRAHAM. Noo, har[de]ly, swet son, haue no dred,  
 My mornynge ys past.  
 YSAAC. 3a! but I woold *that* sword wer in a gled,<sup>4</sup>  
 For, i-wys, fader, yt make me full yll a-gast.

382

*Here Abraham mad hys offryng, knelyng and seyyng thus:*

ABRAHAM. Now, Lord God of heuen in Trynyte,  
 All-myty God omnipotent,  
 My offeryng I make in the worchope of the,  
 And *with* thys qweke best I the present.  
 Lord, reseyye thow myn intent,  
 As [thow] art God and grownd of owr grace.

388

<sup>1</sup> *Qy.*: To my fader in hy.

<sup>2</sup> *As two lines in A. B., the first ending here. From here my numbering is one line behind Miss Smith's.*

<sup>3</sup> B. ye.

<sup>4</sup> A. B. glad = gled.

[*God speaks from above.*]

DEUS. Abraham, Abraham, wyll mot thou sped,  
 And Ysaac, *thi* zowng son the by !  
 Trvly, Abraham, for thys dede  
 I schall mvltyplye zowres botheres sede  
 As thyke as sterres be in the skye,  
 Bothe more and lesse ;  
 And as thyke as gravell in the see,  
 So thyke mvltyplyed zowr sede schall be ;  
 Thys grant I zow for zowr goodnesse. 397

Off zow schall cume frowte gret [won],  
 And euer be in blysse *with-owt* zynd.  
 For ze drede me as God a-lon  
 And kepe my *commawmentes* eueryschon,  
 My blyssyng I zeffe, wer-so-euer ze wend.<sup>1</sup> 402

ABRAHAM. Loo ! Ysaac, my son, how thynke ze  
 Be thys warke that we haue wroght ?  
 Full glad and blythe we may be,  
 Azens *the* wyll of God *that* we grucedd nott,  
 Vp-on thys fayer hetth.  
 YSAAC. A ! fader, I thanke owr Lord euery dell,  
 That my wyt servyd me so wyll  
 For to drede God more than my detth. 410

ABRAHAM. Why ! dere-wordy son, wer thou a-dred ?  
 Hardely, chyld, tell me thy lore.

YSAAC. 3a ! be my feyth, fader, now haue <sup>2</sup> I red,  
 I wos *neuer* soo afrayd be-fore  
 As I haue byn at zyn hyll.  
 But, be my feyth, fader, I swere  
 I wyll *neuer-more* cume there  
 But yt be a-zens my wyll. 418

<sup>1</sup> A. B. goo ; *corr. by* H.      <sup>2</sup> A. B. hath.

ABRAHAM. 3a ! cum on *with* me, my owyn swet sonn,  
And hom-ward fast now let vs goon.

YSAAC. Be my feyth, fader, ther-to I grant,  
I had neuer so good wyll to gon hom,

And to speke *with* my dere moder.

ABRAHAM. A ! Lord of heuyn, I thanke the,  
For now may I led hom *with* me

Ysaac, my 3ownge sonn so fre, —

The gentyllest chyld a-bove all other,<sup>1</sup>

Thys may I wyll a-voee.

428

Now goo we forthe, my blyssyd sonn.

YSAAC. I grant, fader, and let vs gon,

For be my trowthe wer I at home,

I wold neuer gon owt vnder that forme.

I pray God 3effe vs grace euer-mo,

And all thow that we be holdyng to. \*

434

[*Exeunt. Enter Doctor.*]

DOCTOR. Lo ! sovereyns and sorys, now haue we schowyd

Thys solom story<sup>2</sup> to grete and smale ;

It ys good lernyng to lernd and lewyd

And *the* wysest of vs all,

Wyth-owtyn ony berryng.

For thys story schoyt 3owe [her]

How we schuld kepe to owr po[we]re

Goddess commawments *with-owt* grochyng.

442

Trowe 3e, sores, and God sent an angell

And commawndyd 3ow 3owr chyld to slayn,<sup>3</sup>

Be 3owr trowthe ys ther ony of 3ow

That eyther wold groche or stryve ther-ageyn ?

How thyngke 3e now, sorys, ther-by ?

<sup>1</sup> MS. erthe ; *corr. by A.*

<sup>2</sup> A. B. *have* hath schowyd *after* story ; *corr. by H.*

<sup>3</sup> A. B. to smygth of 3owr chyldes hed ; *corr by H.*

I trow ther be iij or iiij or moo.  
 And thys women that wepe so sorowfully  
 Whan that hyr chyldryn dey them froo,  
     As nater woll<sup>1</sup> and kynd, —  
 Yt ys but folly, I may well awooe,  
 To groche a-zens God or to greve 3ow,  
 For 3e schall neuer se hym myschevyd, wyll I know,  
     Be lond nor watyr, haue thys in mynd ; 455

And groche not a-zens owr Lord God  
 In welth or woo, wether that he 3ow send,  
 Thow 3e be neuer so hard be-stad ;  
     For when he wyll, he may yt a-mend,  
 Hys comawmentes trevly<sup>2</sup> yf 3e kepe with goo[d]<sup>3</sup> hart,  
     As thys story hath now schowyd 3ow be-for[n]e,<sup>4</sup>  
 And feytheffully serve hym qwyll 3e be qvart,  
     That 3e may plece God bothe euyn and morne.  
 Now Jesu, that weryt the crown of thorne,  
     Bryng vs all to heuyn blysse ! 465  
     Finis.

<sup>1</sup> woll *twice in MS.*<sup>2</sup> B. treuly.<sup>3</sup> So A. B.<sup>4</sup> *Corr. by H.*

## TOWNELEY PLAYS.

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For information as to the text, see above, p. 13. The fragmentary condition of the first piece, Isaac, is due to the loss of two leaves of the MS. at this place.

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### I.

[ISAAC.]

. . . . .

[ISAAC.] Com nere, son, and kys me,

That I may feyle the smell of the.

The smell of my son is lyke

To a feld with flouris, or hony bike.

Where art thou, Esaw, my son?

IACOB. Here, fader, and askis youre benyson.

ISAAC. The blyssyng my fader gaf to me,

God of heuen & I gif the :

God gif the plente grete

Of wyne, of oyll, and of whete ;

10

And graunt thi childre all

To worship the, both grete and small ;

Who-so the blyssys, blyssed be he ;

Who-so the waris, wared be he.

Now has thou my grete blyssyng,

Loue the shall all thyne ofspryng ;

Go now wheder thou has to go.

IACOB. Graunt mercy, sir, I will do so.

*Recedet Iacob. [Esaw advances.]*

ESAW. Haue ete, fader, of myn huntyng,

And gif me sythen your blyssyng.

20

ISAAC. Who is that?

ESAW. I, youre son,  
Esaw, bryngis you venyson.

ISAAC. Who was that was right now here  
And broght me bruet of a dere?  
I ete well, and blyssyd hym;  
And he is blyssyd, ich a lym.

ESAW. Alas! I may grete and sob.

ISAAC. Thou art begyld thugh Iacob  
That is thyne awne german brother.

ESAW. Haue ye kepyd me none other  
Blyssyng then ye set hym one? 30

ISAAC. Sich another haue I none;  
Bot God gif the to thyn handband  
The dew of heuen & frute of land;  
Other then this can I not say.

ESAW. Now, alas and walo-way!  
May I with that tratoure mete,  
My faders dayes shall com *with* grete,  
And my moders also;  
May I hym mete, I shall hym slo. 40

[*Esau retires. Rebecca advances.*]

REBECCA. Isaac, it were my deth  
If Iacob weddeth in kynd of Heth;  
I will send hym to Aran,  
There my brothere dwellys, Laban;  
And there may he *serue* in peasse  
Till his brothers<sup>1</sup> wrath will seasse.  
Why shuld I apon a day

Loyse both my sonnes? *better* nay.

ISAAC. Thou says soth, wife; call hym *heder*,  
And let vs tell hym where & wheder 50  
That he may fle Esaw,  
That vs both hetis bale to brew.

<sup>1</sup> E. E. T. S. brother's.

REBECCA. Iacob, son! thi fader & I  
Wold speke *with* the ; com, stand vs by !

[*Jacob advances.*]

Out of contry must thou fle,  
That Esaw slo not the.

IACOB. Whederward shuld I go, dame?

REBECCA. To Mesopotameam ;  
To my brothere, and thyn eme,  
That dwellys besyde Iordan streme ;  
And ther may thou with hym won,  
To Esaw, myne other son,  
fforget, and all his wrath be dede.

60

IACOB. I will go, fader, at youre rede.

ISAAC. Yei, son, do as thi moder says ;  
Com kys vs both, & weynd thi ways.

*Et osculatur.*

IACOB. Haue good day, *sir* and dame !

ISAAC. God sheld the, son, from syn and shame !

REBECCA. And gif the grace good man to be,  
And send me glad tythingis to <sup>1</sup> the.

70

*Explicit Isaac.*

## II.

[JACOB.]<sup>2</sup>

IACOB. Help me, Lord, Adonay,  
And hald me in the right way  
To Mesopotameam !  
ffor I cam *neuer* or now where <sup>3</sup> I am ;  
I cam *neuer* here in this contre.  
Lord of heuen, thou help me !  
ffor I haue maide me, in this strete,  
Sore bonys & warkand feete.

<sup>1</sup> *Qy.*: fro.

<sup>2</sup> E. E. T. S. *Sequitur Iacob.*

<sup>3</sup> *Qy.*: change now where to where now for metre.

The son is downe, what is best?  
 Her purpose I all nyght to rest ; 10  
 Vnder my hede this ston shal ly ;  
 A nyght's rest take will I.

[*He sleeps. God appears and speaks.*]

DEUS. Iacob, Iacob, thi God I am,  
 Of thi forbader Abraham,  
 And of thi fader Isaac.  
 I shall the blys for thare sake.  
 This land that thou slepys in  
 I shall the gif, and thi kyn ;  
 I shall thi seede multiply,  
 As thyk as powder on erth may ly ; 20  
 The kynd of the shall sprede wide,  
 ffrom eest to west on euery syde,  
 ffrom the south vnto the north, —  
 All that I say, I shall forth, —  
 And all the folkis of thyne ofspryng,  
 Shal be blyssyd of thy blyssyng.  
 Iacob, haue thou no kyns drede !  
 I shall the clethe, I shall the fede ;  
 Whartfull shall I make thi gate ;  
 I shal the help erly and late ; 30  
 And all in qwart shall I bryng the  
 Home agane to thi countre.  
 I shall not fayll, be thou bold,  
 Bot I shall do as I haue told.

*Hic vigilet.*

IACOB. A ! Lord, what may this mene?  
 What haue I herd in slepe, and sene?  
 That God leynd hym to a stegh  
 And spake to me, it is no leghe !  
 And now is here none othere gate  
 Bot God's howse and heuens yate. 40



Lord, how dredfull is this stede !  
 Ther I layde downe my hede,  
 In God's lovyng I rayse this stone,  
 And oyll will I putt theron.  
 Lord of heuen, that all wote,  
 Here to the I make a hote :  
 If thou gif me mete and foode,  
 And close to body, as I behoued,  
 And bryng me home to kyth and kyn  
 By the way that I walk in,  
 Without skathe and in quarte,  
 I promyse to the *with* stedfast hart,  
 As thou art Lord and God myne  
 And I Iacob, thi trew hyne,  
 This stone I rayse in sygne to-day  
 Shall I hold holy kyrk for ay ;  
 And of all that newes me  
 Rightwys tend shall I gif the.

50

[*An interval of about twenty years.*]

*Hic egrediatur Iacob de Aran in terram natiuitatis sue.*

[IACOB.] A ! my Fader, God of heuen,  
 That saide to me through thi steven,  
 When I in Aran was dwelland,  
 That I shuld turne agane to land  
 Ther I was both fed and borne,  
 Warnyd thou me, Lord, beforne,  
 As I went toward Aran  
 With my staff, and passyd Iordan ;  
 And now I com agane to kyth  
 With two ostes of men me with.  
 Thou hete me, Lord,<sup>1</sup> to do well *with* me,  
 To multiplye my seede as sand of see ;  
 Thou saue me, Lord, through vertew,  
 ffrom veniance of Esaw,

60

70

<sup>1</sup> *Qy.*: omit Lord.

That he slo not, for old greme,  
These moders *with* thare barne-teme.

RACHELL. Oure anguysh, sir, is many-fold,  
Syn that oure messyngere vs told  
That Esaw wold you slo,  
With foure hundreth men and mo.

IACOB. ffor soth, Rachell, I haue hym sent  
Of many beestis sere *present*.

80

May tyde he will oure giftis take,  
And right so shall his wrath slake.  
Where ar oure thyngis, ar thay past Iordan?  
LYA. Go and look, sir, as ye can.

*Hic scrutetur superlectile, et luctetur angelus cum eo.*

DEUS. The day spryngis; now lett me go.

IACOB. Nay, nay, I will not so  
Bot thou blys me or thou gang;  
If I may, I shall hold the lang.

DEUS. In tokynyng that thou spekis *with* me  
I shall toche now thi thee,  
That halt shall thou euermore,  
Bot thou shall fele no sore.

90

What is thy name, thou me tell?

IACOB. Iacob.

DEUS. Nay, bot Israell.  
Syn thou to me sich strengthe may kythe,  
To men of erth thou must be stythe.

IACOB. What is thy name?

DEUS. Whi askis thou it?

'Wonderfull,' if thou wil wyt.

IACOB. A, blys me, Lord!

DEUS. I shall the blys,

And be to the full *propy*ce,  
And gyf the my blyssyng for ay;  
As lord and he that all may,  
I shall<sup>1</sup> grayth thi gate,

100

<sup>1</sup> *Qy.*: insert goodly.

And full well ordeyn thi state.

When thou has drede, thyng on me,

And thou shal full well saynyd be.

And look thou trow well my sayes ;

And farewell now, the day dayes.

IACOB. Now haue I a new name, Israell ;

This place shall [hight]<sup>1</sup> Fanuell,

110

ffor I haue seyn in this place

God of heuen face to face.

RACHELL. Iacob, lo ! we haue tythand

That Esaw is here at hand.

*Hic diuidit turmas in tres partes.*

IACOB. Rachell, stand thou in the last eschele,

ffor I wold thou were sauyn wele ;

Call Ioseph and Beniamin,

And let theym not fro the twyn.

If it be so that Esaw

Vs before all to-hew,

120

Ye that ar here the last

Ye may be sauyn if ye fle fast.

*Et vadat Iacob osculand[o] Esaw ; venit Iacob, flectit genua exorando Deum ; et leuando, occurrit illi Esaw in amplexibus.*

IACOB. I pray the, Lord, as thou me het,

Thou<sup>2</sup> saue me and my gete.

ESAW. Welcom, brother, to kyn and kyth,

Thi wife and childre that comes the with.

How has thou faren in far land ?

Tell me now som good tythand.

IACOB. Well, my brother Esaw,

If that thi men no bale me brew.

130

*Dicit seruis suis.*

ESAW. Wemo ! felows, hold youre hend,

Ye se that I and he ar frend,

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by E. E. T. S.

<sup>2</sup> MS. that.

And frenship here will we fulfill,

Syn that it is God's will.

IACOB. God yeld you, brothere, that it so is  
That thou thi hyne so wold kys.

ESAW. Nay, Iacob, my dere brothere,  
I shall the tell all anothere :

Thou art my lord through destyny.

Go we togeder, both thou and I,

To my fader and his wife,

That lofys the, brother, as thare lyfe.

140

*Explicit Iacob.*

## CHESTER WHITSUN PLAYS.

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Reprinted from "The Chester Plays. Reëdited from the MSS. by the late Dr. Hermann Deimling, Part I, E. E. T. S., 1892." I have printed only MS. Harl. 2124, because, although written in 1607, it represents, I believe, a more primitive form of this play than the other MSS. The Duke of Devonshire's MS. (written by Edward Gregorie, 1591) was not collated by Deimling; consequently I do not know which version of our play it presents, but Pollard's partial collation seems to indicate that it would agree with the others. Only occasionally have I recorded the readings of the other MSS. For convenience I have used Deimling's symbols; thus, H.= Harl. 2124 (partly written by James Miller, 1607), B.= Bodley 175 (written by Wm. Bedford, 1604), W.= Brit. Mus., Addit. 10,305 (written by George Bellin, 1592), h.= Harl. 2013 (written by George Bellin, 1600). D. indicates Deimling's text, which agrees with H., unless otherwise specified. I have made no changes without notification, except in punctuation, capitals, and mode of indicating stanza-structure.

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### Pagina Quinta de Mose et Rege Balaak et Balaam Propheta. The Cappers.

DEUS. Moyses, my servaunte life *and* dere,  
And all the people that be here,  
You wott in Egipte when you were,  
    Out of thralldome I you broughte.  
I wyll, you honour no God saue me,  
Ne mawmentrye none make yee,  
My name in vayne nym<sup>1</sup> not yee,  
    For that me lykes naughte.

8

I will, you hold *your* holy daye,  
And worshipp also, by all waye,  
Father and mother all that you maye,  
    And slaye no man no-where.

<sup>1</sup> H. myn; B. W. h. nam.

Fornication you shall flee ;  
 No mens goods steale yee ;  
 Ne in no place abyde ne bee  
     Falce wytnes for to beare.

16

Your neigheboures<sup>1</sup> wyves covettes noughte,  
 Servant ne good that he hath boughte,  
 Oxe ne asse, in deede ne thoughte,  
     Nor any-thinge that is his,  
 Ne wrongefullie to haue his thinge  
 Agayne his will and his lykinge.  
 In all these doe my byddinge,  
     That you doe not amisse.

24

*Tunc princeps Sinagogæ statuet eum<sup>2</sup> in loco et quasi pro populo loquatur ad  
 Dominum et Moysen.*

PRINCEPS SINAGOGÆ. Ah ! good Lord, much of mighte,  
 Thou comes with so great lighte !  
 We bene so afraide of this sighte,  
     No man dare speake ne see ;<sup>3</sup>  
 God is so grym with us to deale,  
 But Moyses, master, with us thou mele, —  
 Els we dyen many and feele,  
     So afrayde bene all wee.

32

*Tunc Moyses stans super montem loquatur ad populum.*

MOYSES. Gods folke, drede you noughte ;  
 To prove you with, God hath this wrought,  
 To make you afrayd in deede and thoughte,  
     Aye for to avoyde synne.  
 By this sight you may now see  
 That he is pereles of postye ;  
 Therfore his teachinge look done yee,  
     Thereof that you not blyn.

40

<sup>1</sup> D. neightboures.

<sup>2</sup> H. eu ; D. *prints eum*, but suggests eo ; Zupitza suggested se.

<sup>3</sup> MS. looke ; corr. by D.

*PRINCEPS SINAGOGÆ.* Ah ! highe Lord, God almightie,  
That Moyse shynes wondrous bright !

I may no way for great lighte

Now looke upon hym.

And horned he semes in our sighte !

*Exodus, 34. 29.*

Sith he came to the hyll, dight

Our lawe he hase, I hope, aright,

For was he never so grym.

48

*MOYSES.* You, Gods folke of Israell,  
Hearkens to me that loven heale ;  
God bade you sholde doe, everye deale,  
As that I shall saye.

Six dayes boldelye worches all,  
The seaventh Sabaoth you shall call ;  
That daye for ought that may befall  
Hallowed shalbe aye.

56

That doth not this deede deade shall be.  
In houses fire shall no man see.  
First fruytes to God offer yee,  
For so hym-selfe bade.

Gould *and* silver offers also,  
Purple, bisse, and other moe,  
To hym that shall save you from woe  
And helpe you in *your* neede.

64

*EXPOSITOR.* Lordinges, this comaundment  
Was of the Old Testamente,  
And yet is used *with* good entent  
With all that good bene.

This storye all if we shold fong,  
To playe this moneth it were to longe ;  
Wherefore most frutefull there amonge  
We taken, as shall be sene.

72

Also we read in this storie,  
God in the Mownt of Synai

Toke Moises these comaundmentis verelye,  
 Wrytten with his owne hande  
 In tables of ston, as reade I ;  
 But when men honoured mawmentry,  
 He brake them in anger hastelye,  
 For that he wold not wonde.

80

But afterward sone, leewe ye me,  
 Other tables of stone made he,  
 In *which* God bade wrytten shold be  
 His wordes that were before,  
 The which tables shryned were  
 After as God can Moyses leare ;  
 And that shryne to them was deare  
 Thereafter evermore.

88

*Tunc Moyses descendet de monte, et ex altera parte montis dicet rex Balaac  
 equitando.*

BALAACK REX. I, Balaack, king of Moab land,  
 All Israell and I had in <sup>1</sup> hand,  
 I am so wroth, I wold not wond  
 To slaye them, ech wighte ;  
 For their God helps them stiflye  
 Of other landes to haue mastrye,  
 That it is bootles, witterlie,  
 Against them for to fighte.

96

What nation soever dose them noye,  
 Moyses prayes anone in hye,  
 Therefore haue they sone the victorie  
 And other men <sup>2</sup> haue the worse,  
 Therfore how will I wroken be,  
 I am bethought, as mot I the !  
 Balaam I will shall come to me  
 That people for to curse,

104

<sup>1</sup> D. I had it in my ; B. W. h. and I hand in.

<sup>2</sup> D. *has* they *after* men.



For sworde ne knife may not avayle [*Fluryshe.*]<sup>1</sup>

These ilke shroes for to assaile ;  
That fowndes to fight he shall faile,

For sicker is hym no boote.

All nations they doe any, [*Cast up.*]<sup>1</sup>

And my-selfe they can destroie,  
As ox that gnawes biselie

The grasse right to the roote. 112

Who-so Balaam blesses, i-wis,<sup>2</sup>

Blessed sickerlie that man is ;

Who-so he curses, fareth amisse :

Such loos over all hase he. Numbers, 22. 6.

Therefore goe fetch hym, bachler,  
That he may curse the people here ;

For, sicker, on them in no manner

Mon we not wroken be. 120

MILES. Syr, on *your* errand I will gone ;

Yt shall be well done, and that anone,

For he shall wreak you on *your* fone,

The people of Israell.

BALAACK. Yea, looke thou het hym gold gret wone,

And riches for to lyve upon,

To destroy them if he can,

The freakes that be so fell. 128

*Tunc ibit ad Balaam.*

MILES. Balaam, my lorde greetes well thee

And prayes the right sone at hym to be,

To curse the people of Iudy,

That do hym great anoye.

BALAAM. Forsooth, I tell the, bacheler,

That I may haue no power

But if Gods will were ;

That shall I witt in hye. 136

<sup>1</sup> Not in H.; supplied from the other MSS.

<sup>2</sup> D. I wis.

<sup>1</sup> [*Tunc ibit Balaam ad consulendum Dominum in oratione, et sedens<sup>2</sup> dicat Deus.  
Balaam prayeth to God one his knees.*]

DEUS (*in supremo loco*). Balaam, I comaund the,  
King Balaak his bydding that thou flee ;  
That people that is blessed of me  
Curse thou not by no waye.

BALAAM. Lord, I must doe thy byddinge,  
Thoughe it be to me unlykeing ;  
For, truly, much wyninge  
I might haue had to-daye.

144

DEUS. Thoughe the folke be my foe,  
Thou shalt haue leaue thydder to goe,  
But looke that thou doe right soe  
As I haue thee taughte.

BALAAM. Lord, it shall be done in height,  
This asse shall beare me aright.  
Goe we together anone, sir knight,  
For now leave I haue coughte.

152

*Tunc equitabunt versus regem, et eundo dicat Balaam :*

Now, by the law I leve upon,  
Sith I haue leaue for to gone,  
They shalbe cursed every one,  
And I ought wyn maye.  
If Balaak hold that he has heighte  
Gods hest I set at light ;  
Warryed they shalbe this night  
Or that I wend awaye.

160

*Tunc angelus obuiabit Balaam cum gladio extracto in manu, et stabit assina.*

Goe forth, Burnell, goe forth, goe !  
What the dyvell ! my asse will not goe ;  
Served she me never soe.

<sup>1</sup> Not in H. ; supplied from the other MSS.

<sup>2</sup> B. scedens ; W. sedentes ; h. omits.

What sorrow so her dose nye?  
 Rise up, Burnell ! make thee bowne,  
 And helpe to beare me out the towne ;  
 Or, as brok I my crowne,  
 Thou shalt full sore abyte !

168

*Tunc percutiet asinam, et loquetur aliquis in asina.*

ASINA. Maister, thou dost evell, witterly,  
 So good an ass as me to nye,  
 Now hast thou beaten me thry  
 That beare thee thus aboute.

BALAAM. Burnell, whye begiles thou me,  
 When I haue most nede to the ?

ASINA. That sight that I before me see  
 Makes me downe to lowte.

176

Am I not, *master*, thyne owne ass,  
 That ever before ready was  
 To beare the whether thou woldest pas ?  
 To smyte me now yt is shame.

Thou wottest well, *master*, pardy,  
 Thou haddest never ass like to me,  
 Ne never yet thus served I thee ;  
 Now I am not to blame.

184

*Tunc Balaam videns angelum evaginatū gladium habentem, adorans dicat :*

BALAAM. Ah ! Lord, to thee I make avowe,<sup>1</sup>  
 I had no sight of thee erre now ;  
 Lyttle wist I it was thou  
 That feared my asse soe.

ANGELUS. Why hast thou beaten thy asse thry ?  
 Now I am comen thee to nye,  
 That changes thy purpose falcelye,  
 And woldest be my foe.

192

<sup>1</sup> D. a vowe.

And the ass had not downe gone,  
I wold haue slayne the here anone.

BALAAM. Lord, haue pittye me upon,  
For sinned I haue sore !

Is it thy will that I forth goe ?

ANGELUS. Yea ; but looke thou doe this folk no woe  
Otherwise then God bade thee tho  
And saide to thee before.

200

*Tunc Balaam et miles ibunt, Baldack venit in obuiam.*

BALAACK. Ah ! welcome, Balaam, my frend !

For all myne anguish thou shalt end,  
If that thy will be to wend,

And wreake me of my foe.

BALAAM. Nought may I speake, so haue I win,  
But as God puttes me in,  
To forby all and my kin ;

Therefore, sure, me is woe.

208

BALAACK. Come forth, Balaam, come with me !

For on this hill, so mot I thee,  
The folke of Israell thou shalt see ;

And curse them, I thee praye.

Thou shalt haue riches, golde and fee,

And I shall aduance thy dignytye,

To curse men, — cursed they may be

That thou shalt see to-day.

216

*Tunc adducens secum Balaam in montem et ad australem partem respiciens  
dicat ut sequitur.<sup>1</sup>*

BALAAM. How may I curse them in this place,

The people that God blessed hase ?

In them is both might and grace,

And that is alwayes seene.

<sup>1</sup> This stage direction seems to indicate that a speech of Balaac's has dropped out, — perhaps the stanza contained in the other version :

Lo ! Balaam, thou seest here  
God's people all in feare,

Wytnes I may none beare  
 Against God that thus<sup>1</sup> can were  
 His people that no man may deare  
 Ne troble w<sup>th</sup> no teene.

224

I saye these folkes shall haue their will,  
 That no nation shall them gryll ;  
 The goodnes that they shall fulfill  
     Nombred may not be ;  
 Their God shall them kepe and save.  
 No other reprove shall they non<sup>2</sup> have ;  
 But such death as they shall haue  
     I praye God send me.

232

BALAACK. ` What the devill<sup>3</sup> eyles the, poplart ?  
 Thy speach is not worth a fart,  
 Doted I wot well thou art,  
     For woodlie thou has wrought.  
 I bade thee curse them, every one,  
 And thou blest them, blood and bone ;  
 To this north syde thou shalt anon,  
     For here thy deed is nought.

240

*Tunc adducet eum ad borealem partem.*

BALAAM. Herken, Balaack, what I say ;  
 God may not gibb by no waye,  
 That he saith, is veray,  
     For he may not lye.

Cittie, castell, *and* riuer ;  
     Looke now how likes thie.  
 Curse them now at my prayer,  
 As thou wilte be to me full dere  
*And* in my realme most of power  
     And greatest under me.

*Tunc Balaam versus austrum : dicat Balaham :*

<sup>1</sup> D. this.   <sup>2</sup> So B. W. h. ; H. *has* may I not.   <sup>3</sup> D. devilles.

To bless his folk he me sent ;  
 Therefore I saie, as I am kent  
 That in this land, verament,

Is used no mawmentry :

Numbers, 23. 19. 248

To Iacobs blood and Israell  
 God shall send ioy and heale ;  
 And as a lyon in his weale

Christ shalbe haused hye,  
 And rise also in noble araye  
 As a prynce to wyn great paye,  
 Overcome his enemyes, as I say,  
 And them bowndly bye.

Numbers, 24. 9.

256

BALAACK. What the devill is this? Thou cursest them naught,  
 Nor blessest them nether, as me thought.

BALAAM. Syr kinge, this I thee beheight  
 Or that I come here.

BALAACK. Yet shalt thou to an-other place,  
 Ther Gods power for to embrace.  
 The dyvell geve the hard grace  
 But thou doe my prayer !

264

*Ad occidentalem partem.*

BALAAM. Ah ! Lord, that here is fayre wonning,  
 Halls, chambers of great lyking,  
 Valleyes, woodes, grass springing,

Fayre yerdes <sup>1</sup> and eke river !

Numbers, 24. 5, 6.

I wot well God made all this  
 His folk to lyue in ioye and blisse.  
 That warryeth them, warried is ;  
 That blesseth <sup>2</sup> them, to God is deare.

272

BALAACK. Popelard ! thou preachest as a pie ;  
 The deuill of hell thee destroy !  
 I bade thee curse myne enemye ;  
 Therfore thou came me to.

<sup>1</sup> D. yordes.

<sup>2</sup> D. blessest.

Now hast thou blessed them here thry,  
For thou meanes me to nye.

BALAAM. So tould I the before twye,  
I might none other doe.

280

BALAACK. Out ! alas ! what dyvell ayles thee ?  
I haue het thee gold and fee  
To speake but wordes two or three,  
And thou makes much distance.  
Yet once I will assay thee,  
If any boote of bale will be ;  
And if thou falcely now faile me,  
Mahound geue thee mischance !

288

*Tunc Balaam ad cælum respiciens prophetando :*

BALAAM. *Orietur Stella ex Iacob, et exurget Homo de Is-*  
*raell, et confringet omnes duces alienigenarum,<sup>1</sup> et erit*  
*omnis terra possessio<sup>2</sup> eius.*

Now one thinge I will tell you all,  
Hereafter what shall befall :

Numbers, 24. 18.

A starre of Iacob springe shall,  
A man of Israell ;  
He shall overcome and haue in band  
All kinges, dukes of strang land,  
And all the world haue in his hand,  
As lord to dight and deale.

296

*[The other prophets enter, attended by the Expositor.]<sup>3</sup>*

ESAYAS. I saye a mayden meeke and mylde  
Shall conceave and beare a childe,  
Cleane, without workes wilde,  
To wyn mankinde to wayle ;

<sup>1</sup> D. alieginarum.

<sup>2</sup> D. professio, but suggests possessio.

<sup>3</sup> It is, however, possible — even likely — that all were present on the stage from the beginning.

Butter and hony shall be his meate,  
 That he may all evill forgeat,  
 Our soules out of hell to get,  
 And called Emanuell.

Isaiah, 7. 14 ff.

304

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, these wordes are so veray  
 That exposition, in good faye,  
 None needes, but you know may  
 This word Emanuell.

Emanuell is as much to saye  
 As "God with us night and day";  
 Therfore that name for ever and aye  
 To his sonne cordes wondrous<sup>1</sup> well.

312

EZECHIELL. <sup>2</sup> *Vidi portam in domo Domini clausam et  
 dixit angelus ad me, "Porta hæc non aperietur sed  
 clausa erit" et ct. Ezechiel capitulo 2.*

I, Ezechiell, sothlie see  
 A gate in Gods house on hye;  
 Closed it was, no man came nye;  
 Then told an angell me:  
 "This gate shall no man open, i-wis,<sup>3</sup>  
 For God will come and goe by this,  
 For him-self it reserved is,  
 None shall come there but hee."

Ezekiel, 44. 2.

320

EXPOSITOR. By this gate, lords, verament,  
 I understand in my intent  
 That way the Holy Ghost in went  
 When God tooke flesh and bloode  
 In that sweet mayden Mary.  
 She was that gate, witterly,  
 For in her he light graciouslie  
 Mankind to doe good.

328

<sup>1</sup> *Qy.: omit wondrous.*

<sup>2</sup> *In D. this precedes EZECHIELL.*

<sup>3</sup> *D. I wis.*



IHEREMIA. *Deducant<sup>1</sup> oculi mei lacrimas per diem et noctem, et non taceant; contritione magna contrita est virgo filia populi mei et plaga et ct.*

My eyes must run and sorrow aye  
Without ceasing, night and daye,  
For my daughter, soth to saye,  
Shall suffer great anye;  
And my folke shall doe, in faye,  
Things that they ne know may  
To that mayden, by many waye,  
And her sonne, sickerlie.

Ierem. 14. 17.

336

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, this prophesie, i-wis,<sup>2</sup>  
Touches the Passion nothing amisse,  
For the prophet see well this  
What shall come, as I reade:  
That a childe borne of a maye  
Shall suffer death, sooth to saye;  
And they that mayden shall afray,  
Haue vengeance for that deede.

344

IONAS. *Clamaui de tribulacione mea ad Dominum et exaudiuit; de ventre inferi clamavi et exaudisti vocem meam et proiecisti me.*

I, Ionas, in full great any  
To God I prayed inwardlie,  
And he me hard through his mercy  
And on me did his grace.  
In myddes the sea cast was I  
For I wrought inobedyentlie,  
But in a whalles belly  
Three dayes saved I was.

Ion. 2. 2.

352

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, what this may signifie  
Christ expoundes apertelie,  
As we reade in the Evangely  
That Christ him-self can saie:

<sup>1</sup> D. Deducunt.

<sup>2</sup> D. I wis.

Right as Ionas was dayes three  
 In wombe of whall, so shall he be  
 In earth lyinge, as was he,  
 And rise the third daye. 360

DAVID. *De summo calo egressio eius, et occursus eius ad  
 sum[m]um eius. Psal.*

I, Davyd, saie that God almightie Psalm, 18. 7.  
 From *the* highest heaven to earth will light,  
 And thidder againe with full might,  
 Both God and man in feare ;  
 And after come to deeme the righte.  
 May no man shape them<sup>1</sup> of his sight  
 Ne deeme<sup>2</sup> that to mankind is dighte,  
 But all then must apeare. 368

EXPOSITOR. Lordes, this speach is so veray  
 That to expound it to *your* pay  
 It needes nothing in good faye,  
 This speach is so expresse.  
 Each man by it knowe may  
 That of the Ascention, soth to saie,  
 David prophesied in his daye,  
 As yt rehearsed was. 376

IOELL. *Effundam de spiritu meo super omnem carnem, et  
 prophetabunt filij vestri.*

I, Ioell, saie this sickerlye : Ioel, 2. 28.  
 That my Ghost send will I  
 Upon mankinde merciably  
 From heaven, sitting in see ;  
 Then shold [y]our childe prophesie,  
 Ould men meet swevens,<sup>3</sup> wytterly,  
 Yong se sightes that therby  
 Many wise shall be. 384

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, this prophet speakes here  
 In Gods person, as it were,

<sup>1</sup> Kittredge suggests scape then. <sup>2</sup> Qy.: doome. <sup>3</sup> H. sweens; corr. by D.

And propheties that he will apeare  
 Ghostlie to mankinde.

This signes non other, in good faye,  
 But of his deede on Whitson-day,  
 Sending his Ghost, that we ever may  
 On hym haue sadlie mynd.

392

MICHEAS. <sup>1</sup> *Tu, Bethlem, terra Iuda, nequaquam minima  
 es in principibus Iuda; ex te enim exiet Dux qui reget  
 populum meum Israell.*

I, Micheal, through my mynde  
 Will saye that man shall sothlie finde  
 That a childe of kinges kinde  
 In Bethlem shall be borne,  
 That shall be duke to dight *and* deale,  
 And rule the folke of Israell,  
 Also wyn againe mankindes heale,  
 That through Adam was lorne.

Mich. 5. 2; Matth. 2. 6.

400

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, two thinges apertlie  
 You may see in this prophetie :  
 The place certifies thee sothlie  
 Where Christ borne will be ;  
 And after his ending, sicklerlie,  
 Of his deedes of great mercy,  
 That he shold sit soveraynly  
 In heauen, thereas is he.

408

Moe prophetis, lordinges, we might play,  
 But yt wold tary much the daye ;  
 Therefore six, sothe to say,  
 Are played in this place.  
 Twoo speakes of his Incarnation,  
 Another of Christe[s] Passion,  
 The fourth of the Resurrection.

. . . . .<sup>2</sup>

416

<sup>1</sup> H. seems to have In; corr. by D.

<sup>2</sup> D. points out that a line is missing in MS.

The fift speakes expreslie  
 How he from *the* highest heavenlye  
 Light into earth us to forby,  
     And after thydder steigh  
 With oure kinde to heaven-blisse.  
 More loue might he not shew, i-wis,<sup>1</sup>  
 But right there-as hym-selfe is  
     He haunshed our kinde on high.

424

The sixt shewes, you may see,  
 His Goste to man send will he,  
 More stidfast that they shalbe  
     To loue God evermore.  
 Thus that beleve <sup>2</sup> that leuen we  
 Of Gods deedes that had pittye  
 One man, when that he made them free,  
     Is prophesied here before.

432

BALAACK. Goe we forth ! it is no boote  
 Longer with this man to moote ;  
 For God of Iewes is crop and roote,  
     And lord of heaven and hell.  
 Now see I well no man on lyue  
 Gaynes w<sup>ith</sup> him for to stryve ;  
 Therefore here, as mot I thryue,  
     I will no longer dwell.

440

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, much more matter  
 Is in this story then you see here ;  
 But the substance, w<sup>ithout</sup> were,  
     Is played you beforne.  
 And by these propheties, leav you me,  
 Three kinges, as you shall played see,  
 Presented at his Nativitye  
     Christ, when he was borne.

448

*Finis pagina quinta.*

<sup>1</sup> D. I wis.

<sup>2</sup> D. beleven.

## HEGGE PLAYS.

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Printed from MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii; see p. 31, above. H. denotes the readings of Halliwell's edition. P. denotes the readings of Pollard, who printed the first 139 lines in "English Miracle Plays, Moralities and Interludes, ed. A. W. Pollard, Oxford, 1890 (2d ed. 1895)." K. denotes the readings of Kölbing, *Englische Studien*, XXI, 166. The few unnoted variants are confined, I think, to cases in which my copyist did not regard the curl or stroke as sufficient to indicate final -e.

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### [THE SALUTATION AND CONCEPTION.]

CONTEMPLACIO. fflowre thowsand sex vndryd foure 3ere,<sup>1</sup> I telle,

Man ffor his offens *and* fflowle foly

Hath leyn<sup>2</sup> yeres in *the* peynes of helle,

And were wurthy to ly *therin* endlesly;

But thanne xulde perysche 3our grete mercye.<sup>3</sup>

Good Lord, haue on man pyte,

Haue mende of *the* prayour seyde by Ysaie :

Lete mercy meke *thin* hyst mageste.

8

Wolde God *thou* woldyst breke *thin* hefne myghtye,

*And* com down here in-to erth

*And* levyn 3eres thre *and* threttye,

Thyn famyt ffolke *with thi* fode<sup>4</sup> to fede.

To staunche *their*<sup>5</sup> thyrste lete *thi* syde blede ;

ffor erste<sup>6</sup> wole not be mad redempcion.

*Cum* vesyte<sup>7</sup> vs in *this* tyme of nede ;

Of *thi* careful creatures, Lord, haue compassyon.<sup>8</sup>

16

<sup>1</sup> K. *omits* 3ere.

<sup>2</sup> MS. loyn.

<sup>3</sup> H. mercy.

<sup>4</sup> H. ffode.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *thi*.

<sup>6</sup> H. P. erst.

<sup>7</sup> H. vysite; P. vesite.

<sup>8</sup> *A curl over on.*

A ! woo to vs wrecchis <sup>1</sup> that wrecchis be,  
 ffor God hath addyd ssorwe <sup>2</sup> to sorwe.  
 I prey *the*, Lord, *thi* sowlys <sup>3</sup> com se,  
 How *thei* ly *and* sobbe bothe eue *and* morwe.<sup>4</sup>  
 With *thi* blyssyd blood from balys <sup>5</sup> hem borwe,  
 Thy careful creaturys cryenge in captyvte ;  
 A ! tary not, gracious Lord, tyl it be to-morwe !  
 The devyl hath dysceyved hem be his inquite.

24

"A !" quod Ieremye, "who xal gyff wellys to myn eynes  
 That I may wepe bothe day *and* nyght  
 To se oure bretheryn in so longe peynes ?"  
 Here myschevys a-mende may *thi* meche myght.  
 As grett as *the* se, Lord, was Adamys contrysyon ryght.  
 ffrom oure hed is falle <sup>6</sup> *the* crowne ;  
 Man is comeryd in synne ; I crye to *thi* syght,  
 Gracious Lord ! gracious Lord ! gracious Lord, come downe !

32

VIRTUTES. Lord, plesyth <sup>7</sup> it *thine* hyz domynacion  
 On man, *that thou* made, to haue pyte !  
 Patryarchys *and* prophetys han mad supplicacion ;  
 Oure offyse is to presente here *prayeres* to the.  
 Aungelys, archaungelys, we thre  
 That ben in *the* fyrst ierarchie,  
 ffor man to *thin* hy mageste  
 "Mercy ! mercy ! mercy !" we crye.

40

The aungel, Lord, *thou* made so glorious,  
 Whos synne hath mad hym a devyl in helle,  
 He mevyd man to be so contraryous.  
 Man repentyd ; *and* he in his obstynacye doth dwelle.  
 Hese grett males, good Lord, repelle,  
 And take man on-to *thi* grace ;  
 Lete *thi* mercy make hym with aungelys dwelle,  
 Of Locyfere to restore *the* place.

48

<sup>1</sup> K. *strikes out* wrecchis.<sup>2</sup> H. ssorowe.<sup>3</sup> P. sowles.<sup>4</sup> H. P. morewe ; both eue & morwe *is written in another hand over the cancelled words*: ffor syknes & sorwe.<sup>5</sup> MS. babys ; *corr.* by H.<sup>6</sup> H. P. ffalle.<sup>7</sup> K. plese.

PATER. *Propter miseriam inopum  
Et gemitum pauperum  
Nunc exurgam.*<sup>1</sup>

ffor *the* wretchydnes of *the* nedy  
And *the* porys lamentacion  
Now xal I ryse *that* am almyghty.  
Tyme is come of reconsyliacion ;  
My prophetys *with* prayers haue made supplicacion,  
My contryte creaturys crye alle for comforte,  
All myn aungellys in hefne, *with*-owte cessacion,  
They crye *that* grace to man myght exorte. 59

VERITAS. Lord, I am *thi* dowtere, Trewth,  
*Thou* wylt<sup>2</sup> se I be not lore ;  
Thyn vnkynde creatures to save were rewthe ;  
The offens of man hath grevyd *the* sore.  
Whan Adam had synnyd, *thou* seydest yore  
*That* he xulde deye *and* go to helle ;  
And now to blysse hym to restore —  
Twey contraryes mow not to-gedyr dwelle. 67

Thi<sup>3</sup> Trewthe, Lord, xal leste *with*-owtyn ende ;  
I may in no wyse ffro *the* go.  
*That* wretche<sup>4</sup> *that* was to *the* so vnkende,  
He may not haue to moche<sup>5</sup> wo.  
He dyspysyd *the* *and* plesyd *thi* ffo.  
*Thou* art his creatour *and* he is *thi* creature ;  
*Thou* hast lovyd Trewthe, it is seyde, evyr-mo ;  
*Ther*-fore in peynes lete hym evyr-more endure. 75

MISERICORDIA. O ffadyr of Mercy, *and* God of Comforte,  
*That* counselle<sup>6</sup> us in eche trybulacion,  
Lette *3our* dowtere, Mercy, to *3ow* resorte ;  
And on man, *that* is myschevyd, haue compassyon.

<sup>1</sup> MS. exergam ; *corr.* by H.

<sup>4</sup> H. P. wrecche.

<sup>2</sup> H. P. wilt.

<sup>5</sup> H. P. meche.

<sup>3</sup> H. P. Thy.

<sup>6</sup> K. *emends* to counsellst.

Hym grevyth fful gretly his transgressyon ;  
 Alle hefne *and* erthe crye ffor Mercy ;  
 Me semyth *ther* xuld be non excepcion,  
 Ther prayers ben offeryd so specyally. 83

Trewthe<sup>1</sup> sseyth she hath evyr be, than.  
 I graunt it wel ; she hath be so.  
*And thou* seyst endlessly *that* Mercy *thou* hast kept ffor man ;  
 Than, mercyabyl Lorde, kepe us bothe to !  
 Thu seyst, *Veritas mea et Misericordia mea cum ipso* ;  
 Suffyr not *thi* sowlys than in sorwe to slepe ;  
*That* helle hownde *that* hatyth *the* — byddyth<sup>2</sup> hym ho !  
*Thi* love, man, no lengere lete hym kepe. 84

IUSTICIA. Mercy, me mervelyth<sup>3</sup> what 3ow movyth !  
 3e know wel I am 3our systere, Ryght-wysnes.  
 God is ryghtful<sup>4</sup> *and* ryghtffulnes lovyth ;  
 Man offendyd hym *that* is endles ;  
 Therefore his endles punchement may nevyr sees.  
 Also he forsoke his Makere *that* made hym of clay,  
 And *the* devyl to his mayster he ches.  
 Xulde he be savyd ? Nay, nay, nay ! 89

As wyse as is God he wolde a be ;  
 This was *the* abhomynabyl *presumpcion*.  
 It is seyde — 3e know wel *this* of me —  
*That the* Ryghtwysnes of God hath no diffynicion ;  
 Therfore lette<sup>5</sup> *this* be oure conclusyone :  
 He *that* sore synnyd, ly styll in<sup>6</sup> sorwe.  
 He may nevyr make a seyth be<sup>7</sup> resone ;  
 Whoo myght thanne thens hym borwe ? 107

MISERICORDIA. Systyr Ryghtwysnes, 3e are to vengeable.  
 Endles synne God endles may restore ;  
 Above alle hese werkys God is mercyabyl.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Threwthe.<sup>5</sup> H. P. late.<sup>2</sup> K. *emends* to bydde.<sup>6</sup> *A* stroke over n.<sup>3</sup> H. mervelyth.<sup>7</sup> H. *proposes* subtyl for seyth be.<sup>4</sup> H. P. ryghtfful.



*Thow* he for-sook God be synne, be feyth he for-sook  
hym never *the* more ;

And *thow* he presumyd nevyr so sore,

**3e** must consyder *the* frelnes of mankende.

Lerne,<sup>1</sup> and *3e* lyst, — *this* is Goddys lore, —

*The* Mercy of God is *with*-owtyn ende.

115

**PAX.**<sup>2</sup> To spare *3our* speches, systeres, it syt ;

It is not onest, in Vertuys to ben dyscencion.

*The* Pes of God ovyr-comyth alle wytt.

*Thow*<sup>3</sup> Trewth and Ryght sey grett resone,

**3ett** Mercy seyth best to my pleson ;

ffor yf mannys sowle xulde abyde in helle,

Be-twen God and man evyr xulde be dyvysyon,

And than myght not I, Pes, dwelle.

123

There-fore me semyth best, *3e* thus acorde,

Than hefne and erthe *3e* xul qweme :

Putt bothe *3our* sentens in oure Lorde,

And in his hy3 wysdam lete hym deme, —

This is most syttyng,<sup>4</sup> me xulde seme, —

And lete se how we fflowre may alle abyde.

*That* mannys sowle it<sup>5</sup> xulde perysche it wore sweme,

Or *that* ony of vs ffro othere xulde dyvyde.

131

**VERITAS.** In trowthe, here-to I consente ;<sup>6</sup>

I wole prey oure Lorde it may so be.

**IUSTICIA.** I, Rygtwysnes,<sup>7</sup> am wele contente,

ffor in hym is very equitye.

**MISERICORDIA.** And I, Mercy, ffro *this* counsel wole  
not fle,

Tyl Wysdam hath seyde I xal ses.

**PAX.** Here is God now ; here is Vnyte ;

Hefne and erth is plesyd *with* Pes.

139

[*They appear before the Son.*]

<sup>1</sup> H. P. Lerne ; MS. Lorne.

<sup>4</sup> H. fytyngye.

<sup>2</sup> *A stroke over AX.*

<sup>5</sup> K. *strikes out* it.

<sup>3</sup> H. Thou.

<sup>6</sup> *Qy.* I, Trowthe, herevnto I (or do) consente.

<sup>7</sup> H. P. Rygtwysnes.

FFILIUS. I thynke *the* thoughtys of Pes, *and* nowth of  
Wykkydnes !

This I deme to ses *your* contraversy : —  
If Adam had not deyde, peryschyd had Ryghtwysnes,  
And also Trewthe had be lost *ther*-by, —  
Trewth and Ryght wolde chastyse ffoly ;  
3iff a-nother deth come not, Mercy xulde perysche ;  
*Than* Pes were exyled ffynaly : <sup>1</sup>  
So tweyn dethis must be, 3ow fowre to cherysche.

147

But he *that* xal deye, 3e must knawe  
*That* in hym may ben non iniquyte,  
*That* helle may holde hym be no lawe,  
But *that* he may pas at hese lyberte.  
Qwere swyche on is, provyde <sup>2</sup> and se,  
And hese deth for mannys deth xal be redempcion ;  
Alle hefne *and* erth seke now 3e.  
Plesyth it 3ow *this* conncusyon ?

155

[*They seek ; and, returning, say :*]

VERITAS. I, Trowthe, haue sowte *the* erthe with-owt *and*  
with-inne,  
*And* in sothe *ther* kan non be fownde  
*That* is of o day byrth with-owte synne,  
Nor to *that* deth wole be bownde.  
MISERICORDIA. I, Mercy, haue ronne *the* hevynly re-  
gyon rownde,  
*And ther* is non of *that* charyte  
*That* ffor man wole suffre a deddly wounde ;  
I can nott wete how *this* xal be.

163

IUSTICIA. Sure <sup>3</sup> I can fynde non sufficyent,  
ffor servauntys vnprofytable we be eche on ;  
Hese <sup>4</sup> love nedyth to be ful ardent  
That for man to helle wolde gon.

<sup>1</sup> H. ffynaly.

<sup>3</sup> In MS. *this* looks like Oure.

<sup>2</sup> MS. H. his prevyde.

<sup>4</sup> MS. He ; H. Hes.

PAX. That God may do, is non but on ;  
*Therefore — this is be hys avyse —*  
 He *that* jaff *this* counselle, lete hym zeve *the* comforte  
 alon,  
 ffor *the* conclusyon in hym of alle *these* lyse. 171

\*FFILIUS. It peyneth me *that* man I made ;<sup>1</sup>  
*That* is to seyn, peyne I must suffre sore.<sup>2</sup>  
 A counsel of *the* Trinite must be had,  
 Whiche of vs xal man restore.  
 PATER. In *your* wysdam, son, man was mad thore,  
 And in wysdam was his temptacion ;  
*Therfor*, sone, sapyens ze must ordeyn here-fore,  
 And se how of man may be salvacion.<sup>3</sup> 179

FILIUS. ffadyr, he *that* xal do *this* must be both God *and*  
 man.  
 Lete me se how I may were *that* wede ;  
 And sythe in my wysdam he be-gan,  
 I am redy to do *this* dede.  
 SPIRITUS SANCTUS. I, the Holy Gost, of *your* tweyn  
 do procede ;  
 This charge I wole take on me ;  
 I, Love, to *your* lover xal *your* lede :  
*This is the* assent of oure Vnyte. 187

MISERICORDIA. Now is *the* loveday mad of us fowre  
 fynialy ;  
 Now may we leve in pes, as we were wonte ;  
*Misericordia et Veritas obviauerunt sibi,*  
*Iusticia et Pax osculate* <sup>4</sup> *sunt.* 191

*Et hic osculabunt pariter omnes.*

PATER. ffrom vs, God, aungel Gabryel, *thou* xalt be sende  
 Into *the* countre of Galye, —  
 The name of *the* cyte Nazareth is kende, —

<sup>1</sup> H. mad.

<sup>2</sup> MS. fore ; *corr. by H.*

<sup>3</sup> H. salvation.

<sup>4</sup> H. osculatæ.

To a mayd ; weddyd to a man is she,  
 Of whom *the* name is Ioseph, se,  
 Of *the* hous of Davyd bore.

The name of *the* mayd ffre  
 Is Mary, *that* xal al restore.

199

FFILIUS. Say *that* she is *with*-owte wo *and* ful of grace,  
 And *that* I, *the* Son of *the* Godhed, of here xal be bore.

Hyze *the*, *thou* were there a-pace,  
 Ellys we xal be there the be-ffre,<sup>1</sup>  
 I haue so grett hast to be man thore  
 In *that* mekest *and* purest virgyne.

Sey here, she xal restore  
 Of þow aungellys *the* grett ruyne.

207

SPIRITUS SANCTUS. And if she aske *the* how it myth be,  
 Telle here, I, *the* Holy Gost, xal werke al this ;  
 Sche xal be savyd thorwe oure Vnyte.

In tokyn, here bareyn cosyn Elyzabeth is  
 Qwyk *with* childe in here grett age, i-wys.  
 Sey here, to vs is no-thinge impossyble.

Here body xal be so ful-fylt *with* blys  
*That* she xal sone thynke *this* sownde credyble.

215

GABRIEL. In thyn hey inbassett,<sup>2</sup> Lord, I xal go,

It xal be do *with* a thought ;  
 Be-holde now, Lord, I go here to,  
 I take my fflyth<sup>3</sup> *and* byde nowth.

219

[*Gabriel descends to Mary.*]

*Ave, Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum !*

Heyl, fful of grace, God is *with* the !

Amonge alle women blyssyd art thu !

Here *this* name Eva is turnyd Ave ;

*That* is to say, *with*-owte sorwe ar þe now.

224

Thow sorwe in þow hath no place,  
 þett of ioy, lady, þe nede more ;

<sup>1</sup> H. before.

<sup>2</sup> H. inbasset.

<sup>3</sup> H. flyth.

Therefore I adde and sey "ful of grace,"  
 ffor so ful of grace was nevyr non bore.  
 3ett who hath grace, he nedyth kepyng sore ;  
 Therefore I sey "God is *with* the,"  
 Whiche xal kepe 3ow endlesly thore.  
 So amonge alle women blyssyd are 3e.

232

MARIA. A ! mercy, God ! *this* is a mervelyous herynge ;  
 In *the* aungelys wordys I am trobelyd her ;  
 I thynk, 'how may be *this* gretynge ?'  
 Aungelys dayly to me doth aper,  
 But not in *the* lyknes of man ; *that* is my fer ;  
 And also thus hy3ly to comendyd be,  
*And* am most vn-wurthy.<sup>1</sup> I can not answer ;  
 Grett shamfastnes *and* grett dred is in me.

240

GABRYEL. Mary, in *this* take 3e no drede,  
 ffor at God grace fflownde haue 3e,  
 3e xal conceyve in 3our wombe, indede,  
 A childe, *the* sone of *the* Trynnye.  
 His name of 3ow Iesu clepyd xal be ;  
 He xal be grett, *the* son of the Hyest, clepyd of kende ;  
*And* of his ffadyr Davyd *the* Lord xal 3eve hym *the* se,  
 Reynyng in *the* hous of Iacob, of *whiche* regne xal be non<sup>2</sup>  
 ende.

248

MARIA. Aungel, I sey to 3ow :  
 In what manere of wyse xal *this* be ?  
 ffor knowyng of man I haue non now ;  
 I haue evyr-more kept, *and* xal, my virginnye.  
 I dowte not *the* wordys 3e hau[e]<sup>3</sup> seyde to me,  
 But I aske how<sup>4</sup> it xal be do.

GABRYEL. The Holy Gost xal come fro above to the,  
*And* the vertu of hym Hyest xal schadu *the* so ;

256

<sup>1</sup> H. unwirthy.<sup>3</sup> H. han.<sup>2</sup> MS. *illegible*.<sup>4</sup> H. *says* how is omitted in MS.

Therefore *that* Holy Gost of *the* xal be bore,  
 He xal be clepyd *the* Son of God sage.  
 And se, Elyzabeth, *your* cosyn thore,  
 She hath conseyyd a son in hyre age ;  
 This is the sexte monyth of here passage, —  
 Of here *that* clepyd was bareyn ;  
 No-thinge is *impossyble* to Goddys vsage.  
 They thynkyth longe to here what *3e* wyl seyn.

264

*Here the aungel makyth a lytyl restynge, and Mary be-holdyth hym, and  
 the aungel seythe :*

Mary, com of *and* haste the,  
 And take hede in thyn entent  
 How <sup>1</sup> *the* Holy Gost, — blyssyd he be ! —  
 A-bydyth *thin* answer *and* *thin* assent.  
 Thorwe wyse werke of dyvinyte  
 The Secunde Persone, verament,  
 Is mad man by fratirnyte <sup>2</sup>  
 With-inne *thi*-self, in place present.

272

fferther-more, take hede *this* space  
 How <sup>1</sup> *alle the* blyssyd spyrytys of vertu  
*That* are in hefne by-flore Goddys face,  
 And *alle the* gode levers *and* trew  
 That are here in *this* erthely place,  
 Thyn owyn kynrede — *the* sothe ho knew, —  
 And *the* chosyn sowlys *this* tyme of grace  
*That* are in helle *and* byde *ther* rescu,

280

As Adam, Abraham *and* Davyd, in-fere,  
 And many othere of good reputacion,  
*That thin* answer desyre to here  
 And *thin* assent to *the* Incarnacion,  
 In whiche *thou* standyst as preserver,<sup>3</sup>  
 Of alle man-kende savacion.

<sup>1</sup> MS. H. Whow.<sup>2</sup> H. fraternyte.<sup>3</sup> MS. persevere.

Gyff me myn answer now, lady dere,  
To alle these creatures comfortacion. 288

MARIA. *With alle mekenes* I clyne to *this* a-corde,  
Bowynge down my face *with alle* benyngnyte.

Se here *the* hand-mayden of oure Lorde ;  
Aftyr *thi* worde be it don to me !

GABRYEL. Gramercy, my lady ffre !  
Gramercy of *your* answer on hyght !  
Gramercy of *your* grett humylyte !  
Gramercy, *3e* lanterne off<sup>1</sup> lyght ! 296

*Here the Holy Gost descendit with iij bemys to Our Lady, the Sone of the Godhed next<sup>2</sup> with iij bemys to the Holy Gost, the Fadyr Godly with iij bemys to the Sone ; and so entre alle thre to here bosom ; and Mary seyth :*

MARIA. A ! now I ffele in my body be  
Parfyte God *and* parfyte man,  
Havyng al<sup>3</sup> schappe of chylidly carnalyte.  
Evyn al at onys, thus God be-gan ; 300

Nott takynge ffyrst o membyr *and* sythe a-nother,  
But parfyte childhod *3e* haue anon.  
Of *your* hand-mayden now *3e* haue mad *your* modyr,  
*With*-owte peyne, in flesche *and* bon.  
Thus conceyved nevyr woman non  
*That* evyr was beynge in *this* lyff ;  
O myn hiest ffadyr, in *your* trone,  
It is worthy, *your* Son — now my son — haue a prerogatyff ! 308

I can not telle what ioy, what blysse,  
Now I fele in my body.  
Aungel Gabryel, I thank *3ow* for thys ;  
Most mekely recomende me to my Faderes mercy !  
To haue be *the* modyr of God fful lytyl wend I.  
Now myn cosyn Elyzabeth ffayn wold I se,  
Now sche hath conseyyd as *3e* dede specyfy.  
Now blyssyd be *the* hy3 Trynyte ! 316

<sup>1</sup> H. of.<sup>2</sup> MS. nest ; H. vest.<sup>3</sup> H. alle.

GABRYEL. *ffare-weyl, turtyl, Goddys dowtere dere !*  
*ffare-wel, Goddys modyr, I the honowre !*  
*ffare-wel, Goddys sustyr and his pleynge fere !*  
*ffare-wel Goddys chawmere and his bowre !* 320

MARIA. *ffare-wel, Gabryel, specyalye !*  
*ffare-wel, Goddys masanger<sup>e</sup> expresse !*  
 I thank 3ow for 3our traveyl hye ;  
 Gramercy of 3our grett goodnes, 324

And namely of 3our comfortabyl massage !  
 ffor I vndyrstande, by inspyracion,  
*That 3e knowe by syngulere prevylage*  
*Most of my sonys Incarnacion.*  
 I pray 3ow take it in-to vsage,  
 Be a-custom ocupacion,  
 To vesyte me ofte be mene passage ;  
*3our presence is my comfortacion.* 332

GABRIEL. At 3our wyl, lady, so xal it be.  
*3e gentyllest of blood and hiest of kynrede*  
*That reynyth in erth in ony degre,*  
*Be princypal incheson of the Godhede,* 336

I comende me on-to 3ow, *thou trone of the Trinyte,*  
 O mekest mayde, now *the* modyr of Iesu ;  
 Qwen of hefne, lady of erth, *and* empres of helle be 3e ;  
 Socour to alle synful *that* wole to 3ow sew ;  
 Thour<sup>1</sup> 3our body beryth *the* babe<sup>2</sup> ouré blysse xal renew :  
 To 3ow, modyr of mercy, most mekely I recomende,<sup>3</sup>  
*And, as I began, I ende, with an " Ave ! " new,*  
 Enionyd<sup>4</sup> hefne *and* erth ; *with that* I ascende. 344

*Aue, Maria, gratia plena !*  
*Dominus tecum, uirgo serena !*<sup>5</sup> } *Angeli cantando istam sequenciam.*

<sup>1</sup> H. Thoro.

<sup>2</sup> *Qy.* Thour the babe your body beryth ; *but* Kittredge assumes *ellipsis* of that *after* body, which seems better.

<sup>3</sup> *Qy.* me comende.

<sup>4</sup> H. Enjoynd.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *fefena.*



## TOWNELEY PLAYS.

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For information as to the text, see above, p. 13. The notes marked K. are from Kölbing's papers in *Englische Studien*, XVI, 278 ff. and XXI, 162 ff.

This play is preceded in the MS. by another on the same subject, which was perhaps played in alternation with this. At the end of the first the MS. has "*Explicit Vna pagina pastorum*," followed by "*Incipit Alia eorundem*."

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### [THE SECOND SHEPHERDS' PLAY.]

[Enter First Shepherd alone.]

I.<sup>1</sup> PASTOR. Lord, what! these weders ar cold! / and I am  
yll happyd ;  
I am nere-hande dold, / so long haue I nappyd ;  
My legys thay fold, / my fyngers ar chappyd ;  
It is not as I wold, / for I am al lappyd  
In sorow,  
In stormes and tempest,  
Now in the eest, now in the west.  
Wo is hym has neuer rest  
Myd-day nor morow !

9

Bot we sely shepardes <sup>2</sup> / that walkys on the moore,  
In fayth, we are nere-handys / <sup>3</sup> outt of the doore ;  
No wonder, as it standys, / if we be poore,  
ffor the tylthe of oure landys / lyys falow as the floore,  
As ye ken.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Primus*; similarly below.

<sup>2</sup> *Qy.* husbandys; cf. 22.

<sup>3</sup> K. inserts *ay*.

We ar so hamyd,  
 ffor-taxed and ramyd,  
 We ar mayde hand-tamyd  
 With thyse gentlery men.

18

Thus thay refe vs oure reste, / Oure Lady theym wary !  
 These men that ar lord-fest / thay cause the ploghe tary.  
 That men say is for the best, / we fynde it contrary ;  
 Thus ar husbandys opprest / in po[i]nte <sup>1</sup> to myscary  
 On lyfe.

Thus hold thay vs hunder,  
 Thus thay bryng vs in blonder ;  
 It were greatte wonder  
 And euer shuld we thryfe.

27

<sup>2</sup> ffor may he gett a paynt slefe / or a broche now on dayes,  
 Wo is hym that hym grefe / or onys agane says !  
 Dar noman hym reprefe, / what mastry he mays ;  
 And yit may noman lefe / oone word that he says,  
 No letter.

He can make purveance,  
 With boste and bragance,  
 And all is thugh maintenance  
 Of men that are gretter.

36

Ther shall com a swane / as prowde as a po,  
 He must <sup>3</sup> borow my wane, / my ploghe also ;  
 Then I am full fane / to graunt or he go.  
 Thus lyf we in payne, / anger, and wo,  
 By nyght and day.  
 He must haue if he langyd,  
 If I shuld forgang it ;  
 I were better be hangyd  
 Then oones say hym nay.

45

<sup>1</sup> E. E. T. S.

<sup>2</sup> K. wishes to reverse the order of this stanza and the next.

<sup>3</sup> K. wishes to read will.

It dos me good, as I walk / thus by myn oone, <sup>4</sup> *ell*  
 Of this world for to talk / in maner of mone.  
 To my shepe wyll I stalk / and herkyn anone ;  
 Ther abyde on a balk / or sytt on a stone  
     ffull soyne. *Om. + r.*  
 ffor I trowe, *perde*,  
 Trew men if thay be,  
 We gett more compane  
     Or it be noyne.

54

[Enter Second Shepherd soliloquizing.]

II. PASTOR. Benste and Dominus ! / what may this bemeyne ?  
 Why fares this world thus ? / Oft haue we not sene !  
 Lord, thyse weders<sup>1</sup> are spytus / and the weders full kene ;  
 And the frostys so hydus / thay water myn eeyne,  
     No ly.  
 Now in dry, now in wete,  
 Now in snaw, now in slete ;  
 When my shone freys to my fete,  
     It is not all esy.

63

Bót as far as I ken, / or yit as I go,  
 We sely wedmen / dre mekyll wo ;  
 We haue sorow then and then, / it fallys oft so.  
 Sely Capyle, oure hen, / both to and fro  
     She kakyls ;  
 Bot begyn she to crok,  
 To groyne or [to clo]k,<sup>2</sup>  
 Wo is hym is of<sup>3</sup> oure cok,  
     ffor he is in the shekyls.

72

These men that ar wed / haue not all thare wyll ;  
 When they ar full hard sted, / thay sygh full styll ;  
 God wayte thay ar led / full hard and full yll ;  
 In bower nor in bed / thay say noght ther-tyll.

<sup>1</sup> *Qy. winters for this weders, or windes for the other ; cf. l. 128.*

<sup>2</sup> E. E. T. S.

<sup>3</sup> *Qy. omit is of.*

This tyde,  
 My parte haue I fun,  
 I know my lesson.  
 Wo is hym that is bun,  
     ffor he must abyde.

81

Bot now late in oure lyfys — / a meruell to me,  
 That I thynk my hart ryfys / sich wonders to see;  
 What that destany dryfys, / it shuld so be ! —  
 Som men wyll have two wyfys, / and som men thre,  
     In store ;  
 Som ar wo that has any ;  
 Bot so far can I,  
 Wo is hym that has many,  
     ffor he felys sore.

90

Bot, yong men, of wowyng,<sup>1</sup> / for God that you boght,  
 Be well war of wedyng / and thynk in youre thoght :  
 “ Had I wyst ” is a thyng / it seruys of noght.  
 Mekyll styll mowrnyng / has wedyng home broght,  
     And grefys,  
*With* many a sharp showre ;  
 ffor thou may cach in an owre  
 That shall [savour]<sup>2</sup> fulle sowre  
     As long as thou lyffys.

99

ffor, as euer red I pystyll, / I haue oone to my fere,  
 As sharp as a thystyll, / as rug as a brere ;  
 She is browyd lyke a brystyll, / *with* a sowre-loten chere ;  
 Had she oones wett hyr whystyll, / she couth syng full clere  
     Hyr pater noster.  
 She is as greatt as a whall ;  
 She has a galon of gall ;  
 By hym that dyed for vs all,  
     I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir.

108

<sup>1</sup> But Kittredge suggests that it is equivalent to yong men a-wowyng.

<sup>2</sup> The word in brackets is illegible in the MS; supplied by E. E. T. S.

I. PASTOR. God looke ouer the raw ! / ffull defly ye stand.

II. PASTOR. Yee, the dewill in thi maw, / so tarian !

Sagh thou awro of Daw ? /

I. PASTOR. Yee, on a ley-land  
Hard I hym blaw ; / he commys here at hand,

Not far ;

Stand styll.

II. PASTOR. Qwhy ?

I. PASTOR. ffor he commys, hope I.

II. PASTOR. He wyll make vs both a ly

Bot if we be war.

117

[Enter Third Shepherd soliloquizing.]

III. PASTOR. Crystys crosse me spede / and Sant Nycholas !

Ther-of had I nede, / it is wars then it was.

Whoso couthe take hede / and lett the world pas,

It is euer in drede / and brekyll as glas,

And slythys.

This world fowre neuer so,

With meruels mo and mo,

Now in weyll, now in wo,

And all thyng wrythys.

126

Was neuer syn Noe floode / sich floodys seyn,

Wyndys and ranys so rude / and stormes so keyn ;

Som stamerd, som stod, / in dowte, as I weyn ;

Now God turne all to good ! / I say as I mene,

ffor ponder :

These floodys so thay drowne,

Both in feyldys and in towne,

And berys all downe,

And that is a wonder.

135

We that walk on the nyghtys / oure catell to kepe,

We se sodan syghtys / when othere men slepe.<sup>1</sup>

Yit me thynk my hart lyghtys ; / I se shrewys pepe.

<sup>1</sup> Originally slepys ; altered in red ink.

Ye ar two all<sup>1</sup> wyghtys ; / I wyll gyf my shepe

A turne.

Bot full yll haue I ment ;

As I walk on this bent,

I may lyghtly repent,

My toes if I spurne.

144

A, *sir*, God you saue, / and master myne !

A drynk fayn wold I haue / and somewhat to dyne.

I. PASTOR. Crystys curs, my knaue, / thou art a ledyr  
hyne !

II. PASTOR. What ! the boy lyst rave ? / Abyde vnto syne ;

We haue mayde it.

Yll thryft on thy pate !

Though the shrew cam late,

Yit is he in state

To dyne, if he had it.

153

III. PASTOR. Sich *seruandys* as I, / that swettys and swynkys,

Etys oure brede full dry, / and that me forthynkys ;

We ar oft weytt and wery / when master-men wynkys ;

Yit *commys* full lately / both dyners and drynkys.

Bot nately

Both oure dame and oure syre,

When we haue ryn in the myre,

Thay can nyp at oure hyre,

And pay vs full lately.

162

/ Bot here my trouth, master, / for the fayr that ye make,

I shall do thereafter, — / wyrk as I take ;

I shall do a lytyll, *sir*, / and emang euer lake ;

ffor yit lay my soper / neuer on my stomake

In feyldys.

Wherto shuld I threpe ?

With my staf can I lepe,

And men say " Lyght chepe

Letherly for-yeldys."

171

<sup>1</sup> Kittredge suggests tall.

I. PASTOR. Thou were an yll lad / to ryde on wowyng  
 With a man that had / bot lytyll of spendyng.

II. PASTOR. Peasse, boy, I bad ; / no more iangling,  
 Or I shall make the full rad, / by the heuens<sup>1</sup> kyng !

With thy gawdys <sup>afraid</sup>  
 Wher ar oure shepe, boy ? We skorne.

III. PASTOR. Sir, this same day at morne  
 I thaym left in the corne,

When thay rang lawdys ;

180

Thay haue pasture good, / thay can not go wrong.

I. PASTOR. That is right. By the roode ! / thyse nyghtys ar long !  
 Yit I wold, or we yode, / oone gaf vs a song.

II. PASTOR. So I thoght as I stode, / to myrth vs emong.

III. PASTOR. I grauntt.

I. PASTOR. Lett me syng the tenory.

II. PASTOR. And I the tryble so hye.

III. PASTOR. Then the meyne fallys to me ;

Lett se how ye chauntt.<sup>2</sup>

189

*Tunc intrat Mak, in clamide se super togam vestitus.*

MAK. Now, Lord, for thy naymes sevyn,<sup>3</sup> / that made both  
 moyn & starnes

Well mo then I can neuen, / thi will, Lorde, of me tharnys ;

I am all vneuen ; / that moves oft my harnes.

Now wold God I were in heuen, / for there<sup>4</sup> wepe no barnes

So styll.

I. PASTOR. Who is that, pypys so poore ?

MAK. Wold God ye wyst how I foore !

Lo, a man that walkys on the moore,

And has not all his wyll !

198

II. PASTOR. Mak, where has thou gon<sup>5</sup> ? / tell vs tythyng.

III. PASTOR. Is he comen ? Then ylkon / take hede to his  
 thyng.

<sup>1</sup> E. E. T. S. heuen's.

<sup>2</sup> The song was probably sung, but it is not given in the MS.

<sup>3</sup> MS. vij.

<sup>4</sup> MS. the.

<sup>5</sup> MS. gom.

*Et accipit clamidem ab ipso.*

MAK. What ! ich be a yoman, / I tell you, of the king ;  
The self and the same, / sond from a greatt lordyng,

And sich.

ffy on you ! goyth hence

Out of my presence !

I must haue reuerence ;

Why, who be ich ?

207

I. PASTOR. Why make ye it so qwaynt? Mak, ye do  
wrang.

II. PASTOR. Bot, Mak, lyst ye saynt? / I trow that ye lang.

III. PASTOR. I trow the shrew can paynt, / the dewyll myght  
hym hang !

MAK. Ich shall make complaynt / and make you all to  
thwang

At a worde,

And tell euyñ how ye doth.

I. PASTOR. Bot, Mak, is that sothe?

Now take outt that sothren tothe,

And sett in a torde !

216

II. PASTOR. Mak, the dewill in youre ee ! / a stroke wold I  
leyne you.

III. PASTOR. Mak, know ye not me? / by God, I couthe  
teyn you.

MAK. God looke you all thre ! / me thoght I had sene you, —  
Ye ar a fare compane. /

I. PASTOR. Can ye now mene you ?

II. PASTOR. Shrew, iape !

Thus late as thou goys,

What wyll men suppos?

And thou has an yll noys

Of stelyng of shepe.

225

<sup>1</sup> MS. teyle ; but the letters le have been written over the original by a later hand.



MAK. And I am trew as steyll, / all men waytt !  
 Bot a sekenes I feyll / that haldys me full haytt,  
 My belly farys not weyll, / it is out of astate.

III. PASTOR. Seldom lyys the dewyll / dede by the gate.

MAK. Therfor  
 ffull sore am I and yll  
 If I stande stone styll ;  
 I ete not an nedyll  
 Thys moneth and more.

234

I. PASTOR. How farys thi wyff ? by my hoode, / how farys  
 sho ?

MAK. Lyys walteryng, by the roode, / by the fyere, lo !  
 And a howse full of brude / she drynkys well to ;  
 Yll spede othere good / that she wyll do  
 Bot so !

Etys as fast as she can,  
 And ilk yere that commys to man  
 She bryngys furth a lakan,  
 And som yeres two.

243

Bot were I not more gracyus / and rychere be far,<sup>1</sup>  
 I were eten outt of howse / and of harbar ;  
 Yit is she a fowll dowse / if ye com nar ;  
 Ther is none that trowse / nor knowys a war  
 Then ken I.

Now wyll ye se what I profer ? —  
 To gyf all in my cofer  
 To-morne at next to offer  
 Hyr hed-mas pennny.

252

II. PASTOR. I wote so forwakyd / is none in this shyre :  
 I wold slepe, if I takyd / les to my hyere.

III. PASTOR. I am cold and nakyd / and wold haue a fyere.

I. PASTOR. I am wery for-rakyd, / and run in the myre.  
 Wake thou !

<sup>1</sup> E. E. T. S. befar.

II. PASTOR. Nay, I wyll lyg downe by,  
ffor I must slepe truly.

III. PASTOR. As good a mans<sup>1</sup> son was I  
As any of you.

261

Bot, Mak, com heder ! betwene / shall thou lyg downe.

MAK. Then myght I lett you, bedene, / of that ye wold  
rowne,<sup>2</sup>  
No drede.

ffro my top to my too,  
*Manus tuas commendo,*  
*Poncio Pilato,*

Cryst crosse me spede !

268

*Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, et dicit :*

Now were tyme for a man / that lakkys what he wold<sup>3</sup>  
To stalk preuely than / vnto a fold  
And neemly to wyrk than / and be not to bold,  
ffor he might aby the bargan, / if it were told,  
At the endyng.

Now were tyme for to reyll ;  
Bot he nedys good counsell  
That fayn wold fare weyll,  
And has bot lytyll spendyng.

277

Bot abowte you a serkyll / as rownde as a moyn,<sup>4</sup>  
To I haue done that I wyll, / tyll that it be noyn,  
That ye lyg stone styll / to that I haue doyne,  
And I shall say thertyll / of good wordys a foyne  
On hight :

<sup>1</sup> E. E. T. S. man's.

<sup>2</sup> E. E. T. S. notes that two lines are missing and refers to a similar stanza (No. 15) in the first *Shepherds' Play*. In both cases lines have been lost, I think.

<sup>3</sup> From this point on, Pollard's numbering is 11 ahead of E. E. T. S., possibly because he miscounted the stanzas by one and did not notice that the immediately preceding stanza contains only 7 lines.

<sup>4</sup> K. corrects the spelling of these four rhyme-words by omitting y.

Ouer youre heydyſ my hand I lyft,  
 Outt go youre een, fordo your syght ; —  
 Bot yit I must make better shyft  
 And it be right.

286

Lord, what ! thay slepé hard ! / that may ye all here.  
 Was I neuer a shepard, / bot now wyll I lere ;  
 If the flock be skard, / yit shall I nyp nere.  
 How ! drawes hederward ! / Now mendys oure chere  
 ffrom<sup>1</sup> sorow.

A fatt shepe I dar say !  
 A good flese dar I lay !  
 Eft-whyte when I may,  
 Bot this will I borow.

[*Mak goes home.*] 295

How, Gyll, art thou in ? / gett vs som lyght.  
 VXOR. EIUS. Who makys sich dyn / this tyme of the nyght?  
 I am sett for to spyn ; / I hope not I myght  
 Ryse a penny to wyn. / I shrew them on hight  
 So farys !

A huswyff that has bene  
 To be rasyd thus betwene !  
 Here may no note be sene  
 ffor sich small charys.

304

MAK. Good wyff, open the hek ! / seys thou not what I  
 bryng ?

VXOR. I may thole the dray the snek. / A, com in, my  
 swetyng !

MAK. Yee, thou thar not rek / of my long standyng.

VXOR. By the nakyd nek / art thou lyke for to hyng.

MAK. Do way ;  
 I am worthy my mete,  
 ffor in a strate can I gett  
 More then thay that swynke and swette  
 All the long day.

313

<sup>1</sup> MS. ffron.

[*He shows her the sheep.*]

Thus it fell to my lott, / Gyll, I had sich grace.

VXOR. It were a fowll blott / to be hanged for the case.

MAK. I haue skapyd, Ielott, / oft as hard a glase.

VXOR. Bot so long goys the pott / to the water, men says,

At last

Comys it home broken.

MAK. Well knowe I the token,

Bot let it neuer be spoken ;

Bot com and help fast.

322

I wold he were slayn, / I lyst well ete ;

This twelmo[n]the<sup>1</sup> was I not so fayn / of oone shepe mete.

VXOR. Com thay or he be slayn / and here the shepe blete—

MAK. Then myght I be tane ; / that were a cold swette !

Go spar

The gaytt doore.

VXOR. Yis, Mak,

ffor and thay com at thy bak—

MAK. Then myght I by, for all the pak,

The dewill of the war.

331

VXOR. A good bowrde haue I spied, / syn thou can none ;

Here shall we hym hyde / to thay be gone, —

In my credyll abyde, — / lett me alone,

And I shall lyg besyde / in chylbed, and grone.

MAK. Thou red ;

And I shall say thou was lyght

Of a knaue childe this nyght.

VXOR. Now well is me day bright,

That euer was I bred !

340

This is a good gyse / and a far cast ;

Yit a woman avyse / helpys at the last !

I wote neuer who spyse : / agane go thou fast.

MAK. Bot I com or thay ryse, / els blowes a cold blast !

I wyll go slepe.

<sup>1</sup> *Corr. by K.*

[*Mak returns to the shepherds, and resumes his place.*]

Yit slepys all this meneye,  
And I shall go stalk *preuely*,  
As it had *neuer* bene I

That caryed thare shepe.

[*Sleeps.*] 349

I. PASTOR. *Resurrex a mortruis* ! / Haue hald my hand.  
*Iudas carnas dominus* ! / I may not well stand :  
My foytt slepys, by *Ihesus*,<sup>1</sup> / and I water fastand.  
I thoght that we layd vs / full nere Yngland.

II. PASTOR. A ye !

Lord, what ! I haue slept weyll ;  
As fresh as an eyll,  
As lyght I me feyll

As leyfe on a tre.

358

III. PASTOR. Benste be here-in ! / so my [body]<sup>2</sup>  
qwakys,

My hart is outt of skyn, / what-so it makys.  
Who makys all this dyn ? / So my browes blakys.  
To the dowore wyll I wyn. / Harke felows, wakys !

We were fowre :

Se ye awre of Mak now ?

I. PASTOR. We were vp or thou.

II. PASTOR. Man, I gyf God a-vowe,

Yit yede he nawre.

367

III. PASTOR. Me thoght he was lapt / in a wolfe skyn.

I. PASTOR. So are many hapt / now, namely within.

III. PASTOR.<sup>3</sup> When we had long napt, / me thoght *with*  
a gyn

A fatt shepe he trapt / bot he mayde no dyn.

II. PASTOR.<sup>4</sup> Be styll ;

Thi dreme makys the woode ;

It is bot fantom, by the roode.

I. PASTOR. Now God turne all to good,

If it be his wyll !

376

<sup>1</sup> MS. *ihc*.

<sup>2</sup> Kittredge; E. E. T. S. [*hart*?].

<sup>3</sup> E. E. T. S. II. PASTOR.

<sup>4</sup> E. E. T. S. III. PASTOR.

II. PASTOR. Ryse, Mak ; for shame ! / thou lygys right  
lang.

MAK. Now Crystys holy name / be vs emang !

What is this, for Sant Iame ? / I may not well gang !

I trow I be the same. / A ! my nek has lygen wrang

Enoghe,

Mekill thank ! syn yister euen.

Now, by Sant Strevyn,

I was flayd with a swevyn,

My hart out of-sloghe :

385

I thocht Gyll began to crok / and trauell full sad,

Welner at the fyrst cok, / of a yong lad

ffor to mend oure flok. / Then be I neuer glad ;

I haue tow on my rok / more then euer I had.

A, my heede !

A house full of yong tharnes,<sup>1</sup>

The dewill knok outt thare harnes !

Wo is hym has many barnes,

And therto lytyll brede !

394

I must go home, by youre lefe, / to Gyll, as I thocht.

I pray you looke my slefe / that I steyll noght ;

I am loth you to grefe / or from you take oght. [Exit.]

III. PASTOR. Go furth, yll myght thou chefe ! / Now wold

I we soght,

This morne,

That we had all oure store.

I. PASTOR. Bot I will go before ;

Let vs mete.

II. PASTOR. Where ?

III. PASTOR. At the crokyd thorne.

403

MAK. Vndo this doore ! who is here ? / how long shall I  
stand ?

VXOR EIUS. Who makys sich a bere ? / now walk in the  
wenyand !

<sup>1</sup> E. E. T. S. tharnes.

MAK. A, Gyll, what chere? / it is I, Mak, youre husbapde.

VXOR. Then may we se<sup>1</sup> here / the dewill in a bande,

Syr Gyle;

Lo, he *commys with* a lote

As he were holden in the throte.

I may not syt at my note

A hand-lang while.

412

MAK. Wyll ye here what fare she makys / to gett hir a  
glose?

And dos noght bot lakys / and clowse hir toose.

VXOR. Why, who wanders, who wakys, / who *commys*, who  
gose?

Who brewys, who bakys? / what makys me thus hose?

And than,

It is rewthe to beholde,

Now in hote, now in colde.

ffull wofull is the householde

That wantys a woman.

421

Bot what ende has thou mayde / *with* the hyrdys, Mak?

MAK. The last worde that thay sayde / when I turnyd my  
bak,

Thay wold looke that thay hade / thare shepe all the pak.

I hope thay wyll nott be well payde / when thay thare shepe  
lak,

Perde.

Bot how-so the gam gose,

To me thay wyll suppose,

And make a fowll noyse,

And cry outt apon me.

430

Bot thou must do as thou hyght. /

VXOR.

I accorde mé thertyll,

I shall swedyll hym right / in my credyll.

If it were a gretter slyght, / yit couthe I help tyll.

I wyll lyg downe stright; / com hap me.

<sup>1</sup> E. E. T. S. be; *emend.* by Kittredge.

MAK.

I wyll.

VXOR. Behynde !

Com Coll and his maroo,  
Thay will nyp vs full naroo.

MAK. Bot I may cry out haroo,

The shepe if thay fynde.

439

VXOR. Harken ay when thay call ; / thay will com onone.

Com and make redy all / and syng by thyn oone ;

Syng lullay thou shall, / for I must grone

And cry outt by the wall / on Mary and Iohn,

ffor sore.

Syng lullay on fast

When thou heris at the last ;

And bot I play a fals cast,

Trust me no more.

448

III. PASTOR. A, Coll, good morne ! / Why slepys thou nott ?

I. PASTOR. Alas, that euer was I borne ! / we haue a fowll  
blott.

A fat wedir haue we lorne. /

III. PASTOR.

Mary, Godys forbott !

II. PASTOR. Who shuld do vs that skorne ? / that were a  
fowll spott.

I. PASTOR. Som shrewe.

I haue soght ~~wit~~ my dogys

All Horbery Shrogys,

And of fefteyn<sup>1</sup> hogys

ffond I bot oone ewe.

457

III. PASTOR. Now trow me, if ye will ; / by Sant Thomas  
of Kent,

Ayther Mak or Gyll / was at that assent.

I. PASTOR. Peasse, man, be still ! / I sagh when he went ;

Thou sklanders hym yll ; / thou aght to repent

Goode spede.



II. PASTOR. Now as euer myght I the,  
If I shuld euyn here de,  
I wold say it were he

That dyd that same dede.

466

III. PASTOR. Go we theder, I rede, / and ryn on oure feete.  
Shall I neuer ete brede / the sothe to I wytt.

I. PASTOR. Nor drynk in my heede / *wit* hym tyll I mete.

II. PASTOR. I wyll rest in no stede / tyll that I hym grete,  
My brothere.

Oone I will hight :

Tyll I se hym in sight

Shall I neuer slepe one nyght

Ther I do anothere.

475

III. PASTOR. Will ye here how thay hak? / Oure syre lyst  
croyme.

I. PASTOR. Hard I neuer none crak / so clere out of toyne ;  
Call on hym.

II. PASTOR. Mak ! / vndo youre doore soyne.

MAK. Who is that spak / as it were noyne  
On loft?

Who is that? I say.

III. PASTOR. Goode felowse, were it day.

MAK. As far as ye may,

Good, spekys soft,

484

Ouer a seke womans<sup>1</sup> heede / that is at mayll-easse ;

I had leuer be dede / or she had any dyseasse.

VXOR. Go to an othere stede, / I may not well qweasse.

Ich fote that ye trede / goys thorow my nese

So hee !

I. PASTOR. Tell vs, Mak, if ye may,

How fare ye, I say ?

MAK. Bot ar ye in this towne to-day ?

Now how fare ye ?

493

Ye haue ryn in the myre / and ar weytt yit ;

I shall make you a fyre / if ye will syt.

<sup>1</sup> E. E. T. S. woman's.

A nores wold I hyre, / thynk ye on yit ;  
Well qwytt is my hyre, — / my dreame this is itt, —  
A seson.

I haue barnes, if ye knew,  
Well mo then enewe,  
Bot we must drynk as we brew,  
And that is bot reson.

502

I wold ye dynyd or ye yode ; / me thynk that ye swette.

II. PASTOR. Nay, nawther mendys oure mode / drynke nor  
mette.

MAK. Why, *sir*, alys you oght bot goode ? /

III. PASTOR. Yee, oure shepe *that*  
we gett

Ar stollyn as thay yode ; / oure los is grette.

MAK. Syrs, drynkys !

Had I bene thore,  
Som shuld haue boght it full sore.

I. PASTOR. Mary, som men trowes that ye<sup>1</sup> wore,  
And that vs forthynkys.

511

II. PASTOR. Mak, som men trowys / that it shuld be ye.

III. PASTOR. Ayther ye or youre spouse, / so say we.

MAK. Now if ye haue suspowse / to Gill or to me,  
Com and rype oure howse / and then may ye se  
Who had hir.

If I any shepe fott,  
Aythor cow or stott, —  
And Gyll, my wyfe, rose nott  
Here syn she lade hir, —

520

As I am true and lele, / to God here I pray  
That this be the fyrst mele / that I shall ete this day.

I. PASTOR. Mak, as haue I ceyll, / avyse the, I say ;  
He lernyd tymely to steyll / that couth not say nay.

<sup>1</sup> K. *inserts* it.

VXOR. I swelt !  
 Outt, thefys, fro my wonys !  
 Ye com to rob vs, for the nonys.  
 MAK. Here ye not how she gronys ?  
 Your hartys shuld melt.

529

VXOR. Outt, thefys, fro my barne ! / negh hym not thor.  
 MAK. Wyst ye how she had farne, / youre hartys wold be  
 sore.

Ye do wrang, I you warne, / that thus commys before  
 To a woman that has farne / — bot I say no more !

VXOR. A, my medyll !  
 I pray to God so mylde,  
 If euer I you begyld,  
 That I ete this chylde  
 That lygys in this credyll.

538

MAK. Peasse, woman, for Godys payn, / and cry not so :  
 Thou spylls thy brane / and makys me full wo.

II. PASTOR. I trow oure shepe be slayn. / What finde ye  
 two ?

III. PASTOR. All wyrk we in vayn ; / as well may we go.  
 Bot hatters,  
 I can fynde no flesh,  
 Hard nor nesh,  
 Salt nor fresh,  
 Bot two tome platers.

547

Whik catell bot this, / tame nor wylde,  
 None, as haue I blys, / as lowde as he smylde.  
 VXOR. No, so God me blys / and gyf me ioy of my chylde !  
 I. PASTOR. We haue merkyd amys ; / I hold vs begyld.

II. PASTOR. Syr, don.  
 Syr, Oure Lady hym saue !  
 Is youre chyld a knaue ?  
 MAK. Any lord myght hym haue,  
 This chyld to his son ;

556

When he wakyns he kyppys / that ioy is to se.

III. PASTOR. In good tyme to hys hyppys / and in cele !

Bot who was his gossyppys / so sone rede ?

MAK. So fare fall thare lyppys ! /

I. PASTOR.

Hark now, a le !

MAK. So God thaym thank,  
Parkyn, and Gybon Waller, I say,  
And gentill Iohn Horne, in good fay,  
He made all the garray,  
With the greatt shank.

565

II. PASTOR. Mak, freyndys will we be, / ffor we ar all oone.

MAK. We ! now I hald for me, / for mendys gett I none.  
ffare-well all thre ! / all glad were ye gone. [*The shepherds go out.*]

III. PASTOR. ffare wordys may ther be, / bot luf is ther none  
*This yere.*

I. PASTOR. Gaf ye the chyld any-thing?

II. PASTOR. I trow, not oone farthyng.

III. PASTOR. ffast agane will I flyng,

Abyde ye me there.

[*Goes back to the house.*] 574

Mak, take it to no grefe, / if I com to thi barne.

MAK. Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe / and fowll has thou  
farne.

III. PASTOR. The child will it not grefe, / that lytyll day-starne.

Mak, *with* youre leyfe, / let me gyf youre barne

Bot sex<sup>1</sup> pence.

MAK. Nay, do way ; he slepys.

III. PASTOR. Me thynk he pepys.

MAK. When he wakyns he wepys ;

I pray you go hence.

[*The other shepherds come back.*] 583

III. PASTOR. Gyf me lefe hym to kys, / and lyft vp the  
clowtt. [*Seeing the sheep.*]

What the dewill is this ? / he has a long snowte.

- I. PASTOR. He is *merk*yd amys ; / we wate ill abowte.  
 II. PASTOR. Ill spon weft, iwys, / ay *commys* foull owte.  
     Ay, so !  
 He is lyke to oure shepe !  
 II. PASTOR. How, Gyb ! may I pepe ?  
 I. PASTOR. I trow, kynde will crepe  
     Where it may not go.

592

- II. PASTOR. This was a qwantt gawde / and a far cast.  
 It was a hee frawde. /  
 III. PASTOR. Yee, syrs, wast.  
 Lett bren this bawde, / and bynd hir fast.  
 A ! fals skawde, / hang at the last !  
     So shall thou.  
 Wyll ye se how thay swedyll  
 His foure feytt in the medyll ?  
 Sagh I neuer in a credyll  
     A hornyd lad or now.

601

- MAK. Peasse byd I ! what, / lett be youre fare !  
 I am he that hym gatt, / and yond woman hym bare.  
 I. PASTOR. What dewill shall he hatt ? / Mak ? Lo  
     God, Makys ayre !  
 II. PASTOR. Lett be all that. / Now God gyf hym care,  
     I sagh.  
 VXOR. A pratty childe is he  
 As syttys on a womans kne ;  
 A dyllydowne, *perde*,  
     To gar a man laghe.

610

- III. PASTOR. I know hym by the eere-marke ; / that is a  
     good tokyn.  
 MAK. I tell you, syrs, hark ! / hys noyse was brokyn ;  
 Sythen told me a clerk / that he was forspokyn.  
 I. PASTOR. This is a fals wark ; / I wold fayn be wrokyn ;  
     Gett wepyn !  
 VXOR. He was takyn *wit*h an elfe,  
 I saw it myself ;

When the klok stroke twelf

Was he forshapyn.

619

II. PASTOR. Ye two ar well feft / sam in a stede.

I. PASTOR.<sup>1</sup> Syn thay manteyn thare theft, / let do thaym  
to dede.

MAK. If I trespas eft, / gyrd of my heede !

With you will I be left. /

III. PASTOR.<sup>2</sup> Syrs, do my reede :

ffor this trespas

We will nawther ban ne flyte,

ffyght nor chyte,

Bot haue done as tyte,

And cast hym in canvas.

628

[*They toss Mak in a sheet.*]

[I. PASTOR.] Lord, what ! I am sore, / in poynt for to bryst.  
In fayth, I may no more ; / therfor wyll I ryst.

II. PASTOR. As a shepe of sevyn<sup>3</sup> skore / he weyd in my  
fyst.

ffor to slepe ay-whore / me thynk that I lyst.

III. PASTOR. Now I pray you,

Lyg downe in this grene.

I. PASTOR. On these thefys yit I mene.

III. PASTOR. Wherto shuld ye tene?

Do<sup>4</sup> as I say you?

637

*Angelus cantat "Gloria in exelsis" ; postea dicat :*

ANGELUS. Ryse, hyrd-men heynd ! / for now is he borne

That shall take fro the feynd / that Adam had lorne :

That warloo to sheynd / this nyght is he borne ;

God is made youre freynd / now at this morne.

He behestys,

At bedlem go se,

<sup>1</sup> E. E. T. S. III. PASTOR ; *see Notes.*

<sup>2</sup> E. E. T. S. I. PASTOR.

<sup>3</sup> MS. vij.

<sup>4</sup> E. E. T. S. So.

Ther lygys that fre  
In a cryb full poorely  
Betwyx two bestys.

646

I. PASTOR. This was a qwant stevyn / that euer yit I hard.<sup>1</sup>

It is a meruell to neuyn, / thus to be skard.

II. PASTOR. Of Godys son of heuyn / he spak vpward.

All the wod on a leuyn / me thocht that he gard

Appere.

III. PASTOR. He spake of a barne

In Bedlem, I you warne.

I. PASTOR. That betokyns yond starne ;

Let vs seke hym there.

655

II. PASTOR. Say, what was his song? / hard ye not how he  
crakyd it,

Thre brefes to a long? /

III. PASTOR. Yee, mary, he hakt it ;

Was no crochett wrong, / nor no-thing that lakt it.

I. PASTOR. ffor to syng vs emong, / right as he knakt it,

I can.

II. PASTOR. Let se how ye croyne ;

Can ye bark at the mone?

III. PASTOR. Hold youre tonges, haue done !

I. PASTOR. Hark after, than !

664

II. PASTOR. To Bedlem he bad / that we shuld gang ;

I am full fard / that we tary to lang.

III. PASTOR. Be mery and not sad, / of myrth is oure sang,

Euer-lastyng glad / to mede may we fang,

Withouyt noyse.

I. PASTOR. Hy we theder for-thy, —

If we be wete and wery, —

To that chyld and that lady !

We haue it not to lose.

673

<sup>1</sup> That euer yit I hard *was originally* he spake vpward, from l. 649, but *this has been crossed out with red ink*. K. changes a qwant stevyn to the qwantest stevyn; but *why not change that euer to as euer, if emendation must be made?*

II. PASTOR. We fynde by the *prophecy* — / let be youre  
dyn —

Of Daud and Isay / and mo then I myn,  
Thay *prophecyed* by clergy / that in a vyrgyn  
Shuld he lyght and ly, / to slokyn oure syn

And slake it,  
Oure<sup>1</sup> kynde from wo ;  
ffor Isay sayd so :

*Ecce*<sup>2</sup> *virgo*

*Concipiet* a chylde that is nakyd.

682

III. PASTOR. ffull glad may we be / and abyde that day  
That luffy to se, / that all myghtys may.

Lord, well were me / for ones and for ay,  
Myght I knele on my kne / som word for to say

To that chylde.

Bot the angell sayd,  
In a cryb wos he layde,  
He was poorly arayd,

Both *mener*<sup>3</sup> and mylde.

691

I. PASTOR. Patryarkes that has bene / and *prophetys* be-  
forne,

Thay desyryd to haue sene / this chylde that is borne.

Thay ar gone full clene ; / that haue thay lorne.

We shall se hym, I weyn, / or it be morne,

To tokyn.

When I se hym and fele,

Then wote I full weyll

It is true as steyll

That *prophetys* haue spokyn :

700

To so poore as we ar / that he wold appere,

ffyrst fynd, and declare / by his messyngere.

II. PASTOR. Go we now, let vs fare ; / the place is vs nere.

<sup>1</sup> K. *inserts* To kepe, or To fre, before Oure.

<sup>2</sup> E. E. T. S. *Cité*; *corr.* by K.

<sup>3</sup> K. *suggests* meke.



III. PASTOR. I am redy and yare ; / go we in-fere  
 To that bright.  
 Lord, if thi wyll it<sup>1</sup> be,  
 We ar lewde all thre :  
 Thou grauntt vs somkyns gle  
 To comforth thi wight.

709

[*They enter the stable.*]

I. PASTOR. Hayll, comly and clene ! / hayll, yong child !  
 Hayll, Maker,<sup>2</sup> as I meyne ! / of a madyn so mylde !  
 Thou has waryd, I weyne, / the warlo so wylde ;  
 The fals gyler of teyn, / now goys he begylde.  
 Lo, he merys ;  
 Lo, he laghys, my swetyng !  
 A wel fare<sup>3</sup> metyng !  
 I haue holden my hetyng.  
 Haue a bob of cherys !

718

II. PASTOR. Hayll, sufferan Sauyoure, / ffor thou has vs  
 soght !  
 Hayll, frely foyde and floure, / that all thyng has wrought !  
 Hayll, full of fauoure, / that made all of noght !  
 Hayll ! I kneyll and I cowre. / A byrd haue I broght  
 To my barne.  
 Hayll, lytyll tyne mop !  
 Of oure crede thou art crop :  
 I wold drynk on thy cop,  
 Lytyll day-starne !

727

III. PASTOR. Hayll, derlyng dere, / full of godhede !  
 I pray the be nere / when that I haue nede.  
 Hayll ! swete is thy chere ! / My hart wold blede  
 To se the sytt here / in so poore wede,  
 With no pennys.

<sup>1</sup> E. E. T. S. wylles.

<sup>2</sup> K. *inserts* born.

<sup>3</sup> E. E. T. S. welfare.

Hayl ! put furth thy dall !  
 I bryng the bot a ball :  
 Haue and play the with-all,  
 And go to the tenys.

736

MARIA. The Fader of heuen, / God omnytpotent,  
 That sett all on seuen, / his Son has he sent.  
 My name couth he neuen / and lyght or he went.  
 I conceuyd hym full euen, / through myght as he ment ;  
 And now he is borne.  
 He kepe you fro wo !  
 I shall pray hym so.  
 Tell, furth as ye go,  
 And myn on this morne.

745

I. PASTOR. ffarewell, lady, / so fare to beholde,  
 With thy childe on thi kne ! /  
 II. PASTOR. Bot he lygys full cold.  
 Lord, well is me ! / now we go, thou behold.  
 III. PASTOR. ffor sothe, all redy ! / it semys to be told  
 Full oft.  
 I. PASTOR. What grace we haue fun !  
 II. PASTOR. Com furth, now ar we won.  
 III. PASTOR. To syng ar we bun :  
 Let, take on loft !

*Explicit pagina Pastorum.*

754

## COVENTRY CORPUS CHRISTI PLAYS.

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Reprinted from "A Dissertation on the Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries Anciently performed at Coventry . . . by Thomas Sharp. Coventry, 1825." In the notes S. indicates such of Sharp's readings as I have changed. The date of the MS. is given at the end of the play.

It will aid the reader if he bears in mind that in this play *w* and *v* are often interchanged, and that such words as *holy*, *home* are sometimes spelt *wholle*, *whom*. In general, the sound will be a better guide to the meaning than the spelling. *The* is a frequent spelling for *they*, and occurs occasionally for *them*; in such cases I have added a letter in brackets to aid the reader.

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### [THE PAGEANT OF THE SHEARMEN AND TAYLORS.]

ISAYE. The Sofferent thatt seithe *evere* seycrette,  
He saue you all and make you *perfett and* stronge,<sup>1</sup>  
And geve us<sup>2</sup> *grace with* his marce forto mete!  
For now in grett mesere mankynd ys bownd;  
The sarpent hathe gevin vs soo mortall a wonde  
That no creature ys abull vs forto reyles  
Tyll thye right vncion of Jvda dothe seyse.

7

Then schall moche myrthe and joie in-cresse;  
And the right rote in Isaraell sprynge,  
Thatt schall bryng forthe the greyne off whollenes;  
And owt of danger he schall vs bryng  
In-to thatt reygeon where he ys kyng  
Wyche abowe all othur far dothe a-bownde,  
And thatt cruell Sathan he schall confownde.

14

Where-fore I cum here apou this grownde  
To comforde eyuere<sup>3</sup> creature off birthe;

<sup>1</sup> *Qy.* sounde.

<sup>2</sup> *S.* *gevenus*.

<sup>3</sup> *S.* *eyerue*.

For I, Isaye the *profet*, hathe fownde  
 Many swete matters whereof we ma make myrth  
 On this same wyse ;  
 For, thogh that Adam be demid to deythe  
 With all his childur, asse Abell *and* Seythe,  
 Yett *Ecce virgo consepeet*, —  
 Loo, where a reymede schall ryse !

23

Be-holde, a mayde schall conseveye a childe  
 And gett vs more *grace* then eyuer men had,  
 And hir meydin-[h]od nothing defylid.  
 Sche ys deputyd to beare the Sun, Almyghte God.  
 Loo ! sufferntis,<sup>1</sup> now ma you be glad,  
 For of this meydin all we ma be fayne ;  
 For Adam, *that* now lysis in sorrois full sade,  
 Hir glorseous birth schall reydeme hym ageyn  
 From bondage and thrall.  
 Now be myrre eyuere mon,<sup>1</sup>  
 For this dede bryffly in Isaraell schalbe done,  
 And before the Fathur in trone,  
 Thatt schall glade vs all.

36

More of this matter fayne wolde I meve,  
 But lengur tyme I haue not here for to dwell.  
 That Lorde *that* ys marcefull his *marce* soo in vs ma preve  
 For to sawe owre sollis from the darknes of hell ;  
 And to his blys  
 He vs bryng  
 Asse he ys  
 Bothe lord *and* kyng,  
 And shall be eyuerlastyng,  
*In secula seculorum, amen !*<sup>2</sup>

46

<sup>1</sup> A curl over n.

<sup>2</sup> These six lines (41-46) as two in S., the first ending with king.

[*Exit Isaiah; enter Gabriel to Mary.*]

GABERELL. Hayle, Mare, full of grace !  
 Owre Lord God ys *with* the ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Aboue all wemen <sup>2</sup> *that* eyuer wasse,  
 Lade, blesside mote thou be ! 50

MARE. All-myght Fathur and King of blys,  
 From all dysses *thou* saue me now !  
 For inwardely my spretis trubbuld ys,  
 Thatt I am amacid *and* kno nott how. 54

GABERELL. Dred the nothyng, meydin, of this ;  
 From heyvin a-bowe hyddur am I sent  
 Of ambassage from that Kyng of blys  
 Unto the, lade *and* vergin reyuerent !  
 Salutyng the here asse most exselent,  
 Whose *vertu* aboue all othur dothe abownde.  
 Wherefore in the *grace* schalbe fownde ;  
 For thou schalt conseyeve apon *this* grownd  
 The Second *Person*e of God in trone ;  
 He wylbe borne of the alone ;  
*With*-owt sin *thou* schalt hym see.<sup>3</sup>  
 Thy *grace* *and* thi goodnes wyl neyuer be gone,  
 But eyuer to lyve in *vergenete*. 67

MARE. I marvell soore how thatt mabe.  
*Manus* cumpany knev I neyuer yett,  
 Nor neyuer to do, kast I me,  
 Whyle thatt owre Lord sendith me my wytt. 71

GABERELL. The Wholle Gost in the schall lyght,  
 And schado thy soll soo *with* *vertu*  
 From the Fathur thatt ys on hyght.  
 These wordis, turtill, the[y] be full tru. 75

<sup>1</sup> Lines 47, 48 as one in S.

<sup>2</sup> Curl over n.

<sup>3</sup> Lines 64, 65 as one in S.

This chylde that of the schalbe borne  
 Ys the Second *Persone* in Trenete ;  
 He schall saue that wase forlorne  
 And the fyndis powar dystroie schall he. 79

These wordis, lade, full tru the[y] bene,  
*And* furthur, lade, here in thy noone lenage  
 Be-holde Eylesabeth, thy cosyn clene,  
 The wyche wasse barren *and* past all age, 83

And now *with* chylde sche hath bene  
 Syx monethis and more, asse schalbe sene ;  
 Where-for, discomforde *the* not, Mare !  
 For to God onpossibull nothyng mabe. 87

MARE. Now, and yt be thatt Lordis wyll  
 Of my bodde to be borne *and* forto be,  
 Hys hy pleyuris forto full-fyll  
 Asse his one hande-mayde I submyt me. 91

GABERELL. Now blessid be *the* tyme sett  
 That *thou* wast borne in thy degre !  
 For now ys the knott surely knytt,  
 And God conseyyvide in Trenete. 95

Now fare-well, lade off myghtis most !  
 Vnto the God-hed I the be-teyche.  
 MARE. Thatt Lord the gyde in eyuere cost,  
 And looly he leyde me *and* be my leyche ! 99

*Here the angell departyth, and Joseff cumyth in and seyth :*

JOSOFF. Mare, my wyff so dere,  
 How doo ye, dame, and whatt chere  
 Ys *with* you this tyde ?  
 MARE. Truly, husebonde, I am here  
 Owre Lordis wyll forto abyde. 104

JOSOFF. What ! I troo thatt we be all schent !

Sey, womon ;<sup>1</sup> who hath byn here sith I went,

To rage wyth thee ?

MARE. Syr, here was nothur man<sup>1</sup> nor mans eyvin,

But only the sond of owre Lorde God in heyvin.

JOSOFF. Sey not soo, womon ; for schame, ley be !

110

Ye be *wyth* chylde soo wondurs grett,

Ye nede no more *therof* to tret

Agense all right.

For sothe, this chylde, dame, ys not myne.

Alas, that eyuer *wyth* my nynee

I suld see *this* syght !

116

Tell me, womon ;<sup>1</sup> whose ys this chylde ?

MARE. Non but youris, husebond soo myld,

And thatt schalbe seyne, [ywis].

JOSOFF. But myne ? allas ! alas ! why sey ye soo ?

Wele-away ! womon, now may I goo,

Be-gyld as many a-nothur ys.

122

MARE. Na, truly, sir, ye be not be-gylde,

Nor yet *wyth* spott of syn I am not defylde ;

Trust yt well, huse-bonde.

JOSOFF. Huse-bond, in feythe ! *and that* acold !

A ! weylle-away, Josoff, as thow ar olde !

Lyke a fole now ma I stand

*And truse.*<sup>2</sup>

But, in feyth, Mare, *thou* art in syn ;

Soo moche ase I haue cheyrischyd *the*, dame, *and all thi*

kyn,

Be-hynd my bake to *serve* me thus !

132

All olde men, insampull take be me, —

How I am be-gylid here may you see ! —

To wed soo yong a chylde.

<sup>1</sup> *Curl over n.*

<sup>2</sup> *Lines 128, 129 as one in S.*

Now fare-well, Mare, I leyve the here alone, —  
[Wo] worthe the, dam, and thy warkis ycheone ! —

For I woll noo-more be be-gylid <sup>1</sup>

For frynd nor foe. <sup>2</sup>

Now of this ded I am soo dull,

And off my lyff I am soo full,

No farthur ma I goo. <sup>3</sup>

142

[Lies down to sleep ; to him enters an angel.]

I. ANGELL. <sup>4</sup> Aryse up, Josoff, and goo whom ageyne

Vnto Mare, thy wyff, that ys so fre.

To comford hir loke *that* thow be fayne,

For, Josoff, a cleyne meydin ys schee :

Sche hath conseyyd *wit*-owt any trayne

The Seycond Person in Trenete ;

Jhesu schalbe hys name, sarten,

And all thys world sawe schall he ;

Be not agast. <sup>5</sup>

JOSOFF. Now, Lorde, I thanke the *wit* hart full sad,

For of these tythyngis I am soo glad

That all my care away ys cast ;

Wherefore to Mare I woll in hast.

155

[Returns to Mary.]

A ! Mare, Mare, I knele full loo ;

Forgeve me, swete wyff, here in *this* lond !

Marce, Mare ! for now I kno

Of youre good gouernance and how yt doth stond.

159

Thogh <sup>6</sup> thatt I dyd the mys-name,

Marce, Mare ! Whyle I leve,

Wyll I neyuer, swet wyff, the greve

In ernyst nor in game. <sup>6</sup>

MARE. Now, that Lord in heyvin, sir, he you forgyve !

<sup>1</sup> S. be gylid be.

<sup>2</sup> 138, 139 as one in S.

<sup>3</sup> Lines 141, 142 as one in S.

<sup>4</sup> S. ANGELL J ; so below for both angels and shepherds.

<sup>5</sup> These two lines as one in S. <sup>6</sup> S. Thought.



And I do for-geve yow in hys name

For *euer*more.<sup>1</sup>

JOSOFF. Now truly, swete wyff, to you I sey the same. 167

But now to Bedlem must I wynde

And scho my-self, soo full of care ;

And I to leyve you, this grett, behynd, —

God wott, the whyle, dame, how you schuld fare. 171

MARE. Na, hardely, husebond, dred ye nothyng ;

For I woll walke *with* you on the wey.

I trust in God, all-mighte kyng,

To spede right well in owre jurney. 175

JOSOFF. Now I thanke you, Mare, of your goodnes

That ye my wordis woll nott blame ;

And syth *that* to Bedlem we schall vs dresse,

Goo we to-gedur in Goddis wholle name. 179

[*They set out, and travel a while.*]

Now to Bedlem have we leygis three ;

The day ys ny spent, yt drawyth toward nyght ;

Fayne at your es, dame, I wold *that* ye schulde be,

For you grone<sup>2</sup> all werely, yt semyth in my syght. 183

MARE. God haue marcy, Josoffe, my spowse soo dere ;

All *profettis* herto dothe beyre wyttnes,

The were tyme now draith nere

That my chyld wolbe borne, wyche ys Kyng of blis. 187

Vnto *sum* place, Josoff, hyndly me leyde,

Thatt I moght rest me *with* grace in *this* tyde.

The lyght of the Fathur ouer hus both spreide,

And the *grace* of my sun *with* vs here a-byde ! 191

JOSOFF. Loo ! blessid Mare, here schall ye lend,

Cheff chosyn of owre Lorde *and* cleynist in degre ;

And I for help to towne woll I wende.

Ys nott this the best, dame ? whatt sey ye ? 195

<sup>1</sup> Lines 165, 166 as one in S.

<sup>2</sup> S. groue ; possibly for growe ?

MARE. God haue marce, Josoff, my huse-bond soo meke !

*And* hartely I *pra* you, goo now fro me.

JOSOFF. That schalbe done in hast, Mare so swete !

The comford of the Wholle Gost leyve I *with* the. 199

Now to Bedlem streyght woll I wynd

To gett som helpe for Mare soo free.

Sum helpe of wemmen God may me send,

That Mare, full off *grace*, pleysid ma be. 203

*[In another part of the place a shepherd begins to speak.]*

I. PASTOR. Now God, that art in Trenete,

Thow sawe my fellois and me !

For I kno nott wheyre my scheepe nor the[y] be,

Thys nyght yt ys soo colde.

Now ys yt nygh the myddis of the nyght ;

These wedurs ar darke and dym of lyght,

Thatt of them can hy haue noo syght,

Standyng here on this wold. 211

But now to make there hartis lyght,

Now wyll I full right

Stand apon this looe,<sup>1</sup>

And to them cry *with* all my myght, —

Full well my voise the[y] kno :

*What* hoo ! fellois ! hoo ! hooe ! hoo ! 217

*[Two other shepherds appear (in the street).]*

II. PASTOR. Hark, Sym, harke ! I here owre brothur on the  
looe ;

This ys hys wise, right well I knoo ;

There-fore toward hym lett vs goo,

And follo his wise a-right.

See, Sym, se, where he doth stond !

I am ryght glad we haue hym fond !

Brothur, where hast thow byn' soo long,

And hit ys soo cold this nyght ?<sup>2</sup> 225

<sup>1</sup> Lines 213, 214 as one in S.

<sup>2</sup> S. And this nyght hit ys soo cold.

i. PASTOR. E ! fryndis, *ther* cam a pyrie of wynd *with* a  
myst suddenly,<sup>1</sup>

Thatt forth off my weyis went I  
And grett heyvenes then <sup>2</sup> made I

*And* wase full sore afryght.<sup>3</sup>

Then forto goo wyst I nott whyddur,  
But trawellid on this loo hyddur *and* thyddur ;

I wasse so were of this cold weddur  
Thatt nere past wasse my might.

233

III. PASTOR. Brethur, now we be past *that* fryght,

And hit ys far *with*-in the nyght,  
Full sone woll spryng the day-lyght,

Hit drawith full nere the tyde.

Here awhyle lett vs rest,  
And repast owreself of the best ;

Tyll thatt the sun ryse in the est

Lét vs all here abyde.

241

*There the scheppardis drawys furth there meyte and doth eyte and drynk ;  
and asse the[y] drynk, the[y] fynd the star, and sey thus :*

III. PASTOR. Brethur, loke vp and behold !

Whatt thyng ys yondur thatt schynith soo bryght ?

Asse long ase eyuer I haue wachid my fold,

Yett sawe I neyuer soche a syght

In fyld.<sup>4</sup>

A ha ! now ys cum the tyme *that* old fathurs hath told,

Thatt in the wynturs nyght soo cold

A chylde of meydyn <sup>5</sup> borne be he wold

In whom all profeciys schalbe fullfyld.

250

i. PASTOR. Truth yt ys *with*-owt naye,

Soo seyde the profett Isaye,

Thatt a <sup>6</sup> chylde schuld be borne of a made soo bryght

<sup>1</sup> *Curl over n.*

<sup>2</sup> S. in.

<sup>3</sup> S. afrayde.

<sup>4</sup> *Lines 245, 246 as one in S.*

<sup>5</sup> *Curl over n.*

<sup>6</sup> S. *has* I.

In wentur ny the schortist dey  
Or elis in the myddis of the nyght. 255

II. PASTOR. Loovid be God, most off myght,  
That owre *grace* ys to see thatt syght ;  
Pray we to hym, ase hit ys right,  
Yff thatt his wyll yt be,  
That we ma haue knoleyege of this syngnefocacion  
And why hit aperith on this fassion ;  
And eyuer to hym lett vs geve lawdacion,  
In yerthe whyle thatt we be. 263

*There the angelis syng "Glorea in exselsis Deo."*

III. PASTOR. Harke ! the[y] syng abowe in the clowdis  
clere !

Hard I neyuer of soo myrre a quere.  
Now, gentyll brethur, draw we nere  
To here there armonye.

I. PASTOR. Brothur, myrth and solas ys *cum* hus among ;  
For be the swettnes of *ther* songe,  
Goddiss Sun ys *cum*, whom we haue lokid for long,  
Asse syngnefyith thys star *that* we do see.

II. PASTOR. "*Glore, glorea in exselsis,*" *that* wase *ther*  
songe ;

How sey ye, fellois, seyde the[y] not thus ?

I. PASTOR. Thatt ys welseyd ; now goo we hence  
To worschipe thatt chyld of hy manyffecence,  
And that we ma syng in his *presence*  
"*Et in tarra pax omynibus.*" 277

*There the scheppardis syngis "Ase I owte Rodde,"<sup>1</sup> and Josoff seyth :*

JOSOFF. Now, Lorde, this noise *that* I do here,  
*With* this grett solemnete,  
Gretly amendid hath my chere ;  
I trust hy nevis shortly wolbe. 281

<sup>1</sup> For the song, see p. 151.

*There the angellis syng "Gloria in exselsis" ageyne.*

MARE. A ! Josoff, husebond, *cum* heddur anon ;

My chylde ys borne *that* ys Kyng of blys.

JOSOFFE. Now wel*cum* to me, the Makar of mon,

With all the omage thatt I con ;

Thy swete mothe here woll I kys.

286

MARE. A ! Josoff, husebond, my chylde waxith cold,

And we haue noo fyre to warme hym *with*.

JOSOFF. Now, in my narmys I schall hym fold,

Kyng of all kyngis be fyld *and* be fryth ;

He myght haue had bettur, *and* hymselfe wold,

Then the breythyng of these bestis to warme hym *with*. 292

MARE. Now, Josoff, my husbond, fet heddur my chylde,

The Maker off man and hy Kyng of blys.

JOSOFF. That schalbe done anon, Mare soo myld,

For the brethyng of these bestis hath warmyd [hym]

well, i-wys.

296

*[Angels appear to the shepherds.]*

I. ANGELL. Hyrd-men<sup>1</sup> hynd,

Drede ye nothyng<sup>2</sup>

Off thys star thatt ye do se ;

For thys same morne

Godis Sun ys borne<sup>3</sup>

In Bedlem of a meydin fre.

302

II. ANGELL. Hy you thyddur in hast ;

Yt ys hys wyll ye schall hym see

Lyinge in a cribbe of pore reypaste,

Yett of Davithis lyne *cumon*<sup>1</sup> ys hee.

306

*[The shepherds approach and worship the Babe.]*

I. PASTOR. Hayle, mayde-mothur *and* wyff soo myld !

Asse the angell seyde, soo haue we fonde.

<sup>1</sup> *Curl over n.*

<sup>2</sup> *Lines 297, 298 as one in S.*

<sup>3</sup> *Lines 300, 301 as one in S.*

I haue nothyng to present *with thi* chylde  
 But my pype ; hold, hold, take yt in thy hond ;  
 Where-in moche pleyzure *that* I haue fond ;  
 And now, to oonowre thy gloreose byrthe,  
 Thow schallt yt haue to make the myrthe. 313

II. PASTOR. Now, hayle be thow, chyld, *and* thy dame !  
 For in a pore <sup>1</sup> loggyn here art thow leyde,  
 Soe the angell seyde *and* tolde vs thy name ;  
 Holde, take thow here my hat on thy hedde !  
 And now off won thyng thow art well sped,  
 For weddur thow hast noo nede to complayne,  
 For wynde, ne sun, hayle, snoo and rayne. 320

III. PASTOR. Hayle be thow, Lorde ouer watur *and* landis !  
 For thy cumyng all we ma make myrthe.  
 Haue here my myttens to pytt on *thi* hondis,  
 Othur treysure haue I non to present the *with*. 324

MARE. Now, herdmen hynd,  
 For youre comyng  
 To my chylde schall I *prae*,  
 Asse he ys heyvin kyng,  
 To grant you his blessyng,  
 And to hys blys *that* ye may wynd  
 At your last day. 331

*There the scheppardis syngith <sup>2</sup> ageyne and goth forthe of the place ; and  
 the ij. profettis cumyth in and seyth thus :*

I. PROFETA. Novellis, novellis  
 Of wonderfull mervellys,<sup>3</sup>  
 Were hy *and* defuce vnto the heryng !  
 Asse scripture tellis,  
 These strange novellis  
 To you I bryng.<sup>4</sup> 337

<sup>1</sup> S. apore.

<sup>2</sup> For this song, see p. 152.

<sup>3</sup> Lines 332, 333 as one in S.

<sup>4</sup> Lines 335, 337 as one in S.

II. PROFETA. Now hartely, sir, I desyre to knoo,  
Yff hytt wolde pleyse you forto schoo,  
Of what maner a thyng.

I. PROFETA. Were mystecall vnto youre heryng, —  
Of the natevete off a kyng. 342

II. PROFETA. Of a kyng? Whence schuld he cum?

I. PROFETA. From thatt reygend ryall *and* mighty  
mancion,  
The sede seylesteall and heyvinly vysedome,  
The Second Person *and* Godis one Sun,  
For owre sake now ys man be-cum.<sup>1</sup> 347

This godly spere  
Desendid here<sup>2</sup>  
Into a *vergin* clere.  
Sche, on-defyld<sup>3</sup>

Be whose warke obskevre  
Owre frayle nature  
Ys now begilde<sup>4</sup>

II. PROFETA. Why, hathe sche a chylde? 355

I. PROFETA. E! trust hyt well;  
*And neuer* the las<sup>5</sup>  
Yet ys sche a mayde evin asse sche wasse,  
And hir sun the kyng of Isaraell. 359

II. PROFETA. A wondur-full marvell  
How thatt ma be,<sup>6</sup>  
And far dothe exsell  
All owre capasete :<sup>7</sup>  
How that the Trenete,  
Of soo hy regallet, <sup>7</sup>  
Schuld jonyd be<sup>8</sup>  
Vnto owre mortallet!<sup>7</sup> 367

<sup>1</sup> *Curl over m.*

<sup>2</sup> *Lines 348, 349 as one in S.*

<sup>3</sup> *Lines 350, 351 as one in S.*

<sup>4</sup> *Line missing.*

<sup>5</sup> *Lines 353, 354 as one in S.*

<sup>6</sup> *Lines 356, 357 as one in S.*

<sup>7</sup> *This and the preceding line as one in S.*

<sup>8</sup> *S. be jonyd.*

I. PROFETA. Of his one grett marce,  
 As ye shall se *the* exposysion,<sup>1</sup>  
 Throgh whose vmanyte  
 All Adamus progene<sup>1</sup>  
 Reydemyd schalbe owt of perdyssion. 372

Syth man<sup>2</sup> did offend,  
 Who schuld amend<sup>1</sup>  
 But the seyd mon<sup>2</sup> and no nothur?  
 For the wyche cawse he  
 Incarnate wold be<sup>1</sup>  
 And lyve in mesere asse manus one brothur. 378

II. PROFETA. Syr vnto the deyite,  
 I beleve parfettle,<sup>1</sup>  
 Onpossibul to be there ys nothyng ;  
 How be yt this warke  
 Vnto me ys darke<sup>1</sup>  
 In the opperacion or wyrkyng.  
 I. PROFETA. Whatt more reypriiff  
 Ys vnto belyff  
 Then<sup>2</sup> to be dowtyng?<sup>3</sup> 387

II. PROFETA. Yet dows oftymus hathe derevacion.  
 I. PROFETA. Thatt ys be *the* meynes of comenecacion<sup>2</sup>  
 Of trawthis to haue a dev probacion  
 Be *the* same dows reysoning.  
 II. PROFETA. Then to you thys won thyng :  
 Of whatt nobull *and* hy lenage ys schee  
 Thatt myght *this* verabull<sup>4</sup> prencis modur be? 394

I. PROFETA. Ondowntid sche ys cum of hy parrage,  
 Of the howse of Davith *and* Salamon the sage ;  
 And won off the same lyne joynid to hir be mareage ;

<sup>1</sup> This and the preceding line as one in S.

<sup>2</sup> Curl over n.

<sup>4</sup> Qy. renable, see Notes.

<sup>3</sup> Lines 385-387 as one in S.



Of whose trybe  
 We do subscribe<sup>1</sup>  
 This chy[l]dis lenage.<sup>2</sup> 400

II. PROFETA. And why in thatt wysse?

I. PROFETA. For yt wasse the gysse  
 To conte the parant on the manys lyne,  
 And nott on the feymy[ny]ne,  
 Amonst vs here in Isaraell.

II. PROFETA. Yett can I nott aspy be noo wysse  
 How thys chylde borne schuldbe *wit~~h~~-ow[t]* naturis *prej*udyse.

I. PROFETA. Nay, no *prej*udyse vnto nature, I dare well sey;  
 For the kyng of nature may

Hawe all at his one wyll.<sup>3</sup>  
 Dyd not *the* powar of God  
 Make Aronis rod  
 Beyre frute in on day?<sup>4</sup> 413

II. PROFETA. Truth yt ys in-ded.

I. PROFETA. Then loke you and rede.

II. PROFETA. A! I *per*seyve the sede  
 Where apon thatt you spake.<sup>5</sup>

Yt wasse for owre nede  
*That* he frayle nature did take,<sup>6</sup>  
 And his blod he schuld schede  
 Amens forto make<sup>5</sup>

For owre transegression;  
 Ase yt ys seyde in *pro*fece  
*That* of the lyne of Jude<sup>6</sup>  
 Schuld spryng a right Messe,  
 Be whom all wee  
 Schall<sup>6</sup> haue reydemcion,<sup>5</sup> 427

I. PROFETA. Sir, now ys the tyme cum,  
 And the date there-of run,<sup>7</sup>  
 Off his Natevete.

<sup>1</sup> S. subscribe.

<sup>2</sup> Lines 398-400 as one in S.

<sup>3</sup> Lines 409, 410 as one in S.

<sup>4</sup> Lines 411-413 as one in S.

<sup>5</sup> This and the preceding line as one in S.

<sup>6</sup> S. schalld. <sup>7</sup> Curl over n.

II. PROFETA. Yett I beseke you harte

*That ye wold schoo me how*<sup>1</sup>

Thatt this strange nowelte

Were broght vnto you.<sup>1</sup>

434

I. PROFETA. This othur nyght soo cold

Hereby apon a wolde

Scheppardis wachyng there fold,

In the nyght soo far

To them aperid a star,

And eyuer yt drev them nar ;

Wyche star the[y] did behold

Bryghter, *the*[y] sey, M folde

Then the sun so clere

In his mydday spere,

And the[y] these tythyngis tolde.

445

II. PROFETA. What, seycretly ?

I. PROFETA. Na, na, hardely ;

The[y] made there-of no conseil ;

For the[y] song ase lowde

Ase eyuer the[y] cowde,

Presyng the kyng of Israell.

451

II. PROFETA. Yett do I marvell

In what pyle or castell

These herdmen<sup>2</sup> dyd hym see.

I. PROFETA. Nothur in hallis nor yett in bowris

Borne wold he not be,

Nothur in castellis nor yet in towris

*That* semly were to se ;

458

But att hys Fathurs wyll,

The *profeci* to full-fyll,

Be-twixt an ox and an as

*Ihesu, this* kyng, borne he was.

Heyvin he bryng us tyll !

463

<sup>1</sup> *This and the preceding line as one in S.*

<sup>2</sup> *Curl over n.*

II. PROFETA. Sir, a ! but when these sheppardis had seyne  
hym there,

In-to whatt place did the[y] repeyre ?

I. PROFETA. Forthe the[y] went and glad *the*[y] were,

Going the[y] did syng ;

With myrthe *and* solas *the*[y] made good chere

For joie of *that* new tything ;

469

And aftur, asse I hard the[m] tell,

He reywardid them full well :

He graunt them hevyn *ther*-in to dwell ;

In ar the[y] gon with joie and myrthe,

And there songe hit ys " Neowell."

474

*There the profettis gothe furthe and Erod cumyth in, and the messenger.*

NONCEOSE.<sup>1</sup> Faytes pais, dñyis,<sup>2</sup> baronys de grande rey-  
nowme !

Payis, seneoris, schevaleris de nooble posance !<sup>3</sup>

Pays, gentis homos,<sup>4</sup> companeonys petis egrance !<sup>5</sup>

Je vos command dugard treytus<sup>6</sup> sylance.

Payis, tanque vottur nooble Roie syre ese *presance* !<sup>7</sup>

Que nollis<sup>8</sup> *persone* ese non fawis *perwynt*<sup>9</sup> dedfferance,

Nese<sup>10</sup> harde de frappas ;<sup>11</sup> mayis gardus to to<sup>12</sup> paceance, —

<sup>1</sup> In reading this proclamation I have had the aid of both Professor Kittredge and Professor Sheldon. As this aid, however, was given a year or two ago in the form of a pretty lively oral discussion of the most perplexing of the difficulties, and as I unfortunately neglected to take any notes at the time, I find myself unable, except in one or two cases, to remember to which of the two each suggestion belongs. Of course they are not responsible for any mistakes that may appear here. I have printed the text with no change except in punctuation. The footnotes deal with all difficulties that seem beyond the scope of even a beginner in French.

<sup>2</sup> Sheldon suggests that *this is the* pl. of O.F. *dame, damne, influenced by the spelling of some form of* Lat. *dominus*.

<sup>3</sup> puissance.

<sup>8</sup> nulle.

<sup>11</sup> frapper.

<sup>4</sup> *The second o is probably only a careless form of e.*

<sup>5</sup> et grands.

<sup>9</sup> Kittredge: *ici non fasse point.*

<sup>6</sup> de garder trestous.

<sup>10</sup> Ne se.

<sup>12</sup> gardez tote.

<sup>7</sup> roi seit ici present.

Mayis gardus<sup>1</sup> voter seneor to cor<sup>2</sup> reyuerance ;  
 Car elat vottur Roie to to puygance.<sup>3</sup>  
 Anof de leo,<sup>4</sup> pase tos ! je vose cummande,  
 E lay Roie erott la grandeaboly vos vmport.<sup>5</sup> 485

ERODE. *Qui statis*<sup>6</sup> *in Jude et Rex Israell,*  
 And the myghttyst conquerowre *that* eyuer walkid on  
 ground ;  
 For I am evyn he thatt made bothe hevin *and* hell,  
*And* of my myghte powar holdith vp *this* world rownd.  
 Magog *and* Madroke, bothe *the*[m] did I confownde,  
 And *with* this bryght bronde there bonis I brak on-sunder,  
 Thatt all the wyde worlde on those rappis did wonder. 492

I am the cawse of this grett lyght and thunder ;  
 Ytt ys throgth my fure *that* the[y] soche noyse dothe  
 make.  
 My feyrefull contenance *the* clowdis so doth incumbur  
*That* oftymus for drede *ther*-of the verre yerth doth  
 quake. •  
 Loke, when I *with* males this bryght brond doth schake,  
 All the whole world from the north to *the* sowthe  
 I ma them dystroie *with* won worde of my mowthe ! 499

To reycownt vnto you myn innevmerabull substance, —  
 Thatt were to moche for any tong to tell ;  
 For all the whole Orent ys vnder myn obbeydeance,  
*And* prynce am I of purgatorre *and* cheff capten of hell ;  
 And those tyraneos trayturs be force ma I compell<sup>7</sup>  
 Myne enemyis<sup>8</sup> to vanquese *and* evyn to dust them dryve,  
*And with* a twynke of myn iee not won to be lafte alyve. 506

<sup>1</sup> A preposition before the indirect object seems unnecessary.

<sup>2</sup> tote.

<sup>3</sup> Sheldon : Car il est votre roi tout puissant.

<sup>4</sup> A (= au) nom de lui (Sheldon suggests *loi* instead of *lui*).

<sup>5</sup> Sheldon suggests that the line properly ends with *grand* (modifying *Erott* and rhyming with 484), — *diable vos emporte ! being merely an unattached pleasantry addressed to the audience.*

<sup>6</sup> *Qui statis* is in red in S.

<sup>7</sup> *Curl* over m.

<sup>8</sup> *Curl* over n.

Behold my contenance and my colur,

Bryghtur then the sun in the meddis of *the* dey.

Where can you haue a more grettur succur

Then to behold my *person* that ys soo gaye?

My fawcun *and* my fassion, *with* my gorgis araye, —

He thatt had the *grace* all-wey *ther*-on to thynke,

Lyve he<sup>1</sup> myght all-wey *with*-owt othur meyte or drynke. 513

*And* thys my tryomfande fame most hylist dothe a-bownde

Throgh-owt this world in all reyegeons abroad,

Reysemelyng the fauer of thatt most myght Mahownd ;

From Jubytor be desent *and* cosyn to the grett God,

And namyd the most reydowndid king Eyrodde,

Wyche thatt all pryncis hath under subjeccion

And all there whole powar vndur my *proteccion*. 520

And therefore, my hareode, here, callid Calcas,

Warne thow eyuer[e] porte thatt noo schyppis a-ryve,

Nor also aleond stranger throg my realme pas,

But the[y] for there truage do pay markis fyve.

Now spede the forth hastele,

For the[y] thatt wyll the contrare

Apon a galowse hangid schalbe,

And, be Mahownde, of me the[y] gett noo *grace* ! 528

NONCIOS. Now, lord and mastur, in all the hast

Thy worethe wyll ytt schall be wroght,

*And* thy ryall cuntreyis schalbe past

In asse schort tyme ase can be thoght. 532

ERODE. Now schall owre regeons throgh-owt be soght

In eyuer[e] place bothe est *and* west ;

Yff any kattyffis to me be broght,

Yt schalbe nothyng for there best.

And the whyle thatt I do resst,

Trompettis, viallis and othur armone

Schall bles the wakýng of my maieste. 539

<sup>1</sup> S. the.

*Here Erod goth away and the iij Kyngis speykyth in the strete.*

I. REX. Now blessid be God of his swet sonde,  
For yondur a feyre bryght star I do see !  
Now ys he comon<sup>1</sup> vs a-monge,  
Asse the profet<sup>2</sup> seyde thatt yt schuld be. 543

A seyde<sup>3</sup> there schuld a babe be borne,  
Comyng of the rote of Jesse,  
To sawe mankynd that wasse for-lorne ;  
And truly comen now ys he. 547

Reyuerence and worschip to hym woll I do  
Asse God and man, thatt all made of noght.  
All the profettis acordid and seyde evyn soo,  
That with hys presseos blod mankynd schuld be boght. 551

He grant me grace,  
Be yonder star *that* I see,<sup>4</sup>  
And in-to thatt place  
Bryng me<sup>5</sup> .  
Thatt I ma hym worschipe with umellete  
And se hys gloreose face. 557

II. REX. Owt off my wey I deme thatt I am,  
For toocuns of thys cuntrey can I non see ;  
Now, God, thatt on yorth madist man,  
Send me sum knoleyge where thatt I be ! 561

Yondur, me thynke, a feyre, bryght star I see,  
The wyche be-tocunyth the byrth of a chyld  
Thatt hedur ys cum to make man fre ;  
He borne of a mayde,<sup>6</sup> and sche nothyng defyld. 565

To worschip thatt chyld ys myn in-tent ;  
Forth now wyll I take my wey.  
I trust sum company God hathe me sent,  
For yonder I se a kyng labour on the wey ; 569

<sup>1</sup> *Curl over m.*

<sup>2</sup> *S. profettis.*

<sup>3</sup> *S. Aseyd.*

<sup>4</sup> *Lines 552, 553 as one in S.*

<sup>5</sup> *Lines 554, 555 as one in S.*

<sup>6</sup> *S. amayde.*

To-warde hym now woll I ryde.

Harke ! *cumly* kyng, I you pray,  
In-to whatt cost wyll ye thys tyde,  
Or weddur l~~y~~is youre journey ?

573

I. REX. To seke a chylde ys myne in-tent  
Of whom the *profetis* hathe ment ;

The tyme ys *cum*, now ys he sent,  
Be yondur star here ma [you]<sup>1</sup> see.

II. REX. Sir, I prey you, *wit*h your lysence,  
To ryde *wit*h you vnto his presence ;  
To hym wyll I offur frank-in-sence,

For the hed of all Whole Churche schall he be. 581

III. REX. I ryde wanderyng in veyis wyde,  
*Ouer* montens and dalis ; I wot not where I am.

Now, Kyng off all kyngis, send me soche gyde  
Thatt I myght haue knoleye of thys cuntreys name. 585

A ! yondur I se a syght, be semyng all afar,  
The wyche be-tocuns sum nevis, ase I troo ;

Asse me thynke, a chylde peryng in a stare.  
I trust he be *cum* *that* schall defend vs from woo. 589

To kyngis yondur I see,  
And to them woll I ryde

Forto haue there *cumpane* ;  
I trust *the*[y] wyll me abyde.<sup>2</sup>

Hayle, *cumly* kyngis augent !<sup>3</sup>  
Good surs, I pray you, whedder ar ye ment ? 595

I. REX. To seke a chylde ys owre in-tent,  
Wyche be-tocuns yonder star, asse ye ma see.

II. REX. To hym I purpose thys present.

III. REX. Surs, I pray you, and thatt ryght vmblee,  
*With* you thatt I ma ryde in *cumpane*.

[? ALL.] To all-myghte God now prey we  
Thatt hys pressiose *persone* we ma se. 602

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by S.    <sup>2</sup> Lines 590-593 as two in S.    <sup>3</sup> Qy. and gent.

*Here Erod cumyth in ageyne and the messengere seyth :*

NUNCIOS. Hayle, lorde most off myght !

Thy commandement ys right ;

In-to thy land ys comyn *this* nyght

iij kyngis and *wit* them a grett cumpany.

EROD. Whatt make those kyngis in this cuntrey ?

NONCIOS. To seke a kyng and a chyld, the[y] sey.

ERODE. Of whatt age schuld he bee ?

NONCIOS. Skant twelwe deys old fulle.

610

EROD. And wasse he soo late borne ?

NONCIOS. E, syr, soo the[y] schode me thys same dey in  
the morne.

EROD. Now, in payne of deyth, bryng them me beforen ;

And there-fore, harrode, now hy the in hast,

In all spede thatt thou were dyght

Or thatt those kyngis the cuntrey be past ;

Loke thow bryng them all iij before my syght ;

617

And in Jerusalem<sup>1</sup> inquire more of that chyld.

But I warne the that thy wordis be mylde,

For there must<sup>2</sup> thow hede and crafte wey[lde]

How to for-do his powere ; and those iij kyngis shalbe begild. 621

NONCIOS. Lorde, I am redde att youre byddyng

To sarve the ase my lord and kyng ;

For joye there-of, loo, how I spryng

*With* lyght hart *and* fresche gamboldyng

Alofte here on this molde !

ERODE. Then sped the forthe hastely,

And loke *that* thow beyre the eyvinly ;

And also I pray the hartely

Thatt thow doo comand me

Bothe to yong and olde.<sup>3</sup>

631

<sup>1</sup> S. Jerusalem.

<sup>2</sup> S. mast.

<sup>3</sup> Lines 629-631 as two in S., the first ending with doo.



[*The messenger goes to the kings.*]

NUNCIOS. Hayle, syr kyngis, in youre degre ;  
 Erood, kyng of these cuntreys wyde,  
 Desyrith to speyke *with* you all thre,  
 And for youre comyng he dothe abyde. 635

I. REX. Syr, att his wyll we be ryght bayne.  
 Hy us, brethur, vnto thatt lordis place ;  
 To speyke *with* hym we wold be fayne ;  
 Thatt chyld thatt we seke, he grant us of his grace ! 639

[*They go to Herod.*]

NUNCIOS. Hayle, lorde *with*-owt pere !  
 These iij kyngis here have we broght.  
 ERODE. Now welcum, syr kyngis, all in-fere ;  
 But of my bryght ble, surs, bassche ye noght ! 643

Sir kyngis, ase I vndurstand,  
 A star hathe gydid you into my land,  
 Where-in grett harting <sup>1</sup> ye haue fonde  
 Be reysun of hir beymus bryght.  
 Wherefore I pray you hartely  
 The vere truthe thatt ye wold *sertefy*,  
 How long yt ys surely  
 Syn of that star you had furst syght. 651

I. REX. Sir kynge, the vere truthe to sey  
 And forto schoo you ase hit ys best,  
 This same ys evin the xij<sup>th</sup> dey  
 Syth yt aperid to vs to be west. 655

ERODE. Brethur, then ys there no more to sey,  
 But *with* hart and wyll kepe ye your jurney  
 And cum whom by me this same wey,  
 Of your nevis thatt I myght knoo.

<sup>1</sup> S. harie.

You schall tryomfe in this cuntre  
 And *with* grett conquorde bankett *with* me,  
 And thatt chyld myself then woll I see  
 And honor hym also. 663

II. REX. Sir, youre commandement we woll fullfyll  
 And humbly abaye owreself there-tyll.<sup>1</sup>  
 He thatt weldith all thyng at wyll  
 The redde way hus teyche,<sup>2</sup>  
 Sir kyng, thatt we ma passe your land in pes !  
 ERODE. Yes, and walke softly eyvin at your one es ; 669

Youre pase-porte for a C deys  
 Here schall you haue of clere cummand,  
 Owre reme to labur any weyis  
 Here schall you haue be spessschall grante. 673

III. REX. Now fare-well, kyng of hy degre,  
 Humbly of you owre leyve we take.  
 ERODE. Then adev, sir kyngis all thre ;  
 And whyle I lyve, be bold of me !  
 There ys nothyng in this cuntre  
 But for youre one ye schall yt take. 679

[*Exeunt the three kings.*]

Now these iij kyngis ar gon on *ther* wey ;  
 On-wysely *and* on-wyttely haue the[y] all wroghte.  
 When the[y] cum ageyne, the[y] schall dy *that* same dey,  
 And thus these vyle wreichis to deyth *the*[y] schalbe broght,—  
 Soche ys my lykyng.  
 He that agenst my lawis wyll hold,  
 Be he kyng or keysar neyuer soo bold,  
 I schall them cast in-to caris cold  
 And to deyth I schall them bryng. 688

*There Erode goth his weyis and the iij kyngis cum in ageyne.*

I. REX. O blessid God, moche ys thy myght !  
 Where ys this star thatt gawe vs lyght? 690

<sup>1</sup> Qy. there-to.

<sup>2</sup> Qy. show.

II. REX. Now knele we downe here in this presence,  
Be-sekyng that Lord of hy mangnefecens<sup>1</sup>  
That we ma see his hy exsellece

Yff'thatt his swet wyll be.<sup>2</sup>

694

III. REX. Yondur, brothur, I see the star,  
Where-by I kno he ys nott far ;  
Therefore, lordis, goo we nar

Into *this* pore place.

698

*There the iij kyngis gois in to the jesen, to Mare and hir child.*

I. REX. Hayle, Lorde thatt all this worlde hath wrought !

Hale, God and man to-gedur in-fere !

For thow hast made all thyng of noght,

Albe-yt thatt thow lyst porely here ;

A cupe-full<sup>3</sup> golde here I haue the broght

In toconyng thow art *with*-owt pere.

704

II. REX. Hayle be thow, Lorde of hy mangnyffecens!<sup>4</sup>

In toconyng of *preste*[h]od *and* dyngnete of offece

To the I offur a cupe full off in-sence,

For yt be-hovith the to haue soche sacrefyce.

708

III. REX. Hayle be thow, Lorde longe lokid fore !

I haue broght the myre for mortalete,

In to-cunyng thow schalt mankynd restore

To lyff be thy deyth apon<sup>5</sup> a tre.

712

MARE. God haue *marce*, kyngis, of yowre goodnes ;

Be the gydyng of the godhed hider are ye sent ;

The *provyssion* off my swete sun your weyis whom<sup>6</sup> reydres,

And gostely reywarde you for youre present !

716

*[As the kings go away, they say:]*

I. REX. Syr kyngis, aftur owre promes

Whome be Erode I mvst nedis goo.

<sup>1</sup> S. maugnefecens.

<sup>4</sup> S. maugnyffecens.

<sup>2</sup> S. wylbe.

<sup>5</sup> *Curl over n.*

<sup>3</sup> S. *inserts* [of].

<sup>6</sup> *Curl over m.*

- II. REX. Now truly, brethur,<sup>1</sup> we can noo las,  
 But I am soo for-wachid<sup>2</sup> I wott not wat to do. 720
- III. REX. Ryght soo am I ; where-fore I you pray,  
 Lett all vs rest vs awhyle upon *this* grownd.
- I. REX. Brethur, youer seying ys right well vnto my pay.  
 The *grace* of thatt swet chylde saue vs all sownde ! 724

[*While they sleep, the angel appears.*]

ANGELLUS. Kyng of Tawrus, Sir Jespar,  
 Kyng of Arraby, Sir Balthasar,  
 Melchor, Kyng of Aginare,  
 To you now am I sent.  
 For drede of Eyrode, goo you west whom ;  
 In-to those parties when ye cum downe,  
 Ye schalbe byrrid *with* gret reynowne ;  
 The Wholle Gost thus knoleye hath sent. [Ex<sup>tt</sup>.] 732

- I. REX. Awake, sir kyngis, I you praye,  
 For the voise of an angell I hard in my dreyme.
- II. REX. Thatt ys full tru thatt ye do sey,  
 For he reyherssid owre names playne. 736

- III. REX. He bad thatt we schuld goo downe be west  
 For drede of Eyrodis fawls be-traye.
- I. REX. Soo forto do yt ys the best ;  
 The child that we haue soght, gyde vs the wey ! 740

Now fare-well, the feyryst, of schapp so swete !  
 And thankid be Jhesu of his sonde,  
 That we iij to-geder soo suddenly schuld mete,  
 Thatt dwell soo wyde *and* in straunge lond, 744

And here make owre presentacion  
 Vnto this kyngis son clensid soo cleyne  
 And to his moder for ovre saluacion ;  
 Of moche myrth now ma we meyne,  
 Thatt we soo well hath done this obblacion. 749

<sup>1</sup> S. berthur.

<sup>2</sup> S. far wachid.

II. REX. Now farewell, Sir Jaspur, brothur, to youe,  
 Kyng of Tawrus the most worthe;  
 Sir Balthasar, also to you I bow;  
 And I thanke you bothe of youre good company  
 Thatt we togeddur haue had.  
 He thatt made vs to mete on hyll,  
 I thanke hym now and eyuer I wyll;  
 For now may we goo *with*-owt yll,  
 And off owre offerynge be full glad.<sup>1</sup>

758

III. REX. Now syth thatt we mvst nedly goo  
 For drede of Erode thatt ys soo wrothe,  
 Now fare-well brothur, *and* brothur also,  
 I take my leve here at you bothe  
 This dey on fete.<sup>2</sup>  
 Now he thatt made vs to mete on playne  
 And offur<sup>3</sup> to Mare in hir jesyne,  
 He geve vs grace in heyvin a-gayne  
 All to-geyder to mete!

767

[*They go out, and Herod and his train occupy the pageant.*]

NUNCIOS. Hayle, kyng, most worthist in wede!  
 Hayle, manteinar of curtese<sup>4</sup> throug all *this* world wyde!  
 Hayle, the most myghtyst that eyuer bestrod a stede!  
 Ha[y]ll,<sup>5</sup> most monfullist mon in armor man to abyde!  
 Hayle, in thyne hoonowre!  
 Thesse iij kyngis *that* forthe were sent  
 And schuld haue *cum* ageyne before *the* here present,  
 Anothur wey, lorde, whom the[y] went,  
 Contrare to thyn honowre.

776

ERODE. A-nothur wey? owt! owt! owtt!  
 Hath those fawls trayturs done me *this* ded?  
 I stampe! I stare! I loke all abowtt!

<sup>1</sup> S. fayne.<sup>2</sup> S. fote.<sup>3</sup> S. offurde.

<sup>4</sup> The contraction here is really that for *er*, but it has already occurred about a dozen times in words like *togeder*.

<sup>5</sup> Corr. by S.

Myght I them take, I schuld them bren at a glede !  
 I rent ! I rawe ! *and* now run I wode !  
 A ! thatt these velen trayturs hath mard *this* my mode !  
 The[y] schalbe hangid yf I ma cum them to ! 783

*Here Erode ragis in the pagond and in the strete also.*

E ! and thatt kerne of Bedlem, he schalbe ded  
 And thus schall I for-do his *profece*. 785

How sey you, *sir* knyghtis ? ys not this the best red,  
 Thatt all yong chyldur for this schuld be dede,  
 Wyth sworde to be slayne ?  
 Then schall I, Erode, lyve in lede,  
 And all folke me dowe and drede,  
 And offur to me bothe gold, rychesse *and* mede ;  
 Thereto wyll the[y] be full fayne. 792

I. MYLES. My lorde kyng, Erode be name,  
 Thy wordis agenst my wyll schalbe ;  
 To see soo many yong chylder dy ys schame,  
 Therefore consell *ther*-to gettis *thou* non of me. 796

II. MYLES. Well seyde, fello, my trawth I plyght.  
*Sir* kyng, *perseyve* right well you may,  
 Soo grett a morder to see of yong frute  
 Wyll make a rysyng in *thi* noone cuntrey. 800

ERODE. A rysyng ? Owt ! owte ! owte ! 801

*There Erode ragis ageyne and then seyth thus :*

Owt ! velen wrychis, har apon you I cry !  
 My wyll vturly loke *that* yt be wrought,  
 Or apon a gallows bothe you schall dy,  
 Be Mahownde most myghtyste, *that* me dere hath boght. 805

I. MYLES. Now, cruell Erode, syth we schall do this dede !  
 Your wyll nedefully in this realme mvste be wrought ;  
 All the chylder of *that* age dy the[y] mvst nede ;  
 Now *with* all my myght the[y] schall be vpsoght. 809

II. MYLES. And I woll sweyre here apon your bryght swerde,<sup>1</sup>  
 All the chylder thatt I fynd, sclayne *the*[y] schalbe ;  
 Thatt make many a moder to wepe and be full sore aferde<sup>2</sup>  
 In owre armor bryght when the[y] hus see. 813

ERODE. Now you have sworne, forthe *that* ye goo,  
 And my wyll thatt ye wyrke bothe be dey *and* nyght,  
 And then wyll I for fayne trypp lyke a doo.  
 But whan the[y] be ded I warne you bryng [t]ham be-fore  
 my syght. 817

*[Herod and his train go away, and Joseph and Mary are, while asleep,  
 addressed by an angel.]*

ANGELLUS. Mare and Josoff, to you I sey,  
 Swete word from the Fathur I bryng you full ryght :  
 Owt of Bedlem in-to Eygype forth goo ye *the* wey  
 And *with* you take the King, full of myght,  
 For drede of Eroddis rede !  
 JOSOFF. A-ryse up, Mare, hastily and sone ;  
 Owre Lordis wyll nedys mvst be done,  
 Lyke ase the angell vs bad. 825

MARE. Mekely, Josoff, my none spowse,  
 Towarde that cuntrey let vs reypeyre ;  
 Att Eygyp<sup>3</sup> to *sum* *cun*<sup>3</sup> off howse,  
 God grant hus *grace* saff to *cum* there ! 829

*Here the women cum in wythe there chyldur, syngyng them ;<sup>4</sup> and Mare  
 and Josoff goth away cleyne.*

I. WOMON. I lolle my chylde wondursly swete,  
 And in my narmus I do hyt kepe,  
 Be-cawse thatt yt schuld not crye.  
 II. WOMAN. Thatt babe thatt ys borne in Bedlem, so meke,  
 He saue my chylde and me from velany ! 834  
 III. WOMAN. Be styll, be styll, my lyttull chylde !  
 That Lorde of lordis saue bothe the *and* me !

<sup>1</sup> S. sworde.

<sup>3-3</sup> S. *sum* *tocun* ; *emend.* by Kittredge.

<sup>2</sup> *Two lines in S.*

<sup>4</sup> *For the song, see p. 151.*

For Erode hath sworne *with* wordis wyld  
 Thatt all yong chyldur scla~~y~~ne *the*[y] schalbe. 838

I. MYLES. Sey, ye wyddurde wyvis, whydder ar ye a-wey?  
 What beyre you in youre arm~~us~~ nedis mvst we se.  
 Yff *the*[y] be man-chyldur,<sup>1</sup> dy *the*[y] mvst *this* dey,  
 For at Eroddis wyll all thyng mvst be. 842

II. MYLES. And I in handis wonys them<sup>2</sup> hent,  
 Them forto sley noght woll I spare ;  
 We mvst full-fyll Erodis comm~~and~~ement,  
 Elis be we asse trayturs *and* cast all in care. 846

I. WOMAN. Sir knyghtis, of youre curtessee,  
 Thys dey schame not youre chevaldre,  
 But on my chyld haue pytte  
 For my sake in this styde ;  
 For a sympull slaghtur yt were to sloo  
 Or to wyrke soche a chylde woo,  
*That* can noder speyke nor goo,  
 Nor neu~~er~~ harme did. 854

II. WOMAN. He thatt sleyis my chyld in syght,  
 Yff thatt my strokis on hym ma lyght,  
 Be he skwyar or knyght,  
 I hold hym but lost.  
 Se, thow fawls losyngere,  
 A stroke schalt thow beyre me here  
 And spare for no cost. 861

III. WOMAN. Sytt he neyu~~er~~ soo hy in saddull,  
 But I schall make his braynis addull,  
*And* here *with* my pott-ladull  
*With* hym woll I fyght.  
 I schall ley on hym a[s] thogh<sup>3</sup> I wode were,  
*With* thys same womanly geyre ;  
 There schall noo man steyre,  
 Wheddur thatt he be kyng or knyght. 869

<sup>1</sup> *Curl over n.*<sup>2</sup> *Curl over m.*<sup>3</sup> *S. athog.*



I. MYLES. Who hard eyuer soche a cry  
 Of wemen thatt there chyldur haue lost,  
 And grettly reybukyng chewaldry  
 Throgh-owt this reme in eyuere<sup>1</sup> cost,  
 Wyche many a mans lyff ys lyke to cost?  
 For thys grett wreyche *that* here ys done  
 I feyre moche wengance *ther-off* woll cum. 876

II. MYLES. E ! brothur, soche talis may we not tell ;  
 Where-fore to the kyng lett vs goo,  
 For he ys lyke to beyre the perell,  
 Wyche wasse the cawser that we did soo.  
 Yett must the[y] all be broght hym to  
*With* waynis and waggyns fully fryght ;  
 I tro there wolbe a carefull syght. 883

[*They go to Herod.*]

I. MYLES. Loo ! Eyrode, kyng, here mast thow see  
 How many M' thatt we haue slayne.  
 II. MYLES. And nedis thy wyll full-fyllid must be ;  
 There ma no mon sey there-ageyne. 887

[*Enter Nuntius.*]

NUNCIOS. Eyrode, kyng, I schall the tell,  
 All thy dedis ys cum to noght ;  
 This chylde ys gone in-to Eygipte to dwell.  
 Loo ! *sir*, in thy none land what wondurs byn wrought ! 891

EROD. Into Eygipte? alas, for woo !  
 Lengur in lande here I canot abyde ;  
 Saddull my palfrey, for in hast wyll I goo,  
 Aftur yondur trayturs now wyll I ryde,  
 Them for to sloo.  
 Now all men hy fast  
 In-to Eygipte in hast !  
 All thatt cuntrey woll I tast,  
 Tyll I ma cum them to. 900

<sup>1</sup> S. eyueer.



O sisters too,

How may we do <sup>1</sup>

For to preserve *this* day

This pore yongling

For whom we do singe <sup>1</sup>

By by, lully, lullay?

6

Herod, the king,

In his raging, <sup>1</sup>

Chargid he hath this day

His men of might

In his owne sight <sup>1</sup>

All yonge children to slay,—

12

That wo is me,

Pore child, for thee, <sup>1</sup>

And ever morne and may <sup>2</sup>

For thi parting

Nether say nor singe, <sup>1</sup>

By by, lully, lullay.

18

### SONG III.

Doune from heaven, from heaven so hie,

Of angeles *ther* came a great companie, <sup>3</sup>

With mirthe and ioy and great solemnitye,

The[y] sange terly terlow,

So mereli the sheppards *ther* pipes can blow.

5

<sup>1</sup> *This and the preceding as one line in S.*

<sup>2</sup> S. say; *corr. by Kittredge.*

<sup>3</sup> *Curl over m.*

## YORK CORPUS CHRISTI PLAYS.

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Reprinted from "York Plays . . . ed. [Miss] Lucy Toulmin Smith, Clarendon Press, 1885." In the footnotes, Y. indicates this edition, which, unless the contrary is stated, represents the MS.; Ha. indicates J. Hall's review, *Englische Studien*, IX, 484 ff.; He. indicates "Studien zu den York Plays, von O. Hertrich. Breslau, 1886"; Ho. indicates F. Holthausen's emendations, *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen*, LXXXV, 411 ff., LXXXVI, 280 ff., and "Philologische Studien; Festgabe für Eduard Sievers, Halle, 1896," 30 ff.; K. indicates E. Kölbing's emendations, *Englische Studien*, XX, 179 ff.; T. indicates the corresponding play in the Towneley cycle, but its readings are only occasionally recorded.

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### [THE RESURRECTION.]

[Enter Pilatus, Cayphas, and Anna with attendants.]

PIL. Lordingis, listenys nowe vnto me,  
I comaunde þou, in ilke degre;  
Als domesman chiffe in *this* contre,  
For counsaill kende,  
Atte my bidding þou awe to be  
And baynly bende.

6

And, sir Cayphas, chiffe of clergie,  
Of youre counsaill late here in hye,  
By oure <sup>1</sup> assente sen we dyd dye  
Ihesus *this* day,  
*That* we <sup>2</sup> mayntayne — and stand *therby* —  
*That* werke all-way.

12

CAYPH. *Þis*, sir, *that* dede schall we mayntayne;  
By lawe it was done all be-dene,

<sup>1</sup> He. K. þoure.

<sup>2</sup> K. Yff þe.

3e wotte youre-selue, with-uten wene,  
 Als wele as we.

His sawes are nowe vppon hym sene,  
 And ay schall be.

18

ANNA. *The* pepull, sir,<sup>1</sup> in *this* same steede  
 Be-fore 3ou saide with a hole hede  
*That* he was worthy to be dede,  
 And *therto* sware.

Sen all was rewlid by right[w]is<sup>2</sup> rede,  
 Nevyn it nomore.

24

PIL. To neuyn me thinketh it nedfull thyng ;  
 Sen he was hadde to beriyng,  
 Herde we nowthir of olde ne 3ing  
 Tidynges<sup>3</sup> be-twene.

CAYPH. Centurio, sir, will tidingis bringe<sup>4</sup>  
 Of all be-dene.

30

We lefte hym *there* for man moste wise,  
 If any rebelles<sup>5</sup> wolde ought rise  
 Oure rightwise dome for to dispise  
 Or it offende,

To sese *thame* till *the* nexte assise  
 And *than* make ende.

36

[*Enter Centurio.*]

CENT. [*To himself.*] A ! blissid Lorde Adonay,  
 What may *thes* meruayles signifie  
*That* her was schewed so oppinly  
 Vn-to oure sight

*This* day whanne *that the* man gune dye  
*That* Ihesus highte ?

42

<sup>1</sup> Y. sirs.

<sup>3</sup> Y. Thithynges ; Ho. Tithynges.

<sup>2</sup> *Corr. by* Ha.

<sup>5</sup> T. *has* rybaldes.

<sup>4</sup> Y. bringe thidingis ; Ho. bringe tiding.

Itt is a misty thyng to mene ;  
 So selcouth a sight was neuere sene,  
*That*<sup>1</sup> oure princes and prestis be-dene  
     Of *this* affray  
 I woll go weten, with-uten wene,  
     What *thei* can saye.

48

[*He salutes Pilate and the priests.*]

God saue ʒou, sirs, on ilke a side !  
 Worschippe and welthe in worldis wide  
 With mekill mirthe myght ʒe abide  
     Both<sup>2</sup> day and nyght !

PIL. Centurio, welcome this tide,  
     Oure comely knyght !

54

ʒe haue bene miste vs here<sup>3</sup> among.

CENT. God giffe you grace grathely to gang !

PIL. Centurio, [o]ure frende full lang,  
     What is your will ?

CENT. I drede me *that* ʒe haue done wrang  
     And wondir ill.

60

CAYPH. Wondir ill ? I pray *the*, why ?  
 Declare it to *this* company.

CENT. So schall I, sirs, telle ʒou trewly,  
     With-owten trayne :

*The* rightwise mane *thanne* mene I by  
     *That* ʒe haue slayne.

66

PIL. Centurio, sesse of such sawe.  
*Thou* arte a lered man in *the* lawe,  
 And if we schulde any witnes drawe  
     Vs to excuse,

To mayntayne vs euermore *the*<sup>4</sup> awe  
     And noʒt reffusē.

72

<sup>1</sup> K. inserts to.

<sup>2</sup> Y. Boght; corr. by K. *The whole line is in a later hand than the rest of the MS.*

<sup>3</sup> K. reads here vs.

<sup>4</sup> Ho. reads here ye.

CENT. To mayntayne trouthe is wele wor<sup>thi</sup> ;  
 I saide þou, whenne I sawe hym dy,  
*That* he was Goddis sone Almyghty  
*That* hanged<sup>1</sup> *thore* ;  
 3itt saie I soo, and stande *therby*  
 For-euermore.

78

CAYPH. 3a, sir, such reasouns may 3e rewe.  
 3e schulde noght neuelyn such note newe<sup>2</sup>  
 But 3e couthe any tokenyngis trewe  
 Vnto vs tell.

CENT. Such woundirfull cas neuere 3it 3e knewe  
 As now befell.

84

ANNA. We pray *the*, tell vs of what thyng.

CENT. All elementis, both olde and 3ing,  
 In ther maneres *thai* made mornyng  
 In ilke a stede ;  
 And knewe, be countenaunce, *that ther* kyng  
 Was done to dede.

90

*The* sonne for woo he waxed all wanne ;  
*The* mone and sterres of schynyng blanne ;  
*The* erthe tremeled and also manne<sup>3</sup>  
 Be-gan to speke ;  
*The* stones *that* neuer was stered or *thanne*  
 Gune<sup>4</sup> a-sondir breke ;

96

And dede-men rose, both grēte and small.

PIL. Centurio, be-ware with-all !

3e wote oure clerkis *the* clipsis *thei* call  
 Such sodayne sight.

Both sonne and mone *that* sesonne<sup>5</sup> schall  
 Lak of *ther* light.

102

<sup>1</sup> Y. hangeth ; *corr. by K.*

<sup>4</sup> *Qy. omit Gune.*

<sup>2</sup> T. *has* notes newe.

<sup>5</sup> Ho. sesoune.

<sup>3</sup> T. And erthe it tremlyd as a man ; *gy.* And erthe it tremeled as the man.

CAYPH. 3a, and if dede men rose bodily,  
*That* myght be done thurgh so[r]cery ;<sup>1</sup>  
*Therfore* we sette no thyng *therby*,  
 To be abaiste.

CENT. All *that* I tell, for trewth schall I  
 Euermore traste.

108

For<sup>2</sup> this ilke werk *that* ȝe did wirke  
 Nought allone *the* sonne was mirke,  
 But howe youre vaile raffe in youre kirke  
 That witte I wolde.

PIL. Swilke tales full sone will make vs irke  
 And *thei* be talde.

114

ANNA. Centurio, such speche withdrawe ;  
 Of all *thes* wordes we haue none awe.

CENT. Nowe, sen ȝe sette noght be my sawe,  
 Sirs, haue gode day !

God<sup>3</sup> graunte you grace *that* ȝe may knawe  
*The* soth alway.

120

ANNA. With-drawe *the* faste, sen *thou the* dredis,  
 For we schall wele mayntayne oure dedis. [Exit Centurio.]

PIL. Such wondir reasouns as he redis  
 Was neuere beforne.

CAIPH. To neven *this* noote no more vs nedis,  
 Now*there* even ne morne.

126

*Therfore* loke nomanne make ille<sup>4</sup> chere.

All *this* doying may do no dere ;

But to be-ware ȝitt of more were

*That* folke may fele,

We pray you, sir, of *thes* sawes sere

Avise ȝou wele.

132

<sup>1</sup> Corr. by K.; but socery occurs often.

<sup>2</sup> Y. 1a; T. Not for.

<sup>3</sup> Supplied by K.

<sup>4</sup> Y. ilke; corr. by Ho.



And to *this* tale takes hede in hye,  
 For Iesu saide even opynly  
 A thyng *that* greues all *this* Jury,  
     And riȝte so may, —  
*That* he schulde rise vppe bodily  
     With-in <sup>1</sup> *the* thirde day. 138

And be it so, als motte I spede,  
 His lattar deede is more to drede  
*Than* is the firste, if we take hede  
     Or tente *therto*.  
 To neuyn *this* noote me thynke maste nede  
     And beste to do. 144

ANNA. 3a, sir, all if <sup>2</sup> *that* he saide soo,  
 He has no myght to rise and goo.  
 But if his menne stele hym vs froo  
     And bere away,  
*That* were tille us and *other* moo  
     A foule [a]ffraye ; <sup>3</sup> 150

For *thanne* wolde *thei* saie, euere-ilkone,  
*That* he roose by hym-selffe allone ;  
*Therfore* latte hym be kepte anone  
     With knyghtes hende,  
 Vnto thre daies be comen and gone  
     And broght till ende. 156

PIL. In certayne, sirs, right wele 3e saie ;  
 For *this* ilke poynte now [to] <sup>4</sup> purvaye,  
 I schall ordayne, if that <sup>5</sup> I may,  
     He schall not ryse,  
 Nor none schalle wyne hym *thens* away  
     On no-kyns wise. 162

<sup>1</sup> Kittredge suggests On.

<sup>2</sup> Y. if all.

<sup>3</sup> K. T. enfraye.

<sup>5</sup> K.; Y. if; Hq. it if.

<sup>4</sup> Y.

[*He speaks to the soldiers.*]

Sir knyghtis, *that* are in dedis dowty,  
Chosen for chiffe of cheualrye,  
As we ay in youre force affie

Bo*the* day and nyght,

<sup>1</sup> Wendis and kepis Jesu body

With all youre myghte ;

168

And for thyng *that* euere be maye  
Kepis hym wele to *the* thirde day,  
And latis noman take <sup>2</sup> hym away

Oute of *that* stede ;

For, and *thei* do, suthly I saie,

<sup>3</sup>e schall be dede.

174

I. MILES. Lordingis, we saie <sup>3</sup>ou for certayne,  
We schall kepe hym with myght <sup>3</sup> and mayne ;  
*Ther* schall no traitoures with no trayne

Stele hym vs froo.

Sir knyghtis, takis gere *that* moste may gayne,

And lates vs goo.

180

II. MIL. <sup>3</sup>is, certis, we are all redy bowne ;  
We schall hym kepe till oure rennowne.

[*The soldiers go to the Sepulchre.*]

On ilke a side latte vs sitte doune

Now all in-fere,

And fownde <sup>4</sup> we schall to <sup>5</sup> crake his croune,

Whoso comes here.

186

[*The soldiers sit down and fall asleep.*]

*Tunc "Iesu resurgente."* <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> K. *prefixes* Ye.

<sup>3</sup> Y. myghtis ; *corr.* by K.

<sup>2</sup> Y. takis ; *corr.* by Ho.

<sup>4</sup> K. ; Y. sone.

<sup>5</sup> Om. Y.

<sup>6</sup> Miss Smith says : "*The marginal note in later hand here, 'tunc angelus cantat Resurgens.'* See lines 383-386." This is supported by T., which has : "*Tunc cantabunt angeli 'Jesus resurgens.'*"

[Enter the three Marys going to the Tomb.]

I. MAR. Allas ! to dede I wolde be dight,  
 So woo in worlde<sup>1</sup> was neuere wight ;  
 Mi sorowe is all for *that* sight  
     *That* I gune see,  
 Howe Criste, my maistir, moste of myght,  
     Is dede fro me. 192

Allas, *that* I schulde se his pyne,  
 Or yit *that* I his<sup>2</sup> liffe schulde tyne !  
 Of ilke a myscheue he is<sup>3</sup> medicyne  
     And bote of all,  
 Helpe and halde to ilke a hyne  
     On hym wolde call.<sup>4</sup> 198

II. MAR. Allas ! who schall my balis bete,  
 Whanne I thynke on his woundes wete ?  
 Jesu, *that* was of loue so swete  
     And neuere did ill,  
 Es dede and grauen vnder *the* grete  
     With-outen skill. 204

III. MAR. With-owten skill *the* Jewes ilkone  
*That* louely lorde has newly slone,<sup>5</sup>  
 And trespasse did he neuere none  
     In no-kyn steede.  
 To whome nowe schall I make my mone,  
     Sen he is dede ? 210

I. MAR. Sen he is dede, my sisteres dere,  
 Wende we will on mylde manere,  
 With oure a-noynementis faire *and* clere  
     *That* we haue broght,  
 To noynte his wondis, on sides sere  
     *That* Jewes hym wroght. 216

<sup>1</sup> Y. werke ; T. warld ; *pointed out* by He.

<sup>2</sup> Ho. my.

<sup>3</sup> Ho. T. was.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *that* on hym on wolde call ; *corr.* by Y.

<sup>5</sup> K. T. ; Y. slayne.

II. MAR.<sup>1</sup> Goo we same, my sisteres free.  
 Full sare <sup>2</sup> vs longis his corse to see,  
 But I wotte noght howe beste may be ;  
     Helpe haue we none,  
 And who schall nowe here of vs thre  
     Remove *the* stone? 222

III. MAR. *That* do we noght but we wer moo,  
 For it is huge and heuy also.

I. MAR. Sisteris ! a 3onge child, as we goo  
     Makand mornying,  
 I see it sitte wher we wende to,  
     In white clothyng. 228

II. MAR. Sisters, sertis, it is noght to hide,  
*The* heuy stone is putte beside !

III. MAR. Sertis, for thyng *that* may be-tyde  
     Nere will we wende,  
 To layte *that* luffely and with hym bide  
     *That* was oure ffrende. 234

[*They approach nearer the Sepulchre.*]

ANGEL. 3e mournand women in youre *thought*,  
 Here in *this* place whome haue 3e sought ?

I. MAR. Jesu, *that* unto <sup>3</sup> dede was <sup>4</sup> brought,  
     Oure Lord so free.

ANG. Women, certayne here is he noght ;  
     Come nere and see. 240

He is noght here, *the* soth to saie ;  
*The* place is voide *that* he in laye.  
*The* sudary here se 3e may,  
     Was on hym laide.

He is resen and wente his <sup>5</sup> way,  
     As he 3ou saide. 246

<sup>1</sup> Y.; MS. *Prima Maria*; see *Notes*.

<sup>2</sup> Y. faire; T. sore; *pointed out by He.*

<sup>3</sup> K. T.; Y. to.

<sup>4</sup> T.; Y. is.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *repeats his.*

Euen as he saide, so done has hee ;  
 He is resen thurgh grete poostee.  
 He schall be foune in Galile,  
     In flesshe and fell.

To his discipilis nowe wende 3e,  
     And *thus thame* tell. 252

I. MAR. Mi sisteres dere, sen it is soo,  
*That* he is resen dede *thus* froo,  
 As *the* aungell tolde me and yow too, —  
     Oure lorde so free, —  
 Hens<sup>1</sup> will I neuer goo  
     Or I hym see. 258

II. MAR. Marie, vs thare no lenger lende ;<sup>2</sup>  
 To Galile nowe late vs wende.

I. MAR. Nought tille I see *that* faithfull frende,  
     Mi lorde *and* leche.  
*Therefore* all *this*, my sisteres hende,  
     *That* 3e forth preche.<sup>3</sup> 264

III. MAR. As we haue herde, so schall we saie.  
 Marie oure sistir, haue goode daye !

I. MAR. Nowe verray God, as he wele maye,  
     Man most of myght,<sup>4</sup> 267 a  
 He wisse you, sisteres, wele in youre waye  
     And rewle 3ou right ! 269

[*Exeunt second and third Marys.*]

Allas ! what schall nowe wor*the* on me ?  
 My kaytiffe herte will breke in three  
 Whenne I thynke on *that* body free,  
     How it was spilte,  
 Both feete and handes nayled tille a tre,  
     Withouten gilte ! 275

<sup>1</sup> He. *wishes to insert* furthe.

<sup>2</sup> MS. layne ; *corr. by Y.*

<sup>3</sup> Ho. T. Loke *that* 3e preche.

<sup>4</sup> Line missing in MS. ; *supplied by Y. from T.*

With-uten gilte *the* trewe was tane,  
 For trespas did he neuere nane.<sup>1</sup>  
*The* woundes he suffred, — many ane, —<sup>2</sup>  
     Was for my misse ;  
 It was my dede<sup>3</sup> he was for slayne<sup>4</sup>  
     And no-tyng his.

281

How might I, but I loued *that* swete,  
*That* for my loue tholed woundes wete  
 And sithen be grauen vndir *the* grete,  
     Such kyndnes kithe ?  
*Ther* is no-thing to *that* we mete  
     May make me blithe.

287

[*The soldiers awaken.*]

I. MIL. What ! oute ! alas ! what schall I saie ?  
 Where is *the* corse *that* here in laye ?

II. MIL. What ayles *the*, man ? Is he awaye  
     *That* we schulde tente ?

I. MIL. Rise vppe and see.

II. MIL. Harrowe ! for ay  
     I telle vs schente.

293

III. MIL.<sup>5</sup> What deuill is *this* ? what aylys 3ou twa<sup>6</sup>  
 Such noyse and crye *thus* for to ma ?<sup>7</sup>

I. MIL. For he is gone.<sup>8</sup>

III. MIL.                      <sup>9</sup> Allas ! wha ?

II. MIL. He *that* here laye.<sup>9</sup>

IV. MIL. Whe ! harrowe ! deuill ! <sup>10</sup> how swa  
     Gat he away ?<sup>10</sup>

298

298 a

<sup>1</sup> Y. none.<sup>5</sup> On this stanza, see Notes.<sup>2</sup> Y. one.<sup>6</sup> Y. twoo.<sup>3</sup> He. T. gylt.<sup>7</sup> Y. to make too; T. to may.<sup>4</sup> K; Y. for-slayne.<sup>8</sup> T.; Y. Why is he gone ?<sup>9-9</sup> T.; Y. Allas whare is he *that* here laye ?<sup>10-10</sup> T.; Y. whare is he away ?

III. MIL.<sup>1</sup> What ! is he *thus*-gatis fro vs wente,  
*That fals traitour that* here was lente,  
 And we trewly here for to tente

Had vndir-tane ?

Sekirlie,<sup>2</sup> I telle vs schente

Holy, ilkane.

304

I. MIL.<sup>3</sup> Allas ! what schall we do *this* day  
*That thus this* warlowe is wente his waye ?

And sauely, sirs, I dare wele saie,

He rose allone.

II. MIL. Witte sir Pilate of *this* affraye,

We mon be slone.

310

III. MIL. Why,<sup>4</sup> canne none of vs no bettir rede ?

IV. MIL. *Ther* is not ellis but we be dede.

II. MIL. Whanne *that* he stered oute of *this* steede,  
 None couthe it kenne.

I. MIL. Allas ! harde happe was on my hede

Amonge all menne.

316

Fro sir Pilate witte of *this* dede,  
*That* we were slepande whanne he zede,

He will<sup>5</sup> forfette, with-oute drede,

All that we haue.

II. MIL. Vs muste<sup>6</sup> make lies, for *that* is nede,

Oure-selue to saue.

322

III. MIL. 3a, that rede I<sup>7</sup> wele, also<sup>8</sup> motte I goo.

IV. MIL. And I assente *therto* alsoo.

II. MIL. An hundereth, schall I saie, and moo,  
 Armed<sup>9</sup> ilkone,

Come and toke his corse vs froo

And<sup>10</sup> vs nere slone.<sup>11</sup>

328

<sup>1</sup> MS.; changed by Y. to II. MIL., but see Notes.

<sup>2</sup> K. inserts sirs.

<sup>7</sup> Y. I rede I; T. He. red I.

<sup>3</sup> T.; Y. III. MIL.

<sup>8</sup> T. so; Ho. als.

<sup>4</sup> K. omits Why.

<sup>9</sup> T. K. Welle armed.

<sup>5</sup> T. We mon; preferred by He.

<sup>10</sup> He. Had.

<sup>6</sup> Ho. bus.

<sup>11</sup> T.; Y. slayne.

I. MIL. Nay, certis, I halde *there* none so goode  
As saie *the* soth even as it stooode,  
Howe *that* he rose with mayne and mode  
And wente his way.

To sir Pilate, if he be wode,  
*This* dar I saie.

334

II. MIL. Why, dare *thou* to sir Pilate goo  
With thes tydingis and saie hym soo?

I. MIL. So rede I, for,<sup>1</sup> if he vs sloo,  
We dye but onys.

III. MIL. Nowe, he *that* wrought vs all *this* woo,  
Woo worthe his bonys !

340

IV. MIL. Go we *thanne*, sir knyghtis hende,  
Sen *that* <sup>2</sup> we schall to sir Pilate wende.  
I trowe *that* we shall parte no frende <sup>3</sup>  
Or *that* we passe.

I.<sup>4</sup> MIL. And I schall hym <sup>5</sup> saie ilke word tille ende  
Even as it was.

346

[*They go to Pilate.*]

Sir Pilate, prince withouten pere,  
Sir Cayphas and Anna, in-fere,  
And all *3e* lordyngis *that* are here,  
To neven by name,  
God saue *3ou* all, on sidis sere,  
Fro synne and schame !

352

PIL. *3e* are welcome, oure knyghtis kene !  
Of mekill mirthe nowe may *3e* mene ;  
Therfore some tales telle vs be-twene,  
Howe *3e* haue wrought.

I. MIL. Oure wakyng, lorde, with-uten wene,  
Is worthed <sup>6</sup> to nojt.

358

<sup>1</sup> Inserted by K. ; Ho. inserts do after he.

<sup>2</sup> Om. T.

<sup>5</sup> Om. T. K.

<sup>3</sup> Y. frendes ; corr. by K. from T. <sup>6</sup> He. T. worthe.

<sup>4</sup> Speaker added by late hand.



CAYPH. To noght? alas! Sesse of such sawe!

II. MIL. *The* prophete Jesu, *that* 3e wele knawe,  
Is resen and gone, for all oure awe,  
With mayne and myght.

PIL. *Therefore the* deuill hym-selffe *the* drawe,  
Fals recrayed knyght!

364

Combered cowardis I you call!

Haue 3e latten hym goo fro you all?

III. MIL. Sir, *ther* was none *that* did but small  
When *that* he 3ede.

IV. MIL. We wer so ferde, downe ganne we falle  
And dared for drede.

370

ANNA. Hadde 3e no streng[t]he hym to gayne-stande?

Traitoures! 3e myght haue boune in bande

Bothe hym and *thame that* 3e *ther* fandē,  
And sessid *thame* sone.

I. MIL. *That* dede all erthely men leuand  
Myght noȝt haue done.

376

II. MIL. We wer so radde euer-ilkone,

Whanne *that* he putte beside *the* stone,

We wer so stonyd we durst stirre none,  
And so abashed.

PIL. What! rose he by hym-selfe allone?

I. MIL. 3a, sir, *that*<sup>1</sup> be 3e traste.

382

IV. MIL. We herde never sen we were borne,

Nor all oure faderes vs be-forne,

Suche melodie, mydday ne morne,  
As was made *there*.

CAYPH. Allas! *thanne* is oure lawes lorne

For-euere-mare.

388

II. MIL. What tyme he rose good tente I toke;

*The* erthe *that* tyme tremyllid and quoke.

<sup>1</sup> K. omits *that*.

All kyndely force *than* me for-soke,  
Tille he was gone.

III. MIL. I was a-ferde, I durste not loke,  
Ne myght had none ;

394

I myght not stande, so was I starke.

PIL. Sir Cayphas, *3e* are a connyng clerke, —

If we amisse haue tane oure merke, —

I trowe same <sup>1</sup> faile ;

*Therefore* what schalle wor*the* now<sup>2</sup> of *this* werke,

Sais your counsaile.

400

CAYPH. To saie *the* beste, forsothe, I schall,

That schall be prophete <sup>3</sup> to vs all :

*3one* knyghtis behoues *there* wordis agayne <sup>4</sup> call,

Howe he is miste :

We nolde for thyng *that* myght be-fall

*That* no man wiste.

406

ANNA. Now, sir Pilate, sen *that* it is soo,

*That* he is resynne [in-]dede us froo,

Comaundis *3oure* knyghtis to saie wher *thei* goo

*That* he was tane

With xx<sup>d</sup> m<sup>l</sup>. men, and mo,

And *thame* <sup>5</sup> nere slayne.

412

And therto of our tresorie

Giffe to *thame* a rewarde for-thy.

PIL. Nowe of *this* purpose wele plesed am I,

And forther *thus* : <sup>6</sup>

[To the soldiers.]

Sir knyghtis, *that* are in dedis dowty,

Takes tente to vs,

418

<sup>1</sup> Ho. sanz.

<sup>3</sup> Of course a bad spelling of profit.

<sup>2</sup> Om. K.

<sup>4</sup> K. gayne.

<sup>5</sup> He. thai.

<sup>6</sup> He. T. It shalbe thus, which is probably right.

And herkenes what *that* ȝe shall saie  
 To ilke a man,<sup>1</sup> both nyȝt and daye :  
 That <sup>2</sup> ten m<sup>l</sup>. men in good araye  
     Come ȝou vntill,  
 With forse of armys bare hym awaye  
     Agaynst your will.

424

Thus schall ȝe saie in ilke a lande,  
 And *therto*, on *that* same comenaunde,  
 A thousande pounde haue in youre hande  
     To your rewarde ;  
 And frenschippe, sirs, ȝe vndirstande,  
     Schall not be spared.

430

CAIPH.<sup>3</sup> Ilkone youre state we schall amende ;  
 And loke ȝe saie as we ȝou kende.  
 I. MIL. In what contre so ȝe vs sende,  
     Be nyght or daye,  
 Wherso we come, wherso we wende,  
     So schal we saie.

436

PIL. Ȝa, and where-so ȝe tarie in ilke contre,  
 Of oure doying in no degre  
 Dois *that* nomanne *the* wiser be,  
     Ne freyne be-forne ;  
 Ne of *the* sight *that* ȝe gonne se,  
     Nevynnes it <sup>4</sup> now*there* even ne morne :

442

For we schall mayntayne ȝou alwaye,  
 And to *the* pepull schall we saie  
 It is gretely agaynste oure lay  
     To trowe such thing.  
 So schall *thei* deme, both nyght and day,  
     All is lesyng.

448

<sup>1</sup> Y. aman.<sup>2</sup> Om. K.<sup>3</sup> Late hand.<sup>4</sup> Ho. omits Nevynnes it.

Thus schall *the* sothe be bought and solde,  
And treasoune schall for trewthe be tolde ;  
*Therfore* ay in youre hartis ȝe holde

*This* counsaile clene.

And fares nowe wele, both younge and olde,  
Haly be-dene !

## CHESTER WHITSUN PLAYS.

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Printed from MS. Hengwrt 229, the property of W. R. M. Wynne, Esq. The date of the MS. is, according to Dr. Furnivall, 1475 or a little later; Mr. Warner, of the British Museum, assigns it to the end of the fifteenth century. It is, therefore, at least a century older than the oldest of the five complete MSS. of this collection. Another claim to interest is indicated in a note by Dr. Furnivall: "Mr. Wynne's MS. must have been owned by some player or manager, who doubled it up and carried it about in his pocket, used it with hot hands, and faded its ink. I suppose it's the only copy of the kind."

Mr. Wynne, whose kindness I cannot adequately acknowledge, wishes the print to represent the MS. as exactly as possible. I have accordingly given the text without change, except that I have not attempted to reproduce the forms of the letters—long *f*, for example—and that I have supplied the punctuation, there being none in the MS. Final *l* is usually crossed, and final *m* and *n* flourished, but it seemed unnecessary to indicate these; only exceptional peculiarities are pointed out. The capitals, it will be observed, are those of the MS. Such corrections and additions as seemed absolutely necessary for the ordinary reader have been supplied in the footnotes, where will also be found a sufficient number of readings from the other MSS. to indicate in a general way the relations of this MS. to the two classes established by Deimling. A full collation seemed unnecessary, in view of the nature of this book and of the likelihood that we shall ere long have the second part of Deimling's edition. Suffice it to say here that this MS. is more closely related to H. than to B. W. h.

In the footnotes, W. indicates Wright's edition (2 vols., Shakespeare Society, 1843); W. indicates Dr. Furnivall's reading of MS. Addit. 10,305,—the basis of Wright's text; H. indicates MS. Harl. 2124; cf. p. 66, above. The occasional remarks on the different ways in which the same word has been read are intended to help the reader to a conception of the actual appearance of the MS.

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### [ANTICHRIST.]

<sup>1</sup>Incipit pagina XX . . . <sup>2</sup>De salla . . . <sup>3</sup>Antechristi.

*Primo equitando incipiat Ant . . .*<sup>4</sup>

p. 1. De celso trono poli, pollens clarior sole —  
Age vobis <sup>5</sup> monstrare — descendi vos iudicare.

<sup>1</sup> All Latin is written in big letters.

<sup>2</sup> In W. it is XXIV, but the MS. he follows calls it XXIII.

<sup>3</sup> Qy. fallacia.

<sup>4</sup> Antechristus.

<sup>5</sup> W. Age vos; both words almost illegible in MS.

Reges et principes sunt subditi sub me viuentes ;  
 Sites <sup>1</sup> sapientes vos, semper in me credentes,  
 Et faciam flentes gaudere atque dolentes ;  
 Sic omnes gentes gaudebunt in me sperantes.  
 Descendi presens Rex pius et perlustrator ;  
 Prinncps eternus Vocor, cristus, vester Saluator. 8

All ledys in londe, now bese light,  
 That wyllyn be Rulyde throghe out the Right :  
 Youre <sup>2</sup> Savyor nowe in youre sight  
     Here may ye sauely see ;  
 Messyas, criste <sup>3</sup> and most of might,  
 That in the <sup>4</sup> lawe was youe behyght,  
 All monkynde Ioy to dyght  
     Is comyn, for I am hee. 16

Off me was spokyn in prophecy  
 Off Moyses, davyd and ysaye ;  
 I am <sup>5</sup> he they call messye,  
     fforbyer of Israell.  
 That <sup>6</sup> levyn on me stydfastly,  
 I shall them saue frome all Any,  
 And siche <sup>7</sup> joye Right as haue I  
     with hem <sup>8</sup> I thinke to dele. 24

*De me enim dicitur Ezechiel tricesimo sexto :*  
*"Tollam vos de gentibus, et congregabo vos de*  
*uniuersis terris, et reduam <sup>9</sup> vos in terram vestram."*

But one hath lyggydd <sup>10</sup> hym here in londe, —  
 Ihesu he hight, I vnderstond, —  
 To fforther falsed <sup>11</sup> he confounde <sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Wr. Sitis ; almost illegible in MS.

<sup>2</sup> The beginning of these lines almost illegible.

<sup>3</sup> I am is almost illegible. <sup>4</sup> Wr. Those that. <sup>5</sup> Wr. omits siche.

<sup>6</sup> This is the only example of hem (= them) in this MS.

<sup>7</sup> The correct reading, reducam, is written below this word in MS.

<sup>8</sup> Corrected in MS. from laykyd. <sup>9</sup> Wr. falsehoode.

<sup>10</sup> Read can (= gan) fonde ; Wr. has can founde.

And ferde withe ffantasye.  
 His wykdynez he wolde not wonde<sup>1</sup>  
 Till he wos takyn and putt in bonde<sup>1</sup>  
 And Slayne throgh the vertue of my sonde.<sup>1</sup>  
 This ys sothe sycurlye.

32

My peple of Iues he cothe twynne,  
 p. 2. That theyr land come they neuer in ;  
 Then on theym nowe most I myn  
 And Restoure theym agayn.  
 To bylde this temple wyll I not blyn,  
 And as god honuryd be therin ;  
 And endless wele I shall them wyn,  
 All that to me bene bayne.

40

*De me etiam<sup>2</sup> dicitur in psalmo: "Adorabo ad  
 templum Sanctum tuum in timore tuo."*

One thing me gladys, be ye bolde,  
 As Danyell, the prophett, ffore me tolde,  
 All women in worlde me loue shulde  
 when I were comyn Rowland.<sup>3</sup>  
 This prophesye I shall well holde,<sup>4</sup>  
 which ys most lykyng to yonge & olde.  
 I thinke to ffaast monye folde<sup>5</sup>  
 And theyr ffayrnesse to ffounde.

48

Also he told them,<sup>4</sup> leue ye me,  
 That I of giftis shulde be free, —  
 whiche prophesye don shalbe  
 When I my Realme<sup>4</sup> haue wonnen, —<sup>6</sup>  
 And that I<sup>4</sup> shulde<sup>4</sup> graunte<sup>4</sup> men poste,<sup>7</sup>  
 Ryvyd Riches, lond and ffee ; —

<sup>1</sup> The o in these words looks like e.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps enim as in Wr.

<sup>3</sup> Wr. has l. 48 as both 44 and 48 ; H. gives the correct reading: When I were come in land.

<sup>5</sup> Wr. I thinke faste manye to holde.

<sup>4</sup> Almost illegible.

<sup>6</sup> H. has nommen ; the word is so uncertain in MS. that it was at first read memory.

<sup>7</sup> Wr. mercy ; H. agrees with MS.

That shall<sup>1</sup> be done,<sup>1</sup> that ye shall see,  
Whan I am hether comen.<sup>2</sup>

56

*Danielis<sup>1</sup> tercio decimo: "dabit eis potestatem  
mult.<sup>1</sup> et terram diuidet gratuitam."*

Whatt saye ye, kingis that here ben lente?

Ar not my wordys at youre Assente?

That I<sup>1</sup> am<sup>1</sup> criste omnypotente,—

Leve ye not thus Ichon<sup>1</sup>?

PRIMUS REX. We leuen, lorde, without lett,

That crist he ys not comyn yet.

Yff thowe be he, thowe shalbe sett

In temple as god Alon.

64

SECUNDUS REX. Iff thowe be crist, callyd messye,

That from oure bale shall vs bye,

Doe<sup>1</sup> byfore us some maistrye,

A signe<sup>1</sup> that we may see.

p. 3. TERCIVS REX. Then will I leue that hitt ys so

yf thowe do wonders or thow goo ;

So that thow saue vs of oure woo,

Then honoryd shall thowe be.

72

QUARTUS REX. ffowle haue we levyd mony a yere

And of oure wenyng bene in were ;

And thowe be crist now comyn here,

Then may thowe stynt all striffe.

ANTECHRISTUS. That I am Crist, and Crist wilbe,

By verrey signes sone shall ye see,

ffor dede<sup>3</sup> men thrughe my poste

Shall Ryse from dethe to lyue.

80

Now wyll I turne all thrughe my myght

Trees downe, the Rote vp Right, —

That ys marvell to youre sighte,—

<sup>1</sup> Almost illegible.

<sup>2</sup> The line is almost illegible.

<sup>3</sup> This was at first read as alle; Wr. has dead.



And ffrute groing vpon :  
 So shall they growe and Multiplie<sup>1</sup>  
 Throghe my might and my maistrey, —  
 I putt you out of hereysye  
 to here<sup>2</sup> me Apon.

88

and bodyes that ben dede and slayne,  
 Yff I may Rayse theym vp Agayne,  
 Thow honorys me *with* myght & mayn ;  
 Then shall no mon yow gryue.

fforsothe then after will I dee  
 And Ryse Agayn thrughe my poostye.  
 Yff I may do thus marculosly,  
 I Redd yow on me leue.

96

Men buried in graue, as ye may see,  
 What Maistrey ys now, hope ye,  
 To Rayse theym vp thrughe my postye  
 And all thrughe my none Accorde?  
 Whyther I in my godhede be,  
 By *euery* signe ye shall se.  
 Ryse vp, ye dede men, & honures me  
 And knoys me for youre lorde.

104

*Tunc Resurgendo dicat primus Mortuus.*

A ! lord, to the I aske mercye ;  
 I wos dede, but now lyue I !  
 Nowe wot I well and wytterly  
 That Crist ys hyther comyn.

- p. 4. SECUNDUS MORTUUS. Hym honore we and all Men,  
 Devotly kneling on oure knen.  
 Wurshipte be thowe then, Amen !  
 Crist, that oure name has nomen.<sup>3</sup>

112

<sup>1</sup> A stroke through the second l.

<sup>2</sup> Corrected in margin to leue.

<sup>3</sup> Wr. Christe our name is comen.

ANTECRISTUS. That I shall fulfill holly wrytt,  
 Ye shall wott and knowe well hyt ;  
 ffor I am wall of welle and wytt <sup>1</sup>  
     And lord of euery londe ;  
 And as the prophet Sophanye  
 Spekis of me full wytturlye,  
 I shall Reherse here Redyllye  
     That Clerkys shall vnderstand :

120

*Sophonie tercio : expectame <sup>2</sup> in die Resurreccionis  
 mee in futurum, quia iudicium <sup>3</sup> ut congregem gentes  
 et colligam Regna.*

Nowe will I dye that ye shall see,  
 And Ryse agayne thughe my poostye.  
 I wyll in graue that ye put me  
     And wurship me Alon ;  
 ffor in this temple a tombe ys made,  
 There in my bodye shalbe leyde.  
 Then wyll I Ryse as I haue sayde, —  
     Take tente to me ychon, —

128

And after my Resurreccion,  
 Then wyll I sytt with gret Renovne,  
 And my gost sende to yow downe <sup>4</sup>  
     In forme of fyre full sone.  
 I dye ! I dye ! nowe am I dede !

133

PRIMUS REX. Nowe sithe this worthy lorde ys dede  
 And his <sup>4</sup> grace ys withe us lede,  
 To <sup>4</sup> take hys body it ys my Rede <sup>5</sup>  
     And burye it in a graue.  
 SECUNDUS REX. fforsothe and so to us he saide,  
 In a tounge he wolde be laide.

<sup>1</sup> Wr. wall [of] wayle and witte ; read welle of wele and wytt.

<sup>2</sup> Read expecta me.

<sup>4</sup> Almost illegible.

<sup>8</sup> Wr. also omits meum.

<sup>5</sup> This was at first read as bedde.

Nowe goo we forthe all at a brayde !  
ffrome dyssese he may us saue.

141

*Tunc transeunt ad Antechristum.*

TERCIUS REX. Take we the bodye of this swete  
And ley it low vndre the greet !  
Nowe, lorde, comforde us, we the biseke,  
And send vs of thy grace.

p. 5. QUARTUS REX. And if he Rise sone<sup>1</sup> thrughe his  
myght  
ffrome dethe to lyve, as he hyght,  
Hym wyll I honour day and nyght  
As god in euery place.

149

*Tunc recedent de tumulto usque ad terram, et dicat*

PRIMUS REX. Nowe wot I well that he ys dede,  
ffor nowe in greve we haue hym layde.  
Yff he<sup>2</sup> Ryse as he hasse sayd,  
He ys<sup>2</sup> of fulgret<sup>3</sup> myghte.

SECUNDUS REX. I can not leffe hym apon  
But yf he Ryse hym selffe alon,  
As he hass sayde to monyon,  
And shoo hym here in syght.

157

TERCIUS REX. Tyll that oure sauoyore be Ryson  
agayne,

In fayth, my hart may not be fayne

. . . . .<sup>4</sup>  
But I hym see withe yee.

QUARTUS REX. I most morne withe All my mayne  
Till Crist be Rison vp Agayn.  
Off that myracle make us fayne,  
Ryse vp,<sup>2</sup> lorde, that we may see.

164

<sup>1</sup> A curve over n.

<sup>2</sup> Almost illegible.

<sup>3</sup> Read ful gret.

<sup>4</sup> The MS. (W.) printed by Wr. also omits this line; Wr. supplied it from H., as follows: My body eke will not be fayne.

*Tunc Antechristus leuat caput suum surgens a mortuis.*

ANTECHRISTUS. I Rise nowe ! Reuerence dose to me !  
God glorify, fyrst, last, in <sup>1</sup> degre.  
Iff I be crist, nowe levys ye,<sup>2</sup>

And warchis after the wyse !<sup>3</sup>

PRIMUS REX. A ! lord, welcome most thowe be !  
That thow art god, nowe leue we.  
Therefore go sit vp in thy see,  
And kepe oure sacryfyse.

172

*Tunc transiit ad Antechristum.*

SECUNDUS REX. Forsoth in seyte thowe shaltbe sett,  
And honoryd bothe *with* lambe & gete,<sup>4</sup>  
As moseyes lawe that lastyth yet,  
As he as <sup>5</sup> sayde beffore.<sup>6</sup>

TERCIUS REX. O gracios lorde, go sytt downe then,  
And we shall, kneling on oure knen,  
wurship the as thyn owne men  
And worche after thy lore.

180

*Tunc ascendit Antechristus ad . . .<sup>7</sup>*

p. 6. ET TERCIUS<sup>8</sup> REX. Hethur we be comyn *with*  
good entent  
To make oure sacryfice, lord excellent,  
Withe this lambe that I haue here hente,  
Knelyng the before.  
Thowe graunte vs grace to do & saye

<sup>1</sup> Wr. glorified, created of ; H. glorified, greatest of. *The latter is probably correct and the original of the reading of our MS. Dr. Furnivall, however, thinks MS. really has glorify kreatyd in.*

<sup>2</sup> Wr. H. ye me.

<sup>3</sup> Wr. my will.

<sup>4</sup> Wr. honoured with lande (*for laude*) greate.

<sup>5</sup> Wr. hath ; *read* has.

<sup>6</sup> *This line in another hand, which Dr. Furnivall thinks later.*

<sup>7</sup> Wr. cathedram. *In MS. this stage direction follows Et Tercius Rex, on the same line.*

<sup>8</sup> H. has Primus ; Wr. has no speaker's name.

That it be plesing to the aye,  
 To thy blysse that come we may  
 And never fro it be loore.

188

ANTECHRISTUS. I lord, I god, I hyght Iustyce,  
 I crist, that made the dede to Rise,  
 Here I Receyue youre sacryfyce,  
 And blesse you fleshe and fell

*Tunc transiunt de Antechristo.*

Ye kyngis, also to you I tell,  
 I wyll nowe send my holly goost  
 To knowe me lord, of myghtist<sup>1</sup> most,  
 off heven, yerthe and hell.

196

*Tunc emittit spiritum dicens :*

*"Dabo vobis cor novum et spritum novum In  
 medio Vestri."*

QUARTUS REX. A, god ! a, lorde, mycle of myght !  
 This holye gost is in me pight ;  
 Me thinks my hart ys verry light  
 Sithe it come into me.

PRIMUS REX. Lord, we the honor day and nyght,  
 ffor thowe shewys vs in sight,  
 Right as moyses vs behyght.

Honoryd most thowe bee !

204

ANTECHRISTUS. Yet worthie werkis to youre will  
 Off prophcie I will<sup>2</sup> fullfill :  
 As Danyell prophycied you till  
 That londys<sup>3</sup> I shulde devyse,  
 That phrophecye it shalbe done,  
 That ye shall se Right sone.  
 Wurshipis me all that ye mone,  
 And do after the wise.

212

<sup>1</sup> Read myghtis, as in Wr.

<sup>2</sup> Wr. shall.

<sup>3</sup> Wr. baundes.

- Ye kyngis, I shall avaunte<sup>1</sup> you All,  
 And, for youre Regnis be but Small,  
 Citie3, castells shall you befall,  
     with Towne3 and Towre3 gay,  
 p. 7. And make you lordis of lordishipis fferre,<sup>2</sup>—  
 And well it ffalles for my power ; —  
 And loke ye do as I you lerr,<sup>3</sup>  
     And harkens what I say.<sup>4</sup>

220

I am verey god of myght ;  
 All thinge I made thurgh my myght,  
 Son and mone, day and nyght ;  
     To blisse I may you bring.  
 Therfor, kyngis noble<sup>5</sup> and gay,  
 Yoken<sup>6</sup> youre peple<sup>5</sup> that<sup>7</sup> I saye,  
 That I am crist, god verey,  
     And tell theym such tything.<sup>8</sup>

228

My peple<sup>5</sup> of Iwes were put me frome ;  
 Therfor gret Ruthe I haue theym on.  
 Whythur they wyll leue me vpon  
     I wyll fulsone Assaye ;  
 ffor All that wyll leue me vpon  
 Wordely welthe shall theym fall on,  
 And to my blysse shall they come  
     To dwell withe me for Aye.<sup>10</sup>

236

And the giftes that I behighte  
 Ye shall haue, as ys good Right,  
 Hens or I goo oute of youre sight ;  
     Ichon shall knowe<sup>11</sup> his doole :  
 To the I gyffe lambardye ;  
 And to the, denmarke and hungrye ;

<sup>1</sup> Wr. advance ; read avaunce ; MS. clearly has t not c.

<sup>2</sup> H. fayre.

<sup>7</sup> H. what.

<sup>3</sup> H. bad.

<sup>8</sup> 225-228 are not in Wr. (W.)

<sup>4</sup> 217-220 are not in Wr. (W.)

<sup>5</sup> A stroke through l.

<sup>10</sup> This stanza is not in Wr. (W.)

<sup>11</sup> H. haue ; Wr. knowe.

<sup>6</sup> H. Token.

And take patmouse<sup>1</sup> & Italye,  
 And Rome hit shall be hyse.<sup>2</sup> 244

SECUNDUS REX. Graunt marsye, lorde, youre gifte  
 to day!

Honor the we wyll Alway,  
 ffor we were nevyr so Rych, in ffay,  
 Ne non of all oure kynde.

<sup>3</sup> ANTECHRISTUS. Therefor be true and stydfast Aye  
 And levys trulye on my laye,  
 ffor I wyll harken on you to day  
 Stydfast yf I you ffynd. 252

*Tunc sedeat Antechristus; et veniant Enoke et Elysas, Quorum dicat  
 enoke:*

Almyghtye god in maiestye,  
 That made the hevon and yerthe to be,  
 ffyre, water, ston and tree

And mon Als, throghe thy myght,  
 The poyntys of thy prevytye  
 Any erthely mon to see

p. 8. Is impossible, as thynk's me,  
 To ony worldely wighte. 260

Gracius lorde, that arte so gud,  
 That who<sup>4</sup> so long in fleshe and blude  
 Hasse grauntyd lyue and hevonly ffode,  
 Lett never oure thought's be fylyde;

But gyue vs, lorde, might & mayn,  
 Orr we of this shrewe be slayne,  
 To convert thy peple<sup>5</sup> Agayne,  
 That he hasse thus begylyd. 268

<sup>1</sup> Wr. take thou Ponthous.

<sup>2</sup> H. Wr. thyne; *I cannot suggest the emendation required by the rhyme.*

<sup>3</sup> *In the left margin opposite 249, 250, 251 are three words, which Dr. Furnivall suggests may be the names of actors. From the analogy of the other Chester Plays (cf. the Balaam pageant, p. 70, above, and that of the Three Kings) I should rather infer that they are stage directions. These words in transcript look like hoore ande offod.*

<sup>4</sup> Qy. us.

<sup>5</sup> A stroke through l.

Sythe the woridis begynnyng  
 I haue lyvyd in grett lyking,  
 Through helpe of highe hevon kyng,  
     In paradyce, *with* out Anye,  
 Tyll we hard tokening  
 Off this theeffys *commyn*g,  
 That nowe in erthe ys Reynyng  
     And goddi's folke <sup>1</sup> distryes.<sup>2</sup>

276

To paradyce takyn I was that tyde  
 This theffys comyng to Abyd,  
 And helye, my brother, here me bysyde,  
     was after sende to me.  
 wythe this Champion we most Chyde,  
 That nowe in worlde walkys wyde,  
 To dissp<sup>r</sup>eve his pompe and <sup>3</sup> pryde  
     And payre all his poostye.

284

HELYAS.<sup>4</sup> O lorde, that Maddist Althinge,  
 And long hasse lent vs lyving,  
 Lett nevure <sup>5</sup> the Devyle power <sup>3</sup> spryng  
     This man hass hym *with* in.  
 God gyve you grace, bothe olde & yonge,  
 To knowe discayte in hys doynge,  
 That ye may come to that lykyng  
     Off blisse that nevere shall blyn.

292

I warne you, all men, wytterly,  
 This hys Ennoke, I am helye,  
 Ben comyn thys herroures <sup>6</sup> to distrye  
     That he to you nowe sheweꝝ.  
 He callis hym selffe crist & messye ;  
 He lyeꝝ, forsothe, Appertelye :

<sup>1</sup> A stroke through l.

<sup>2</sup> Wr. And doth Godes folkes destroye; of course the final s is to be stricken out; whether doth is to be inserted may admit of doubt, considering the numerous instances of 3. s. pr. Ind. without either s or th.

<sup>3</sup> Almost illegible.

<sup>5</sup> This was at first read as us dure.

<sup>4</sup> A curve over as.

<sup>6</sup> Wr. his errores.



He ys the Devull you to Anye ;  
 And for non other hym knoys ! 300

p. 9. TERTIUS REX. A ! men,<sup>1</sup> what speke ye of helye  
 And<sup>1</sup> ennoke ? they ben<sup>2</sup> in companye.  
 Off oure blude they ben wetterlye,  
 And we be of theyre kynde.

QUARTUS REX. We Redon in bokys of oure lawe  
 That they to hevon were I drawe ;  
 And yet ben ther, ys the comyn sawe,  
 Wrytyn as men may ffynde. 308

ENNOKE. We be the men, forsoth I wysse,  
 Be comyn to tell ye don Amysse  
 And bring youre sôwlys to hevon blisse,  
 Yff it were ony bote.

HELYAS. This devuls lym that comyn ys,  
 That saye; hevon and yerthe ys hys,  
 Nowe been we Redye, leve ye this,  
 Agaynst hym for to Mote. 316

PRIMUS REX. Yff that we Redye<sup>3</sup> wytt monn,  
 By *preues* of Disputacion,  
 That ye haue skyll and Reason,  
 With you we will Abyde.

SECUNDUS REX. And if youre skyllys may do hym  
 downe,  
 To dye withe you we wilbe bowne,  
 In hope of Sawle<sup>4</sup> saluacioun,  
 What so euer betyd. 324

ENNOKE. To do hym downe we shall Assay,  
 Thrug myght of Ihesu borne of A maye,  
 By Right and Reason, as ye shall say, —  
 And that ye shall well here ;  
 And for that cause hyther were we sent

<sup>1</sup> *Almost illegible.*

<sup>3</sup> Wr. heare.

<sup>2</sup> Wr. bene bouth.

<sup>4</sup> Wr. *omits* sawle.

By Ihesu crist *omnipotente*,  
 And that ye shall not all be shente :  
 He thought<sup>1</sup> you all full dere.

332

Bese glade, therefor, and makis gud chere,  
 And do, I Redd,<sup>2</sup> as I you lere ;  
 ffor we ben comyn in gud manere

To saue you euerychon.

And drede you noght for that falsse fynde,  
 ffor ye shall se hym cast Behynde  
 Or we departe and from hym wynde,  
 And shame shall hym light on.

340

*Et sic transibunt Ennoke et Helyas Ad Antechristum, quorum dicat Ennoke :*

p. 10. <sup>3</sup> Say, thowe verey devuls lyme,  
 That sittis so grisly and <sup>4</sup> grym,  
 ffrom hym thowe come & shall to hym,  
 ffor mony A sowle thowe decevys.<sup>5</sup>  
 Thowe hasse deceyuyd men mony a day,  
 And made the peple <sup>6</sup> to thy pay,  
 And wychyd theym into A wrang wey  
 Wykkydly *with* thy wyllys.

348

ANTECHRISTUS. A! fals fayteors, from me ye ffilee !  
 Am I not most in maiestye ?  
 What men dar meyn theym thus to me  
 Or make such distaunce ? <sup>7</sup>

HELIAS. fbye on the, fayture, fbye on the,  
 The devuls owne nurre !  
 Thrughe hym thowe preches & hast postye  
 A whyle thrughe sufferauunce.

356

ANTECHRISTUS. You ypocritis, *that* so cryn,  
 losells, lurdans, lowdelye you lyne !

<sup>1</sup> Wr. bought.

<sup>2</sup> Wr. And I doe read.

<sup>3</sup> In left margin a later hand has written some words which in Dr. Furnivall's transcript look like: hore ha sde son s m.

<sup>4</sup> Wr. and so.

<sup>5</sup> Read begyls.

<sup>6</sup> A stroke through l.

<sup>7</sup> A stroke over un.

To spyll my lawe you Asspyne.<sup>1</sup>

That speeche ys gud to spare !

You that my true fayth desyne<sup>2</sup>

And nedeles my folke devyen,<sup>3</sup>

ffrom hens hastely but ye hyne,

To you comys sorowe & care.

364

ENNOKE. Thy sorowe and care cum on thy hede,  
ffor falsly thrughe thy wykkyd Redde

The peple<sup>4</sup> ys put to pyne.<sup>5</sup>

I wolde the<sup>6</sup> body were from the<sup>6</sup> hede,

XX mylys from hit layde

Tyll I hit broght Agayn.

370

ANTECHRISTUS. Oute on the, wysarde,<sup>7</sup> *with* thy  
wylis !

ffor falsly my peple thowe begylus ;

I shall the hastely honge !

p. 11. And that lurdayn *that* stondys the bye,

He puttys my folke to gret Anye

Withe his false flaterand tong.

376

But I shall teche you curtesye,  
youre sauor to knowe anon in hye,

ffals Theffez *with* youre herysye,

And if ye darr Abyde !

380

HELYAS. Yes, forsothe, for All thy pryde,

Thrughe grace of God Almyght

Here we purpose for to Abyde,

And all the werld, that ys so wyde,

Shall wondre on the on euery syde,

Sone in all mennys sight.<sup>8</sup>

386

<sup>1</sup> Wr. spine.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *clearly* has *l*, but read *defyne* (= *defy*) with Wr. H.

<sup>3</sup> *This was at first read as denyen*; Wr. *has* *devyne*.

<sup>4</sup> *A stroke through l*.    <sup>5</sup> Wr. *paine*.    <sup>6</sup> Wr. *thy*.    <sup>7</sup> Wr. *rasarde*.

<sup>8</sup> *The stanza lacks the first two lines in Wr. also*.

ANTECHRISTUS. Out on you, theffys bothe ij !

Iche man may se ye be soe

All by youre Araye ;

Muffelyd in mantyls, non such I knowe ;

I shall make you lowte full loo

Or I departe you all froo,

To knowe me lorde for Aye.

393

ENNOKE. We ben no theffys, I the tell,

Thowe fals fend comyn from hell !

Wythe the we purpous more to mell,

My felow and I in fere,

To knowe thy power and thy myght,

As we these kyngis have behight ;

And thereto we ben Redy dighte,

That all men nowe may here.

401

ANTECHRISTUS. My myght ys most, I tell to the ;

I dyed, I Rose, thrughe my poostye,

That all these kyngis sawe *with* theyr ee,

And *euery* mon and wiffe ;

And myracles<sup>1</sup> and *marvels* I did Also.

I consell you, ther<sup>e</sup>for, bothe ij,

To wurship me and no moo,

And lett vs nowe no more stryue.

409

HELYAS. They were no myracles but *marvells*<sup>2</sup> thingis

That thowe shewyd to these kyngis

. . . . .<sup>3</sup>

Thrughe the fendys crafte.

p. 12. And as the floure nowe springys,

ffallith, fadithe<sup>4</sup> and hyngys,

So do thy Ioy nowe<sup>5</sup> Ragnes

That shalbe from the Rafte.

416

<sup>1</sup> *A stroke through l.*

<sup>4</sup> Wr. faith.

<sup>2</sup> Wr. marvayles.

<sup>5</sup> Wr. So thy joye it; H. So thy joye now it.

<sup>3</sup> *This line, missing also in Wr., is supplied by H.: into falsehood thou them bringes.*

ANTECHRISTUS. Oute on the, theffe, that settis so  
 styll !

Why wylte *thou* not one wurde speke theym tyll,  
 . . . . .<sup>1</sup>

That comyn me to Reprove ?<sup>2</sup>

DOCTOR. O Lorde, maistre ! what shall I say then ?

ANTECHRISTUS. I beshrewe bothe thy kenne,<sup>3</sup>  
 Arte thoue nowe for to kenn ?

In faythe, I shall the greve ! 423

Off my godhed I made the wysse  
 And sett the *euer* at Micle<sup>4</sup> price ;  
 Nowe I wolde fele thy gud advyce,  
 And here what thoue wolde saye.

These lowlers they wolde full fayne me greue,  
 And nothing on me will they leue,  
 But *euer* ben Radye me to Repreue  
 And all the peple<sup>4</sup> of my lawe.<sup>5</sup> 431

DOCTOR. O Lord, that art so mycle of myghte,  
 Me thynke thoue shuldest not Chyde nor fyghte,  
 But curs theym, lorde, thugh thy myght,  
 Then<sup>6</sup> shall they fare full yll ;

for those that thoue Blesses they shall well spede,  
 And those that thoue cursys they be best dede :  
 This ys my concell and my Rede  
 Yendre herytykis to spyll. 439

ANTECRYSTUS. The same I purposyd, lerne<sup>7</sup>  
 thoue me ;

All thing I knowe thugh my postye ;  
 But yet I thoghte thy witt to see,  
 What was thyn entent.

<sup>1</sup> *This line, missing in Wr. also, is supplied by H. : but lett them speak all thei will.* <sup>2</sup> *Read repreve.*

<sup>3</sup> *Later hand has written in margin knees ; H. has knenne.*

<sup>4</sup> *A stroke through l.*

<sup>5</sup> *Read laye.*

<sup>6</sup> *Almost illegible.*

<sup>7</sup> *Read leeve, with Wr.*

Hit shalbe downe<sup>1</sup> ful sicurlye,—  
 The sentence gyvon full openly,  
 with my mouthe trulye,  
 Apon theym shalbe hente.

447

My curse I gyue you to mend your Melys,  
 ffrom youre hede vnto youre helys!  
 walke ye furthe youre<sup>2</sup> way!  
 ENOKE. Ye! thowe shalt nevur com *in Celis*,  
 ffor falsly with thy wylus<sup>3</sup>  
 The peple<sup>4</sup> ys put in pyne.<sup>5</sup>

453

p. 13. ANTECRISTUS. Out on you, Thevys! why far ye  
 thus?

Whither hade ye leuer haue payne or blisse?  
 I may you saue from all Amys;  
 I made the day and yke the nyght,  
 And All thing that ys on yerthe groyng,—  
 fflowre; freshe that fayr can spryng,—  
 Also I made all other thing,<sup>6</sup>  
 They sterrus that be so bryght.

461

HELYAS. Thowe list! vengeance on the befall!  
 Oute on the, wreche! wrothe the I shall.  
 Thowe callis the kyng & lord of all;  
 A ffynde ys the withein!

465

ANTECHRISTUS. Thowe liest falsly, I the tell!  
 Thowe wilbe dampnyd into hell.  
 I made the, mon, of fleshe & fell,  
 And all That ys lyvyng;  
 ffor other god<sup>7</sup> haue you non;  
 Therefor wurship me Alon,  
 The wyche hasse made the water and ston,  
 And all at my lykyng.

473

<sup>1</sup> Wr. done.

<sup>4</sup> A stroke through l.

<sup>2</sup> Instead of youre, Wr. has in twentie devilles.

<sup>3</sup> After this H. has: all this people thou begyles and puttes them all to paine. <sup>5</sup> Wr. paine. <sup>6</sup> This line is not in Wr. <sup>7</sup> Wr. Godes; H. godds.

ENNOKE. fforsothe thowe lyes fulfalsly !<sup>1</sup>

Thowe art A ffende commyn to Any

Godd's peple that stond's us bye ;

In hell I wolde *thou* were.

HELYAS. ffye on the, felon ! fye on the ! fye !

ffor All thy wychecrafte & socerye,<sup>2</sup>

To mote<sup>3</sup> *wit* the I am Redye,

That All the peple may here.

481

ANTECHRISTUS. Out on you, harlottys ! whens come  
ye ?

Where<sup>4</sup> haue you other god then<sup>5</sup> me ?

ENNOKE. Yes ; crist, god in trenyte,

Thow ffalse ffayture Attaynte !

That send his<sup>6</sup> son from hevon see,

That for mon kynd dyed on Rode tree,

That shall fullsone make the to flee,

Thowe ffeaytir false and ffaynte !

489

p. 14. ANTECHRISTUS. Rybald's Riuelid<sup>7</sup> out of Raye,  
What ys the trenyte to saye ?

HELYAS. Thre persons, as thowe leue may,

In on godhede in ffere :

ffather and son, that ys no nay,

And the holly goost, stryrring Aye :

That ys one god verey ;

Ben all thre namyd here.

497

ANTECHRISTUS. Out on you, thevys ! what say ye ?

Wyll ye haue bothe one<sup>8</sup> god And iije ?

Howe darr ye so say ?

Maddmen, therefor levys<sup>9</sup> on me

<sup>1</sup> Wr. *omits* ful.

<sup>2</sup> Wr. *sorcerye* ; but cf. p. 157, l. 104.

<sup>3</sup> *This looks a little more like mote than mete* ; Wr. *has* mote.

<sup>4</sup> Wr. *also has this form of* whether.

<sup>5</sup> Wr. *any other* godes but.

<sup>6</sup> MS. *has a second his, under-dotted for omission by a later hand.*

<sup>7</sup> Wr. *ruled*.

<sup>8</sup> *A stroke over e.*

<sup>9</sup> Wr. *Madmen, maddmen, leeve.*

That am one god, — so is not he !  
 Then may ye lyue in Ioye & lee,  
 All *this* londe I darr lay.

504

ENNOKE. Nay, tyrand ; vnderstond *thou* this :  
 But <sup>1</sup> beginnyng *his* godhed ys  
 And also boutē <sup>1</sup> ending, ywys ;  
 Thus fully leuon we.

And thowe, that genderyd <sup>2</sup> was Amys,  
 Hasse <sup>3</sup> beginnyng & nowē that <sup>4</sup> blisse,  
 And <sup>5</sup> ende shall haue — no drede there ys —  
 ffull <sup>6</sup> ffoule, as men shall se.

512

ANTECHRISTUS. Whrecchys, golys,<sup>7</sup> ye ben blent !  
 Goddis son I am, from hym sente.  
 Howe darr you maynten youre entente,  
 Sithe he and I ben won ? <sup>8</sup>  
 Haue I not, sithe I cam hym froo,  
 Made the dede to speke <sup>9</sup> and goo ?  
 And tho <sup>10</sup> men I sende <sup>11</sup> my goste Also  
 That levyd <sup>12</sup> me Apon.

520

HELYAS. fye on the, felone ! fye on the ! fye !  
 ffor thrughe his myght & *his* <sup>13</sup> maistrye,<sup>14</sup>  
 By sufferauce <sup>15</sup> of god Allmyghtye,  
 The people <sup>16</sup> ys blent thrughe the.  
 Yff tho <sup>17</sup> men be Raysyd, witterlye,  
 Wit~~h~~outen the devuls ffantasye,  
 Here shall be prevyd Appertely,  
 That all men shall see.

528

<sup>1</sup> Wr. Without.<sup>10</sup> Wr. to.<sup>2</sup> Wr. ingendred.<sup>11</sup> Wr. sente.<sup>3</sup> Wr. haste.<sup>12</sup> Wr. leeve.<sup>4</sup> Wr. this.<sup>13</sup> Wr. *omits* his.<sup>5</sup> Wr. An.<sup>14</sup> *This was at first read marsaye.*<sup>6</sup> Wr. Fully.<sup>15</sup> *A stroke over aun.*<sup>7</sup> Wr. glowes.<sup>16</sup> *A stroke through l.*<sup>8</sup> Wr. one.<sup>17</sup> Wr. thoes ; W. thees.<sup>9</sup> Wr. rise.



p. 15. ANTECHRISTUS. A!<sup>1</sup> ffoly, I Redd you leue me  
Apone,

That myracles haue shewyd <sup>2</sup> manyon  
To the peple euerychone,

To put theme out of Doute.

Therefor, I Rede you, hastely  
Convert<sup>is</sup> to me most myghty ;

I shall you saue from Anye,

And <sup>1</sup> that I am Aboute.

536

ENNOKE. Nowe, of thy Myracles I wold see.

HELIAS. Therfor comyn hether be we,

To se <sup>8</sup> what ys thy grete postye,

And some therof to lere.

ANTECHRISTUS. Sone may ye se if you will byde ;  
ffor I wyll nother fyght nor chyde.

Offt<sup>4</sup> all the worlde that ys so wyde

Therin ys not my pere.

544

ENNOKE. Bryng ffurthe those men here in our syght

That *thou* hase Raysyd Agayn <sup>5</sup> the Ryght ;

Yf thowe be of so <sup>6</sup> mycle might

To make theym ete and drynke,

ffor verey god we wyll the knowe, —

such A sygne yf thow wyll shewe, — <sup>7</sup>

And do the Reuerence on A Rowe,

All at thy lykyng.

552

ANTECHRISTUS. Wrecches dampnyd all be ye,

But noght for that yt fallyth me,

As *gracius* god, Abyding be

Yf ye wyll mende youre liffe.

Ye dede men, Ryse thrughe my postye,

And <sup>8</sup> ete and drynke that men may see,

<sup>1</sup> *Almost illegible.*

<sup>2</sup> Wr. showed to.

<sup>3</sup> Wr. Doe for To se.

<sup>4</sup> *Perhaps* for Offt; Wr. Of.

<sup>5</sup> Wr. againste.

<sup>6</sup> Wr. omits so.

<sup>7</sup> *This was at first read* shewe.

<sup>8</sup> Wr. Come.

And proue me worstest in deyte ;<sup>1</sup>  
 So shalle we stynt All stryffe. 560

PRIMUS MORTUUS. Lorde, thy bydding I will do Aye,  
 And for to ete I will Assaye.

SECUNDUS MORTUUS.<sup>2</sup> And I also, all that I maye,  
 Wyll do thy byddyng here.

p. 16. HELIAS. Hand here brede, bothe two ;  
 But I most blesse hyt or I goo,  
 That the fende, mankynd's ffoo,  
 One hit haue no powere. 568

Thys brede I blesse now *wit*h my honde  
 In Ihesus name, I vnderstonde,  
 The wych ys lorde of see and londe  
 And kyng in hevon so hye :

*In nomine patris*, that all hathe wroghte,  
*Et filii virginis*, that dere vs boughte,  
*Et spyrytus sancti*, ys all my thoghte,—  
 One god and parsons thre. 576

PRIMUS<sup>3</sup> MORTUUS.<sup>2</sup> Alas ! put that<sup>4</sup> oute of my  
 syghte ;  
 To loke on yt I am not light, —  
 That Pryntte that ys vpon yt<sup>5</sup> pight  
 Hit puttythe me to grett ffere.

SECUNDUS MORTUUS.<sup>2</sup> To loke on hit I am not light,  
 That brede to Me yt ys so bryght,  
 And ys my ffoe bothe day and nyght  
 And puttyts me to grete dere.<sup>6</sup> 584

ENNOKE. Nowe, ye men that haue donne mis,<sup>7</sup>  
 Ye seey<sup>8</sup> well what *his* powere ys.

<sup>1</sup> Wr. worthye of dietie.

<sup>2</sup> MS. mortuus.

<sup>5</sup> vpon yt is almost illegible.

<sup>3</sup> MS. Primus.

<sup>7</sup> Wr. amisse.

<sup>4</sup> Wr. that bread.

<sup>8</sup> Wr. see.

<sup>6</sup> Written over another word ; Wr. has dreade ; dere is right.

Convert<sup>is</sup> to hym, I Rede I wysse,

That you on Rode haue<sup>1</sup> boughte.

TERCIUS REX. A!<sup>2</sup> now we knowyn apertly

We haue ben broghte in herysye ;

*with* you to dethe we will for thy,

And neuer eft turne ourre thought.

592

QUARTUS REX. Nowe, Ennoke and helye, it ys no  
nay,

Haue<sup>3</sup> tayntyd the Tyrant, this same day.

Blest be Ihesu borne of A may,

On hym I leue A pon!<sup>4</sup>

PRIMUS REX. Thowe fayture, that ferde<sup>5</sup> *with* fan-  
tesye,

*With* socerye, wycchrafte<sup>6</sup> & nygrymancye,

Thowe hasse vs led<sup>7</sup> in heresy, —

ffye on thy werkys ychon !

600

p. 17. SECUNDUS REX. Ihesu, for thy mycle grace,  
fforgeve vs all oure tresspas,

And bryng us to the hye hevynly place

As thowe art god And mon !

Nowe am I wyse made thughe thy myght ;

Blessyd be thowe,<sup>8</sup> Ihesu, day and nyght !

This<sup>9</sup> grysely grome grayth<sup>is</sup> hyme to fyght

To sle<sup>9</sup> us here Anon.

608

TERCIUS REX. Off oure lyvys lett us not Reche,

Thoghe we be slayne of such A wreche

ffor Ihesu sake, that may vs leche,<sup>9</sup>

Oure sowlys to bryng to blysse !

QUARTUS REX. That wos well sayde & so I sente ;<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Wr. hath, and so Dr. Furnivall reads here.

<sup>2</sup> Wr. And, which Dr. Furnivall is inclined to see here.

<sup>3</sup> Wr. You have.

<sup>7</sup> le above the line.

<sup>4</sup> Wr. has the same line.

<sup>8</sup> Wr. omits thowe.

<sup>5</sup> Wr. Thou feature, fere.

<sup>9</sup> Almost illegible.

<sup>6</sup> Error of scribe.

<sup>10</sup> Wr. assente.

To dye, for sothe, ys myn intent  
ffor Christes<sup>1</sup> loue<sup>1</sup> *omnipotende*,<sup>1</sup>

In cause that ys Ryghtwyse. 616

ANTECRISTUS. A !<sup>2</sup> falsse faytures, turne you nowe ?

Ye shalbe slayne, I make A vowe ;  
And those Traytours that turnyd you,

I shall make theym vnfayn,  
That all other by verey sight  
Shall knowe that I am most of myght,  
ffor *with* this sworde nowe wyll I fyght ;  
ffor all ye shalbe Slayne. 624

*Tunc Antechristus occidet Enoke et Eliam et omnes<sup>3</sup> conversos cum gladio, et Redebit ad chathedram; cui<sup>4</sup> dicat Michael cum gladio in manu sua dextra :<sup>5</sup>*

MICHAELL. Antecrist, nowe ys comyn thy day ;

Reigne no longer thowe ne maye !

He that hath laad the Alwey,

Nowe hym thowe most go to.

No mo men shalbe shente<sup>6</sup> by the ;

My lorde wyll, dede *that thou* be ;

He that hath gyvon the *this*<sup>7</sup> poste

Thy soule shall vnder foo. 632

In syn Ingendirt furst *thou* was,

In syn Als<sup>8</sup> lade thy lyfe thowe hasse,

p. 18. In Syn nowe An ende thowe mas,

That marryd hasse monyon.

Thowe hasse euer *seruyd* sathanas

And had hys power in euerie place ;

Therefo<sup>9</sup> thowe gayttys nowe no grace, —

*with* hym thowe most gon.<sup>10</sup> 640

<sup>1</sup> Almost illegible.

<sup>6</sup> Wr. slayne.

<sup>2</sup> This was at first read as Ve, which may be a bad spelling of the exclamation we; Wr. has Al

<sup>7</sup> Wr. his.

<sup>8</sup> Wr. omnes reges.

<sup>8</sup> Wr. omits Als.

<sup>4</sup> Wr. cum.

<sup>9</sup> Error of scribe.

<sup>5</sup> Wr. in dextera sua.

<sup>10</sup> In Wr. lines 637-640 follow 648.

iij yere and An halffe on, wytterlye,  
 Thowe hasse hadde leue to distrye  
 Goddis people<sup>1</sup> wykkydlye  
 Thrughe thy fowle Reede ;  
 Nowe thowe shalt knowe and wytt in hye  
 That more ys goddys Maystrye<sup>2</sup>  
 Then eke the devuls & thyn therebye,  
 ffor<sup>3</sup> nowe shalt thowe be dede.

648

*Tunc Mychaell occidet<sup>4</sup> Antechristum, et in Occidendo dicat<sup>5</sup> Antechristus Help ! Help !<sup>6</sup>*

Help ! sathanas and lucyfer,  
 Belsabub, bolde bacheler,<sup>7</sup>  
 Ragnayll,<sup>8</sup> thowe art my dere !  
 Nowe fare I wondre evull !  
 Alas ! Alas ! were is my powere ?  
 Alas, my wytt ys in A were !  
 Nowe bodye and sowle, bothe in fere,  
 And all gose to the Devyll !

656

*Tunc morietur Antechristus, et veniant<sup>9</sup> duo Demones, quorum dicat primus demon :<sup>10</sup>*

Anon ! maister, Anon ! anon !  
 ffrom hell grounde I herde the groune ;  
 I thoghte I wolde not come myself Alon  
 ffor wurship of thyn Astate.  
 With vs to hell thowe shalt gon.  
 ffor this deth we make gret mon,  
 To wyn moo sowlys into oure won ;<sup>11</sup>  
 But nowe hit ys to late.

664

SECUNDUS DEMON. With me thowe shall ; fro me  
 thowe come ;  
 Off me shall come thy last Dome,

<sup>1</sup> *A stroke through l.*

<sup>2</sup> Wr. magistie ; W. magistrie.

<sup>3</sup> Wr. omits ffor.

<sup>4</sup> Wr. occidit.

<sup>5</sup> Wr. clamat ; W. clamavit.

<sup>6</sup> Wr. helpe twice more.

<sup>7</sup> Wr. balacher.

<sup>8</sup> Wr. Ragnell, Ragnell.

<sup>9</sup> Wr. venient.

<sup>10</sup> Wr. et dicunt ut sequitur.

<sup>11</sup> Wr. pon.

ffor thowe hasse well deseruyd !  
 And thrughe my might & my poste  
 Thowe hasse lyuyd in dignyte  
 And mony a Sawle deceyuyd. 670

p. 19. PRIMUS DEMON. This body was getton by myn  
 Assente  
 In clene horedom verament ;  
 Off mother wombe or that he wente,  
 I wos hym *wit<sup>h</sup>* in,  
 And taghte hym Ay *wit<sup>h</sup>* <sup>1</sup> myn entente  
 Syne, by wyche he shalbe shente ;  
 ffor he dyd my comaundemente  
 His sowle shall neuer blyn. 678

SECUNDUS DEMON. Nowe, fellow, in faythe, gret  
 mon we may make  
 ffor this lorde of a state <sup>2</sup> that stonds in <sup>3</sup> styde ;  
 Mony A fatt morsell we haue had for *his* sake  
 Off Sowlys that shulde haue be sauyd ; — in hell  
 be *the* <sup>4</sup> hyd. <sup>5</sup> 682

*Animam eius tunc capiat.<sup>6</sup>*

PRIMUS DEMON. His sowle *wit<sup>h</sup>* sorowe in honde  
 haue I hente ;  
 He <sup>7</sup> penaunce and payne sone shall he fele ;  
 To Lucyffer, that lord, yt shalbe presente,  
 That bren shall as a bronde ; — *his* sorow shall  
 not kele. <sup>8</sup> 686

SECUNDUS DEMON. This proctor of prophecye hasse  
 procuryd monyon  
 On *his* lawe for to leue, and lost <sup>9</sup> for *his* sake.

<sup>1</sup> Wr. *eever* for Ay *wit<sup>h</sup>*.

<sup>7</sup> Wr. (H.) Yea.

<sup>2</sup> Wr. of estate.

<sup>8</sup> Wr. (H.) feelee.

<sup>3</sup> Wr. in this.

<sup>9</sup> Wr. (H.) lose.

<sup>4</sup> *Read* thei.

<sup>5</sup> Wr. shoulde bene hange in hel by the head.

<sup>6</sup> Wr. from H.: *Tunc aufertur corpus Antechristi a demonibus.* W. lacks lines 683–694 ; Wr. prints them from H.

Theyre sowlys ben in sorowe, And his shalbe sone.  
Such maisters<sup>1</sup> thrughe my myght monion I<sup>2</sup>  
make. 690

PRIMUS DEMON. *With* lacyfer, that lorde, long shall  
he lenge ;

In a sete Ay *with* sorowe *with* hym shall he sytt.

SECUNDUS DEMON. Ye, by the halse<sup>3</sup> in hell shall  
he henge,

In a dungen full depe, ryght in hell pytt. 694

PRIMUS DEMON. To hell wyll I hye *with* out ony  
fayle,<sup>4</sup>

*With* this present of pryce thedure<sup>5</sup> to bryng.

SECUNDUS DEMON. Thowe take hym by the tope &  
I by the tayle ;

An soryfull song, in faythe, shall he senge. 698

<sup>6</sup>PRIMUS DEMON. A ! felowe, A doule<sup>7</sup> loke that  
thowe<sup>8</sup> dele

To all this fayr compayny, hence or<sup>9</sup> thou  
wynde !<sup>10</sup>

SECUNDUS DEMON. Ye, sorowe and care euer shall  
they sele ;<sup>11</sup>

In hell shall they dwell at theyr last ende ! 702

*Tunc ibunt demones Ad infernum ad Animam<sup>12</sup> Antechristi ; et surgent  
ennoke et helyas, quorum Dicat Ennoke :*

p. 20. ENNOKE. A ! lorde, that all<sup>13</sup> shall lede  
And bothe deme<sup>14</sup> the quycke and dede,

<sup>1</sup> Wr. (H.) maystryes.

<sup>2</sup> Wr. (H.) do I.

<sup>3</sup> Wr. (H.) heeles.

<sup>4</sup> Wr. (W.) fay[l]e.

<sup>5</sup> Wr. (W.) theither.

<sup>6</sup> These four lines with the stage direction after 702 are not in W.

H. apparently lacks only the stage direction. <sup>13</sup> H. alle the world.

<sup>7</sup> Wr. (H.) dole.

<sup>8</sup> Wr. (H.) thou now.

<sup>9</sup> Wr. (H.) er.

<sup>10</sup> Wr. (H.) wend.

<sup>11</sup> MS. clearly sele ; but read fele.

<sup>12</sup> Read cum anima.

<sup>14</sup> H. deme both.

That Reuerence the, thowe on theym Rede  
 And theym thurgh Right Releuyd!<sup>1</sup>  
 I wos dede and Right here slayne,  
 But thurgh thy myghte, lord,<sup>2</sup> & thy mayne  
 Thowe hasse me Raysyd vp Agayne.  
 The wyll I loue and leue!

710

HELYAS. Ye, lorrde, blessyd most *thou* be!  
 My fleshe nowe gloryfyed I see.  
 Wittis ne<sup>3</sup> sleightte<sup>4</sup> ageeynste<sup>4</sup> the  
 Conspyryd<sup>4</sup> may be no way.  
 Alle that leuon in the stydfastly  
 Thow helpis, lorde, ffrom all Any,  
 ffor dede I wos and nowe lyue I.  
 Honuryd<sup>4</sup> be thowe Aye!<sup>5</sup>

718

MYCHAELL. Ennoke and helye, com ye Anon;  
 My lorde wyll that ye<sup>4</sup> with<sup>4</sup> me gon  
 To heuens<sup>4</sup> blysse, botthe<sup>4</sup> blude & bon,  
 Euer mo there to be.<sup>6</sup>  
 Ye<sup>4</sup> have<sup>4</sup> ben<sup>4</sup> long, — for ye ben wyse, —  
 Dwellyng<sup>4</sup> in erthlye paradyce;  
 But<sup>4</sup> to heven,<sup>4</sup> there hym selffe ys,  
 Nowe<sup>4</sup> shall ye goe withe me.

726

*Tunc ibit Angelus adducens ennok et Helyam ad celum cantans: "Gaudete iusti in domino," &c.<sup>7</sup>*

*Explicit.*

<sup>1</sup> So Wr.; but read releeve with H.

<sup>4</sup> Almost illegible.

<sup>2</sup> Wr. omits lord.

<sup>5</sup> Wr. ever.

<sup>3</sup> Wr. Witte ner; with no is possible.

<sup>6</sup> The whole line is almost illegible.

<sup>7</sup> Wr. *Tunc abducens eos* (W. omnes) *ad celum cantabit* (W. *cantabit*) *angelus* (W. *angellus*): "*Gaudete iusti in Domino.*"



## YORK CORPUS CHRISTI PLAYS.

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For information as to the source of the text and the meaning of the symbols, see  
p. 153.

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### [THE JUDGMENT DAY.]<sup>1</sup>

#### The Merceres.

*Deus incipit.*

[DEUS.] Firste when I *this* worlde hadde wrought, —  
    Woode and wynde and wateris wan,  
And all-kynne thyng *that* nowe is oght, —  
    Fulle wele me *thoght that* I did *thanne* ;  
Whenne *thei* were made, goode me *thame* <sup>2</sup> *thoght*.  
    Sethen to my liknes made I man ;  
And man to greue <sup>3</sup> me gaffe he noght :  
    *Therefore* me rewis *that* I began.<sup>4</sup>

8

Whanne I had made man at my will,  
    I gaffe hym wittis hym-selue to wisse,  
And Paradise I putte hym till,  
    And bad hym halde it all as his.  
But of *the* tree of goode and ill  
    I saide, "What tyme *thou* etis of *this*,  
Manne, *thou* spedes *thi*-selue to spill, —  
    *Thou* arte broght oute of all <sup>5</sup> blisse."

16

<sup>1</sup> *Supplied by Y.*

<sup>3</sup> *K. wishes to read plesse.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ho. thai.*

<sup>5</sup> *K. inserts thi.*

<sup>4</sup> *Y. has I the worlde began ; K. omits either the worlde or Therefore.*

Belyue brak manne my bidding ;  
 He wende haue bene a god *therby*,  
 He wende haue wittyne of all-kynne thyng,  
 In worlde to haue bene als wise as I :  
 He ete the appill I badde schulde hyng ;  
*Thus* was he begilid thurgh glotony.  
 Sithen both hym and his ospring  
 To pyne I putte *thame* all for-thy,

24

To lange and late me *thoghte* it goode <sup>1</sup>  
 To catche *thois* caitiffis oute of care.  
 I sente my sone, with full blithe moode,  
 \*Till *erthe* to salue *thame* of *thare* sare ;  
 For rew*the* of *thame* he reste on roode  
 And boughte *thame* with his body bare ;  
 For *thame* he shedde his harte bloode : <sup>2</sup>  
 What kyndinesse myght I do *thame* mare ?

32

Sethen aftirwarde he heryed hell,  
 And toke oute *thois* wrechis *that* ware *thare*-inne ;  
*Ther* faughte *that* free with feendis feele  
 For *thame that* ware sounkyn for synne.  
 Sethen in *erthe than* gonne he dwelle,  
 Ensaumpill he gaue *thame* heuene to wynne,  
 In tempill hym-selffe to teche and tell,  
 To by *thame* blisse *that* neuere may blynne.

40

Sethen haue *thei* founde me full of mercye,  
 Full of grace and for-giffenesse ;  
 And *thei* als wrecchis, wittirly,  
 Has ledde *ther* liffe in lithirnesse ;  
 Ofte haue *thei* greued me greuously :  
*Thus* have *thei* quitte me my kyndinesse ;  
*Ther*-fore no lenger, sekirlye,  
 Thole will I *thare* wikkidnesse.

48

<sup>1</sup> K. *reads* yoode.<sup>2</sup> Ho. ; Y. harte and bloode.

Men seis *the* worlde but vanite,  
 3itt will no-manne be ware *ther*-by ;  
 Ilke a day *ther* mirroure may *thei* se,  
 3itt thynke *thei* noȝt *that thei* schall dye.  
 All *that* euere I saide schulde be  
 Is nowe fulfillid thurgh prophicie ;  
 Ther-fore nowe is it tyme to me  
 To make endyng of mannes folie.

56

I haue tholed mankynde many a ȝere  
 In luste and likyng for to lende,  
 And vnethis fynde I ferre or nere  
 A man *that* will his misse amende ;  
 In erthe I see butte synnes seere :  
 Therefore myne aungellis will I sende  
 To blawe *ther* bemys, *that* all may here.  
 The tyme is comen I will make ende.

64

Aungellis, blowes youre bemys belyue,  
 Ilke a creatoure for to call !  
 Leerid and lewde, both man and wiffe,  
 Ressayue *ther* dome *this* day *thei* schall,—  
 Ilke a leede *that* euere hadde liffe ;  
 Bese none for-getyn, grete ne small.  
 Ther schall *thei* see *the* woundes fyve  
*That* my sone suffered for *them* all.

72

And sounderes *thame* be-fore my sight !  
 All same in blisse schall *thei* not be.  
 My blissid childre, as I haue hight,  
 On my right hande I schall *thame* see ;  
 Sethen schall ilke a weried wight  
 On my lifte side for ferdnesse flee.  
*This* day *ther* domys *thus* haue I dight,  
 To ilke a<sup>2</sup> man as he hath serued me.

80

<sup>1</sup> K. *rejects a.*

I.<sup>1</sup> ANG. Loued be *thou*, Lorde, of myghtis moste,  
*That* aungell made to messengere !  
 Thy will schall be fulfillid in haste,  
*That* heuene and erthe and helle schall here.

[*He makes the proclamation.*]

Goode and ill, euer ilke a gaste,<sup>2</sup>  
 Rise, fecche<sup>3</sup> youre flessch, *that* was youre feere !  
 For all *this* worlde is broght to waste.  
 Drawes to youre dome ! it neghes nere.

88

II. ANG. Ilke a creature, both olde and yhing,  
 Be-lyue I bidde *you* *that* *ye* ryse ;  
 Body and sawle with *you* *ye* bring,  
 And comes be-fore *the* high justise !  
 For I am sente fro heuene kyng  
 To calle *you* to *this* grette assise ;  
*Therefore* rise vppe, and geue rekenyng  
 How *ye* hym serued vppon sere wise.

96

[*The dead rise and speak.*]

I. ANIMA BONA. Loued be *thou*, Lorde, *that* is so schene,  
*That* on *this* manere made vs to rise,  
 Body and sawle to-gedir, clene,  
 To come before *the* high justise.  
 Of oure ill dedis, Lorde, *thou* not mene,  
 That we haue wroght vppon sere wise ;  
 But graunte vs for thy grace bedene  
*That* we may wonne in paradise.

104

II. AN. BONA. A ! loued be *thou*, Lorde of all,  
*That* heuene and erthe and all has wroght,  
*That* with *thyne* aungellis wolde vs call  
 Oute of oure graues, hidir to be broght.

<sup>1</sup> I have not followed Y. always in the abbreviations of the names.

<sup>2</sup> Y. euery ilke agaste ; He. euery ilke a gaste.

<sup>3</sup> Y. Rise and fecche ; K. rejects the first youre.

Ofte haue we greued *the* grette and small, —  
 Ther-aftir, Lorde, *thou* deme vs noght !  
 Ne suffir vs neuere to fendis to be thrall,  
*That* ofte in *erthe* with synne vs soght !

112

I. ANIMA MALA. Allas, allas ! that we were borne !—

So may we synfull kaytiffis say.  
 I here wele be *this* hydous horne  
 Itt drawes full nere to domesday.  
 Allas ! we wrecchis *that* ar for-lorne,  
*That* never ȝitt serued God to paye,  
 But ofte we haue his flessch for-sworne ;  
 (Allas, allas, and welaway !)

120

What schall we wrecchis do for drede,  
 Or whedir for ferdnes may we flee,  
 When we may bringe forthe no goode dede  
 Before hym *that* oure juge schall be ?  
 To aske mercy vs is no nede,  
 For wele I wotte dampned be we.  
 Allas, that we swilke liffe schulde lede  
*That* dighte vs has *this* destonye !

128

Oure wikkid werkis *thei* will vs wreye,  
*That* we wende never schuld haue bene weten ;  
*That* we did ofte full pryuely,  
 Appertely may we se *them* wreten.  
 Allas, wrecchis, dere mon we by !  
 Full smerte with helle-fyre be we smetyn.  
 Nowe mon neuere saule ne body dye,  
 But with wikkid peynes euermore be betyne.

136

Allas ! for drede sore may we quake ;  
 Oure dedis beis oure dampnacioune.  
 For oure mys menyng<sup>1</sup> mon we make ;  
 Helpe may none excusacioune.

<sup>1</sup> Y. mys-meuyng ; Ho. mys-menyng ; *but mys is a noun, and mon a verb.*

We mon be sette for our synnes sake  
 For-euere fro oure saluacioun,  
 In helle to dwelle with feendes blake,  
 Wher neuer schall be redempcioun. 144

II. AN. MALA. Als carefull caitiffis may we ryse,  
 Sore may we ringe oure handis and wepe ;  
 For cursidnesse and for covetise  
 Dampned be we to helle full depe.  
 Rought we neuere of Goddis seruise,  
 His comaundementis wolde we noȝt kepe ;  
 But ofte *than* made we sacrafise  
 To Satan as when othir slepe.<sup>1</sup> 152

Allas ! now wakens all oure were ;  
 Oure wikkid werkis may we not hide,  
 But on oure bakkis vs muste <sup>2</sup> *them* bere,  
 Thei wille vs wreye on ilke a side.  
 I see foule feendis *that* wille vs feere,  
 And all for pompe of wikkid pride.  
 Wepe we may with many a teere ;  
 Allas, *that* we *this* day schulde bide ! 160

Before vs playnly bese fourth brought  
*The* dedis *that* vs schall dame be-dene.  
 That eres has herde or harte has *thoght*  
 Sen any tyme *that* we may mene,  
*That* fote has gone or hande has wroght,  
 That mouthe has spoken or ey has sene, — <sup>3</sup>  
*This* day full dere thanne bese it boght.  
 Allas, vnborne and we hadde bene ! <sup>4</sup> 168

III. ANG. Standis noght to-gedir ! parte you in two !  
 All sam schall ȝe noght be in blisse.

<sup>1</sup> T. othere can slepe; Ho. othir did (*or* can) slepe.

<sup>2</sup> Ho. bus; *but* T. also has must.

<sup>3</sup> T. interchanges 164 and 166.

<sup>4</sup> He. *prefers* T.: Allas vnborne then had I bene! Ho. *rejects this*.

Oure Lorde<sup>1</sup> of heuene woll it be soo,  
 For many of yowe has wrought amys.  
 Ye<sup>2</sup> goode, on his right-hande 3e goe,  
*The way till heuene he will you wisse ;*  
 3e weryed wightis, 3e flee hym froo  
 On his lefte-hande, as none of his. 176

DEUS.<sup>3</sup> *This woffull worlde is brought till ende ;*  
 My Fadir of heuene he woll it be.  
*Therefore till erthe nowe will I wende,*  
*Mi-selue to sitte in mageste.*  
 To deme my domes I woll descende ;  
*This body will I bere with me ;*  
 How it was dight, mannes mys to mende,  
 All mankynde *there* schall it see. 184

*[Jesus descends to earth in a cloud, and, before assuming the Judgment Seat, speaks :]*

DEUS. Mi postelis and my darlyngis dere,  
*The dredful dome this day is dight.*  
 Both heuen and erthe and hell schall here  
 How I schall hold *that* I haue hight,  
 That 3e schall sitte on seetis sere  
 Be-side my-selffe, to se *that* sight,  
 And for to deme folke ferre and nere  
 Aftir *ther* werkyng wronge or right. 192

I saide also whan I you sente  
 To suffre sorowe for my sake,  
 All *tho that* wolde *thame* right repente  
 Schulde with you wende and wynly wake ;  
 And to youre tales who toke no tente  
 Shulde fare to fyre with fendis blake.

<sup>1</sup> Y. My fadir ; *the text is from T. (by He.)*

<sup>2</sup> Y. *The.*

<sup>3</sup> Miss Smith *points out that this is not God the Father, who appeared at the beginning of the pageant, but God the Son.*

Of mercy nowe may noȝt be mente ;  
 Butt, aftir wirkyng, welth or wrake.

200

<sup>1</sup> My hetying haly schall I fullfille ;  
 Therefore comes furth and sittis me by  
 To here *the* dome of goode and ill.

I. APOSTOLUS. <sup>2</sup> I loue *the*, Lord God all-myghty ;  
 Late and herely, lowde and still,  
 To do thy bidding bayne am I ;  
 I obblissh me to do *thi* will  
 With all my myght, als is worthy.

208

II. APOST. <sup>3</sup> A ! myghtfull God, here is it sene  
 Thou will fulfille *thi* forward right,  
 And all *thi* sawes thou will maynteyne.

I loue *the*, Lorde, with all my myght,  
 That for <sup>4</sup> vs *that* has erthely bene  
 Swilke dingnitees has dressed and dight.

DEUS. Comes fourthe ! I schall sitte ȝou betwene,  
 And all fulfille *that* I haue hight.

216

*Hic ad sedem iudicii cum cantu angelorum.*

[Meanwhile the devils prepare to attend the Judgment.]

I. DIABOLUS. Felas, arraye <sup>5</sup> vs for to fight,  
 And go we faste oure fee to fange ;  
 The dredefull dome *this* day is dight,  
 I drede me *that* we dwelle full longe.

II. DIAB. We schall be sene euere in *ther* sight,  
 And warly waite, — ellis wirke we wrange ; —  
 For if *the* domisman do vs right,  
 Full grete partie with vs schall gang.

224

<sup>1</sup> Marginal note in later hand: What they shall haue for y<sup>r</sup> folly.

<sup>2</sup> In margin: Hic caret O soverand Savyo<sup>r</sup> de novo facto.

<sup>3</sup> In margin: de novo facto.

<sup>4</sup> Y. Ther-fore; Ha. Thou for vs that has not; Ho. (and K.) as above,  
 but both seem to take the (212) as def. article instead of pronoun.

<sup>5</sup> K. inserts we.



III. DIAB. He schall do right to foo and frende,  
 For nowe schall all *the* soth be sought.  
 All wried wightis with vs schall wende,  
 To payne endles *thei* schall be broght.<sup>1</sup> 228

DEUS. Ilke a creature, takes entent  
 What bodworde I to you<sup>2</sup> bringe :  
*This* wofull worlde away is wente,  
 And I am come as crouned kynge.  
 Mi Fadir of heuene he has me sente  
 To deme youre dedis and make ending.  
 Comen is *the* day of jugement ;  
 Of sorowe may ilke a synfull synge. 236

The day is comen of kaydyfnes,<sup>3</sup>  
 All *tham* to care *that* are vnclene,  
*The* day of bale and bittirnes, —  
 Full longe abedyn has it bene ! —  
*The* day of drede to more and lesse,  
 Of care,<sup>4</sup> of trymbelyng and of tene,  
*That* ilke a wight *that* wried is  
 May say, Allas, this day is sene ! 244

Here may 3e se my woundes wide,  
*The* whilke I tholed for youre mysdede,  
 Thurgh harte and heed, foote, hande and hide,  
 Nought for my gilte butt for youre nede.  
 Beholdis both body, bak, and side, —  
 How dere I bought youre brotherhede !  
*Thes* bittir peynes I wolde abide ;  
 To bye you blisse, *thus* wolde I bleede. 252

<sup>1</sup> "In margin: Hic caret de novo facto, Alas that I was borne, dixit prima anima mala et ijda anima mala, de novo facto. And indeed four lines are wanting to the stanza, as shown by the rimes, though there is no blank." — Y.

<sup>2</sup> K. inserts shall from T.

<sup>3</sup> Ho. corrects the spelling to kaytyfnes.

<sup>4</sup> Y.: "The copyist first wrote ire (a reminiscence of dies iræ)."

Mi body was scourged with-outen skill ;  
 As theffe full thrally was [I] <sup>1</sup> thrette ;  
 On crosse *thei* hanged me on a hill,  
 Blody and bloo, as I was bette,  
 With croune of thorne throsten full ill ;  
 This spere vnto my side was sette ;  
 Myne harte bloode spared *thei* noght <sup>2</sup> to spill :  
 Manne, for thy loue wolde I not lette.

260

The Jewes spitte on me spitously,  
*Thei* spared me nomore *than* a theffe.  
 When *thei* me strake, I stode <sup>3</sup> stilly ;  
 Agaynste *tham* did I no-thing greve.  
 Behalde, mankynde, *this* ilke is I,  
*That* for *the* suffered swilke mischeue :  
*Thus* was I dight for thy folye ;  
 Man, loke, thy liffe was me <sup>4</sup> full leffe.

268

*Thus* was I dight *thi* sorowe to slake ;  
 Manne, *thus* behoued *the* borrowed to <sup>5</sup> be.  
 In all my woo toke I no wrake ;  
 Mi will itt was for *the* loue of *the*.  
 Man, sore aught *the* for to quake, <sup>6</sup>  
*This* dredfull day *this* sight to see.  
 All *this* I suffered for *thi* sake ;  
 Say, man, what suffered *thou* for me ?

276

Mi blissid childre on my right hande,  
 Youre dome *this* day 3e thar not drede,  
 For all youre comforte is command,  
 Youre liffe in likyng schall 3e lede.

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by Y. from T.

<sup>2</sup> Ho. from T.; Y. has spared noght *thei* for to.

<sup>3</sup> Y. stode full stilly; omission suggested in footnote.

<sup>4</sup> Y. was to me; omission suggested in footnote.

<sup>5</sup> K. from T.; Y. to borrowed.

<sup>6</sup> T. has Man, for sorow aght the to quake.

Commes to *the* kyngdome ay lastand

*That* 3ou is dight for youre goode dede.

Full blithe may 3e be where 3e stande,

For mekill in heuene schall be youre mede. 284

Whenne I was hungry, 3e me fedde ;

To slake my thirste youre harte was free ;

Whanne I was clothles, 3e me cledde,

3e wolde no sorowe vppon me see ;

In harde prisoun <sup>1</sup> whan I was stedde,

Of my paynes <sup>2</sup> 3e hadde pitee ;

Full seke whan I was brought in bedde,

Kyndely 3e come to coumforte me. 292

Whanne I was wikke <sup>3</sup> and werieste,

3e herbered me full hartefully ;

Full gladde *thanne* were 3e of youre geste,

And pleyned my pouerte piteuously ;

Be-lyue 3e brought me of *the* beste,

And made my bedde full esly.

*Therfore* in heuene schall be youre reste,

In joie and blisse to be me by. 300

I. ANIMA BONA. Whanne hadde we, Lorde, *that* all has  
wroght,

Meete and drinke *the* with to feede,

Sen we in *erthe* hadde neuere noght

But thurgh *the* grace of thy godhede ?

II. AN. BONA. Whanne waste *that* we *the* clothes brought ?

Or visite *the* in any nede ?

Or in *thi* sikenes we *the* sought ?

Lorde, when did we [to] *the this* dede ? 308

DEUS. Mi blissid childir, I schall 3ou saye

What tyme *this* dede was to me done :

<sup>1</sup> He. *from* T. ; Y. *presse*.

<sup>2</sup> Y. *paynes corrected in MS. from penance*. T. *has penance, which K. prefers*.

<sup>3</sup> Ho. *wishes to substitute wille from T., which he says equals wilde*.

When any *that* nede hadde, nyght or day,  
 Askid 3ou helpe and hadde it sone ;  
 Youre fre hartis saide *them* neuere nay  
 Erely ne late, mydday ne none ;  
 But als ofte sithis as *thei* wolde praye,  
*Thame* thurte but bide, and haue *ther* bone. 316

3e cursid caytiffis of Kaymes kynne,  
*That* neuere me comforte in my care,  
 I and 3e for-euer will twynne,  
 In dole to dwelle for-euermare.  
 Youre bittir bales schall neuer blynne  
*That* 3e schall haue whan 3e come *thare*.  
*Thus* haue 3e serued for youre synne,  
 For derffe dedis 3e haue done are. 324

Whanne I had mistir of mete and drynke,  
 Caytiffis, 3e cacched me fro youre 3ate ;  
 Whanne 3e were sette as sirs on benke,  
 I stode *ther*-oute werie and wette ;  
 Was none of yowe wolde on me thynke,  
 Pyte to haue of my poure state :  
*Ther*-fore till hell I schall you synke, —  
 Weele are 3e worthy to go *that* gate. 332

Whanne I was seke and soriest,  
 3e visitte me noght, — for I was poure ;  
 In prisoune faste when I was feste,  
 Was none of you loked howe I fore ;  
 Whenne I wiste neuere where to <sup>1</sup> reste,  
 With dyntes 3e draffe me fro your dore ;  
 Butte euer to pride *thanne* were 3e preste ;  
 Mi flessh, my bloode, ofte 3e for-swore. 340

Clothles whanne I was ofte, and colde,  
 At nede of you <sup>2</sup> 3ede I full naked, —

<sup>1</sup> T.; Y. where for to.

<sup>2</sup> K. thinks this unintelligible and suggests, on basis of T., For you nere-hand, etc.

House ne herborow, helpe ne holde,

Hadde I none of you, *thof* I quaked.

Mi mischeffe sawe ye many-folde ;

Was none of you my sorowe slaked,

Butt euere for-soke me, yonge and alde.

*Therefore* schall *þe* nowe be for-saked.

348

I. ANIMA MALA. Whan had *thou*, Lorde, *that* all thyng has,

Hungir or thirste, sen *thou* God is ?

Whan was that <sup>1</sup> *thou* in prisonne was ?

Whan was *thou* naked or herberles ?

II. AN. MALA. Whan was it we sawe *the* seke, alas ?

Whan kid we *the this* vnkyndinesse ?

Werie or wette to late *the* passe, —

When did we *the this* wikkidnesse ?

356

DEUS. Caitiffis,<sup>2</sup> als ofte als it be-tidde

*That* nedfull aught askid in my name,

*þe* herde *them* noght, youre eris *þe* hidde,

Yourre helpe to *thame* was noȝt at hame, —

To me was *that* vnkyndines kyd !

*There-fore* ye bere<sup>3</sup> this bittir blame.

To the lest of myne when *þe* oght did <sup>4</sup>

To me *þe* did *the* selue and same.<sup>5</sup>

364

Mi chosen childir, comes vnto me !

With me to wonne nowe schall *þe* wende ;

*There* joie and blisse schall euer be

Yourre liffe in lyking schall *þe* lende.

*þe* cursed kaitiffis, fro me *þe* flee,

In helle to dwelle with-oute ende ;

*Ther* *þe* schall neuere butt sorowe see

<sup>6</sup> And sitte be Satanas *the* fende.

372

<sup>1</sup> *Inserted by Ho. from T.*

<sup>2</sup> Y. Caistiffis.

<sup>3</sup> T. ; Y. *omits* ye ; Ho. ye beres.

<sup>4</sup> He. *from* T. ; Y. To leste or moste whan *þe* it did.

<sup>5</sup> T. ; Y. and *the* same.

<sup>6</sup> *In margin* : nota, miseremini mei, etc.

Nowe is fulfillid all my for-*thoght*,  
For endid is all erthely thyng.  
All worldly wightis *that* I haue wrought  
Aftir *ther* werkis haue nowe wonnyng :  
Thei *that* wolde synne and sessid noght,  
Of sorowes sere now schall *thei* syng ;  
And *thei that* mendid *thame* whils *thei* moght,  
Schall belde and bide in my blissing.

380

*Et sic facit finem cum melodia angelorum transiens a loco ad locum.*



## PART II.





## DIGBY PLAYS.

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Reprinted from "The Digby Mysteries, ed. by F. J. Furnivall, New Shakspeare Society, 1882." In the footnotes, F. indicates this edition, which represents the MS. unless the contrary is stated; S. indicates "Die Digby-Spiele. Diss. v. K. Schmidt, Berlin, 1884." The MS. is assigned to the last decade of the fifteenth century. I have disregarded scribal flourishes and tags.

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### [THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.]<sup>1</sup>

#### [*First Station.*]

[*Enter POETA as PROLOGUE.*]

POETA.<sup>2</sup> *Rex glorie*, Kyng omnipotent,  
Redemer of *the* world by thy<sup>3</sup> pouer diuine,  
And Maria, *that* pure vyrgy[n],<sup>1</sup> quene most excellent,  
Wyche bare *that* blyssyd babe, Iesu, *that* for vs sufferd  
pyne,<sup>4</sup>  
Vnto whoys goodnes I do inclyne,  
Besechyng *that* Lord, of hys pytous influens,  
To preserue & gouerne thys wyrshypfull audyens. 7

Honorable frendes, besechyng yow of lycens  
To procede<sup>5</sup> owr processe, we may, vnder your cor-  
reccion,  
[Show] the conuersyon of Seynt Paule, as *the* Byble gyf  
experyens.  
Whoo lyst to rede *the* booke *Actum Appostolorum*,  
Ther shall he haue *the* very notycyon ;

<sup>1</sup> *Supplied by F.*

<sup>4</sup> F. payne.

<sup>2</sup> *Beside this a later hand wrote* Myles Blomefylde.

<sup>3</sup> F. the.

<sup>5</sup> *Misunderstood by S.*, p. 24.

But, as we can, we shall vs redres,  
 Brefly with your fauour begynnyng our proces. [Exit.] 14

*Dance.<sup>1</sup>*

*Here entryth Saule, goodly besene in the best wyse lyke an aunterous knyth,  
 thus sayyng :*

SAULUS. Most dowtyd man I am lyuyng vpon the ground,  
 Goodly besene with many a riche garnement ;<sup>2</sup>  
 My pere on lyue I trow ys nott found ;  
 Thorow the world, fro the oryent to the occydent,  
 My fame ys best knowyn vndyr the fyrmament ;  
 I am most drad of pepull vnyuersall,  
 They dare not dysp[le]ase me<sup>3</sup> most noble. 21

Saule ys my name, — I wyll that ye notyfy, —  
 Whych conspyreth the dyscyplys with threte & menace ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Be-fore the prynces of prestes most noble & hye<sup>5</sup>  
 I bring them to punyshement for ther trespase.  
 We wyll them nott suffer to rest in no place,  
 For they go a-bouzte to preche & gyff exemplis,  
 To destroye our lawes, sinagoges and templis. 28

By the god Bellyall, I schall make progresse  
 Vnto the princes, both Caypha and Anna,  
 Wher I schall aske of them, in suernes,  
 To persue thorow all Dammask & Liba,  
 And thus we schall soone after than<sup>6</sup>  
 Bryng them that so do lyff in-to Ierusalem,  
 Both man and child that I fynd of them. 35

*Her cummyth Sale to Caypha & Anna, prestes of the tempyll.*

Nobyll prelates and princes of regalyte,  
 Desyryng and askyng of your benyngne wurthynges

<sup>1</sup> In a later hand.

<sup>4</sup> F. thretes and menaces.

<sup>2</sup> F. garlement.

<sup>5</sup> F. hye and noble.

<sup>3</sup> F. my.

<sup>6</sup> This unrhymed line may, as Kittredge suggests, have taken the place of the original.

Your letters & epystolys of most'souerente  
 To subdue rebellyous<sup>1</sup> that wyll, of frawdardnes,,  
 A-gaynst our lawes rebell or transgresse,  
 Nor wyll not inclyne but mak obiecc[i]on, —<sup>2</sup>  
 To pursue all such I wyll do *proteccion*. 42

CAYPHA. To your desyer we gyf *perfyth* sentens,  
 Accordyng to your petycions that ye make postulacion,  
 By-cause we know your trewe delygens  
 To *persue* all tho *that* do reprobacion  
 A-gayns our lawes by ony redarguacion ;  
 Wherefor shortly we gyf in *commandment*  
 To put down them *that* be dy[s]obedyent.<sup>3</sup> 49

ANNA. And by thes letturs, *that* be most reuerrent,  
 Take them in hand, full agre *ther-to*.  
 Constreyn all rebellys by our hole assent ;  
 We gyf yow full power so to doo ;  
 Spare not, hardly, for frend nor foo ;  
 All thos ye fynd of *that* lyfe in thys realme,  
 Bounde loke ye bryng them in-to Ierusalem. 56

*Her Saule resayuyth ther letters.*

SAULUS. Thys *precept* here I take in hande  
 To fullfyll after yowur wylls both,  
 Wher I shall spare *with-in this* londe  
 Nother man nor woman, — to *this* I make an oth, —  
 But to subdue I wyll not be loth.  
 Now folow me, knyts & *seruantes* trewe,  
 In-to Damaske as fast as ye can sewe. 63

I. MILES.<sup>3</sup> Vnto your *commaundment* I do obeysaunce ;  
 I wyll not gaynsay nor make delacion,  
 But *with* good mynd & harty plesaunce

<sup>1</sup> F. rebellyons.

<sup>2</sup> *Corr. by F.*

<sup>3</sup> F. *Primus miles* ; *similarly below.*

I shall yow succede & make *perambulacion*  
 Thorow-oute Damaske *with* all delectacion,  
 And all that <sup>1</sup> rebell & make resystens,  
 ffor to oppres I wyll do my delygens. 70

II. MILES. And in me shalbe no neclygens,  
 But to thys *precept* my-self I shall applye,  
 To do your behest *with* all conuenyens,  
*With*-owt eny frowardnes or eny obstynacy, —  
 Non shall appere in me, but, verely,  
*With* all my mynd I yow insure,  
 To resyst tho rebelles I wyll do my cure. 77

SAULUS. Truly to me yt ys grett consolacion  
 To here thys report *that* ye do avauns.  
 ffor your sapyencyall wyttes I gyf *commendacion*;  
 Euer at my nede I haue founde yow constant.  
 But, knytes & *seruauntes*,<sup>2</sup> *that* be so plesaunt,  
 I pray yow anon my palfray ye bryng,  
 To spede my iurney *with*-owt lettyng. 84

*Here goyth Sale forth a lytyll a-syde for to make hym redy to ryde, the  
 seruuant thus seyng :*

SERUUS. How, hosteler, how! A peck of otys & a botell  
 of haye!  
 Com of a-pase, or I wyll to a-nother inne!  
 What, hosteler! why *commyst* not thy way?  
 Hye *the* faster, I beshrew *thi* skynne!  
 STABULARYUS. I am non hosteler, nor non hostelers kynne,  
 But a ientylmanys *seruuant*, i[f] *thou* dost know!  
 Such crabyysh wordes do aske a blow. 91

SERUUS. I cry yow mercy, *sir*! I wyst well *sum*-what ye  
 were,  
 Owther a gentylman—or a knaue, me thynkyth by your  
 physnomy!

<sup>1</sup> F. thoo, *emend.* by Kittredge.

<sup>2</sup> F. *seruuanes*; *hereafter I shall follow F.*

Yf on loke yow in *the* face *that* neuer se yow ere,  
 Wold thynk ye were at *the* next dore by.

In good fayth, I wenyd yow had bene an hosteler, verely :  
 I sye suche a-nother ientylman *with* yow a barowfull bare  
 Of horsdowng & dogges tordes & sych other gere. 98

And how yt happenyd, a *mervelous* chance be-tyde :  
 Your felow was not suer of foote, & yet he went very  
 brode,<sup>1</sup>

But in a cow-tord both dyd ye slyde,

And, as I wene, *your* nose *ther*-in rode,—

Your face was be-payntyd *with* sowters code.

I sey *neuer* sych a syzt, I make God a-vow ;

Ye were so be-grymlyd & yt had bene a sowe. 105

STAB. In fayth, *thou* *neuer* syest me tyll *this* day !

I haue dwellyd *with* my master thys vij zere & more ;  
 ffull well I haue pleasyd hym, he wyll not say nay,  
 And mykyll he makyth of me therfore.

SERUUS. By my trowth, *than* be ye changyd to a new  
 lore?

A *seruand* ye are, & *that* a good,

Ther ys no better lokyth owt of a hood. 112

STAB. ffor soth, & a hood I vse for to were,

ffull well yt ys lynyd *with* sylk & chamlett ;

Yt kepyth me fro the cold, *that the* wynd doth me not dere,  
 Nowther frost nor snow *that* I therby do sett.

SERUUS. Yea, yt ys a dobyll hood & *that* a fett !

He was a good man *that* made yt, I warant yow ;

He was nother horse ne mare,<sup>2</sup> nor yet yokyd sow ! 119

*Here commyth the fyrst knyth to the stabyl-grom, sayng :*

I. MILES. Now, stabyll-grom, shortly bryng forth away  
 The best horse, for owur lorde wyll ryde !

<sup>1</sup> Substituted in MS. for wyde.

<sup>2</sup> MS. nare; corr. by F.

STAB. I am full redy ; heere ys a palfray,  
 There can no man a better bestryde ;  
 He wyll conducte owur lorde & gyde  
 Thorow the world ; he ys sure & abyll ;  
 To bere a gentyllman he [is]<sup>1</sup> esy & prophetabyll. 126

*Her the knyght cummyth to Saule with a horse.*

I. MILES. Behold, *sir* Saule, *your* palfray ys com,  
 Full goodly besene, as yt ys yowr desyer,  
 To take yowur vyage thorow euery regyon.  
 Be nott in dowl, he wyll spede *your* mater ;  
 And we, as *your seruantes*, with glad chere  
 Shall gyf attendance, — we wyll nott gaynsay,  
 But folow you where ye go be nyzt or day. 133

SAULUS. Vnto Damask I make my progressyon,  
 To pursue all rebellyous, beyng froward & obstynate,  
 Agayns our lawes be ony transgressyon.  
 With all my delygens my-self I wyll prepare<sup>2</sup>  
 Concernyng my purpose to oppres & separate ;  
 Non shall reioyce that doth offend,  
 But vtterly to reprove with mynde & intende. 140

*Her Sale rydyth forth with hys seruantes a-bowt the place, [&]<sup>1</sup> out of the place.<sup>1</sup>*

CAYPHA. Now Saule hath takyn hys wurthy wyage  
 To pursue rebellyous, of what degre *thei* be ;  
 He wyll non suffer to raygne nor haue passage  
 With-in all thys regyon, we be in sertayn[te].  
 Wherefor I commende hys goodly dygnyte,  
 That he thus aluay takyth in hande  
 By hys power to gouerne thus all thys lande. 147

ANNA. We may lyue in rest by hys consolacion ;  
 He defendyth vs ; where-for we be bownde  
 To loue hym intyrelly with our harttes affeccion,  
 And honour hym as champyon in euery stownde.

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by F.

<sup>2</sup> F. prepare.

Ther ys non suche lyuyng vpon *the* grownde  
 That may be lyke<sup>1</sup> hym nor be hys pere,  
 Be est nor west, ferre nor nere.

154

POETA (*si placet*).

## CONCLUSYON.

*Dance.*<sup>2</sup>

[POETA.] ffynally, of *this* stac[*i*]on thus we mak a conclusyon,  
 Besechyng thys audyens to folow & succede,  
 With all *your* delygens, *this* generall processyon.  
 To vnderstande *this* matter, wo lyst to rede  
 The Holy Bybyll for *the* better spede,  
 Ther shall he haue *the* perfyth intellygens.  
 And *thus* we comyt yow to Crystys magnyfycens.

161

*finis istius stationis et altera sequitur, .*

[*Second Station.*]<sup>3</sup>

## [PROLOGUE.]

POETA. Honorable frendes, we besече yow of audyens  
 To here *our* intencion & also *our* prosses.  
 Vpon *our* matter, be *your* fauorable lycens,  
 A-nother *part* of *the* story we wyll redres :  
 Here shalbe brefly shewyd with all *our* besynes,  
 At thys pagent, Saynt Poullys conuercyon.  
 Take ye good hede & ther-to gyf affeccion. [Exit.]

168

*Here commyth Saule rydyng in, with hys seruantes.*

SAULUS. My purpose to Damask fully I intende ;  
 To pursewe the dyscypulys my lyfe I apply.  
 ffor to breke down the chyrchys thus I condescende,  
 Non I wyll suffer that [they]<sup>3</sup> shall edyfey ;

<sup>1</sup> A late hand has added to above the line.

<sup>2</sup> In later hand.

<sup>3</sup> Supplied by F.



Perchaunce owur lawes than myzte [peyre] <sup>1</sup> ther-by,  
 And the pepull also turne & conuerte,  
 Whych shuld be gret heuynes vnto myn hart. 175

Nay, *that* shall nott be butt layd a-part !  
*The* prynces haue gouyn me full potestacion.  
 All that I fynd, *thei* shall nott start,  
 But bounde, to Ierusalem, *with* furyous vyolacion,  
 Be-for Cesar, Caypha & Annas [haue] presentacion.  
 Thus shalbe subduyd tho wretchys of *that* lyfe,  
 That non shall in-ioy, nother man, chy[1]de nor wyfe. 182

*Here commyth a feruent [flame] with gret tempest, and Saule faulyth  
 down of hys horse ; that done, Godhed spekyth in heuyn.*

DEUS. Saule ! Saule ! why dost *thou* me pursue ?  
 Yt ys hard to pryke a-gayns *the* spore !  
 I am *thi* Savyour, *that* ys so trwe,  
 Whych made heuyn & erth & eche creature.  
 Offende nott my goodnes ; I wyll *the* recure !  
 SAULUS. O Lorde, I am a-ferd, I trymble for fere.  
 What woldyst I ded ? Tell me here ! 189

DEUS. A-ryse & goo *thou* wyth glad chere  
 In-to the cyte a lytyll be-syde,  
 And I shall *the* socor in euery dere,  
 That no maner of yll xal be-tyde ; <sup>2</sup>  
 And I wyll ther for the prouyde  
 By my grete goodnes what *thou* shalt doo.  
 Hy *the* as fast thether as *thou* mast goo. 196

SAULUS. O mercyfull God, what aylyth me ?  
 I am lame, my legges be take me fro ;  
 My sygth lykwyse, — I may nott see ;  
 I can nott tell whether to goo.  
 My men hath forsake me also.  
 Whether shall I wynde, or whether shall I pas ?  
 Lord, I beseche the, helpe me, of thy grace. 203

<sup>1</sup> *Supplied by Kittredge.*

<sup>2</sup> *F. xalbe-tyde.*

I. MILES.<sup>1</sup> Syr, we be here to help the in *thi* nede  
 With all our affyance ; we wyll not seise.<sup>2</sup>

SAULUS. Than, in Damask, I pray yow, me lede,  
 I' <sup>3</sup> Godes name, accordyng to my promyse.

II. MILES. To put forth yowur hand loke ye dresse !  
 Cum on your way ; we shall yow bryng  
 In-to *the* cyte with-owt taryng.

210

*Here the knyghtes lede forth Sale in to a place, & Cryst apperyth to  
 Annanie, sayng :*

DEUS. Ananie ! Ananie ! where art *thou*, Ananie ?

ANAN.<sup>4</sup> Here, Lord, I am here, trwly !

212

DEUS. Go thy way & make *thi* curse,  
 As I shall assyng *the* by myn aduysse,  
 Into *the* strete *qui dicitur rectus*,  
 And in a certayn house, of warantyse,  
 Ther shall ye fynd Saule in humble vyse,  
 As a meke lamb, *that* a wolf before was namyd.  
 Do my behest ; be nothyng a-shamyd !

219

He wantyth hys syth, by my punyshment constrayned.

Prayeng vnto me, I assure, *thou* shalt hym fynd.

With my stroke of pyte sore ys he paynyde,

Wantyng hys sygth, for he ys truly blynyde,

ANAN. Lord, I am aferd, for aluay *in* my mynd

I here so myche of hys furyous cruelte,

*That*, for spekyng of *thi* name, to deth he wyll put me.

226

DEUS. Nay, Ananie ; nay, I assure *the* !

He wulbe glad of thy cummyng.

ANAN. A ! Lord, but I know of a certayn[te]

That thy seyntes in Ierusalem to deth he doth bryng.

Many yllys of hym I haue be kennyng,

<sup>1</sup> F. j<sup>us</sup> miles ; so below.

<sup>2</sup> MS. apparently serse ; corr. by F.

<sup>3</sup> But the stroke for n may have been omitted.

<sup>4</sup> F. Ananias, here and below.

ffor he hath the pour of the *princes* alle  
To saue or spylle, — do which he schall. 233

DEUS. Be nothyng a-drad, he ys a chosen wessell,  
To me assyngned by my godly eleccion.  
He shall bere my name be-fore the kynges & chylder of Israell,  
By many sharpe shoures sufferying correccion,  
A gret doctor, of benyngne conpleccion,  
The trwe precher of the hye deuynete,  
A very pynacle of *the* fayth, I ensure the. 240

ANAN. Lorde, thy *commandment* I shall fullfyll ;  
Vn-to Saule I wyll take my waye.

DEUS. Be nothyng *in* dowte for good nor yll !  
Fare-well, Ananie ; tell Saule what I do say.

*Et exiat Deus.*

ANAN. Blyssyd Lord, defende me, as *thou* best may !  
Gretly I fere hys cruell tyranny ;  
But to do *thi* precept my-self I shall applye. 247

*Here Ananias goth toward Saule.*

I. MILES. I maruayle gretly what yt doth mene,  
To se owur master in thys hard stounde.  
The wonder grett lythtys *that* were so shene  
Smett hym doune of hys hors to *the* grownde ;  
And me thowt that I hard a sounde  
Of won spekyng *with* voyce delectable,  
Whych was to [vs] wonderfull myrable. 254

II. MILES. Sertenly thys lyzt was ferefull to see,  
The sperkys of fyre were very feruent ;  
Yt inflamyd so greuosely about *the* countre  
That, by my trowth, I went we shuld a ben brent.  
But now, serys, lett vs relente  
Agayne to Caypha & Anna, to tell *this* chaunce  
How yt be-fell to vs thys greuauns. 261

*Her Saule ys in contemplacion.<sup>1</sup>*

SAULUS. Lord, of *thi* counfort moch I desyre,  
*Thou* myzty Prince of Israell, Kyng of pyte,  
 Whyche me hast punyshyd as *thi* presoner  
 That nother ete nor dranke thys dayes·thre ;  
 But, gracyos Lorde, of *thi* vysytacyon I thanke the ;  
 Thy *seruant* shall I be as long as I haue breth,  
 Thowgh I therfor shuld suffer dethe. 268

*Here commyth Anania to Saule, sayeng :*

ANAN. Pease be in thys place & goodly mansyon !  
 Who ys *with-in*? Speke, in Crystys holy name !  
 SA[U]LUS.<sup>2</sup> I am here, Saule. *Cum* in, on Goddes benyson !  
 What ys *your* wyll? Tell, *with-owten* blame.  
 ANAN. ffrom Almyghty God, *sertanly*, to the sent I am,  
 And Ananie men call me wher-as I dwell.  
 SAULUS. What wold ye haue? I pray yow me tell. 275

ANAN. Gyfe me *your* hand for *your* awayle !  
 For, as I was *commaundyd*, by hys *gracyos* sentens  
 I byd<sup>3</sup> the be stedfast, for *thou* shalt be hayle.  
 ffor thys same cause he sent me to *thi* presens ;  
 Also he bad the remember hys hye excellens,  
 Be *the* same tokyn *that* he dyd *the* mete  
 Toward *the* cyte, when he apperyd in *the* strete. 282

Ther mayst *thou* know hys power celestyall,  
 How he dysposyth euery-thing as hym lyst ;  
 No-thing may *witstand* hys myzte essencyall.  
 To stond vp-ryght, or els down to thryste,  
 Thys ys hys powur, yt may not be myste,  
 ffor who *that* yt wantyth, lackyth a frende.  
 Thys ys *the* message *that* he doth *the* sende. 289

SAULUS. Hys marcy to me ys ryght welcom ;  
 I am ryght glad *that* yt ys thus.

<sup>1</sup> MS. comtemplacion ; *corr. by F.*

<sup>2</sup> *Corr. by F.*

<sup>3</sup> F. & bad.

*Hic apparebit Spiritus Sanctus super eum [in the form of a dove].*

ANAN. Be of good chere & perfyte iubylation,  
*Discendet super te Spirytus Sanctus,*  
 Whych hath with hys<sup>1</sup> grace illumynynd vs.  
 Put fo[r]th<sup>2</sup> thi hond & goo wyth me ;  
 A-gayne to thy syght here I restore the. 296

SAULUS. Blyssyd Lord, thankys to yow euer be !  
 The swame ys fallyn from my eyes twayne ;  
 Where I was blynyd & coud nott see,  
 Lord, *thou* hast sent me my syght agayne.  
 ffrom sobbyng & wepyng I can not refrayne  
 My pensyue hart, full of contryccion ;  
 ffor my offences my body shal haue punycyon ; 303

And, where I haue vsed so gret persecucyon  
 Of *thi* descyplys thorow all Ierusalem,  
 I wyll [aid]<sup>2</sup> & defende ther predycacyon  
 That th[e]y<sup>2</sup> dyd tech on all *this* reme :  
 Wherefor, Ananie, at the watery streme  
 Baptyse me, hartely I *the* praye,  
 A-mong *your* numbyr that I electe & chosen be may. 310

ANAN. On-to *this* well of mych vertu  
 We wyll vs hye *with* all *our* delygens.  
 SAULUS. Go yow be-fore, & after I shall sewe,  
 Laudyng & praysyng *our* Lordes benevolens.  
 I shall neuer offend hys myzty magnyfycens,  
 But aluay obserue hys preceptys & kepe.  
 ffor my gret vnkyndnes my hart doth wepe. 317

ANAN. Knele ye down vpon thys grownde,  
 Receyuyng thys crystenying *with* good intent,  
 Whyche shall make yow hole of *your* dedly wound,  
 That was infecte *with* venom nocent.

<sup>1</sup> MS. hys hys; *corr. by F.*

<sup>2</sup> *Corr. by F.*

Yt purgyth synne ; and fendes poure<sup>1</sup> so fraudelent  
 It putyth a-syde, — where thys doth at-tayne,  
 In euery stede, he may not obtayne. 324

I crysten yow *with* mynd full *perfyght*,  
 Reseyuyng yow in-to *owur* relygyon,  
 Euer to be stedfast & neuer to flyt,  
 But euer constant *with*-owt varyacyon.  
 Now ys fullfyllid all *our* obseruacyon ;  
 Concludyng, *thou* mayst yt ken,  
*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, Amen !* 331

SAULUS. I am ryght glad as foule on flyte  
 That I haue receyuyd *this* blyssyd sacrement.  
 ANAN. Com on *your* way, Saule ; for nothyng lett !  
 Take yow sum coumforth for *your* bodyes noryschment.  
 Ye shall abyde *with the* dyscyplys, verament,  
 Thys many dayes in Damask cyte,  
 Vn-tyll *the* tyme more *perfyt* ye may be. 338

SAULUS. As ye *commande*, holy father Ananie ;  
 I full[y] assent at yow[r]<sup>2</sup> request,  
 To be gydyd & rulyd as ye wyll haue me,  
 Evyn at *your* pleasur, as ye thynk best.  
 I shall not offend for most nor lest.  
 Go forth yowur way ; I wyll succede  
 In-to what place ye wyll me lede. 345

## CONCLUSYO[N].

*Dawnce.*<sup>3</sup>

POETA. Thus Saule ys *conuerted*, as ye se expres,  
 The very trw *seruant* of our Lord Iesu ;  
 Non may be lyke to hys *perfyzt* holynes,  
 So nobyll a doctor, constant & trwe ;  
 Aftyr hys *conuersyon* neuer mutable, but styll insue

<sup>1</sup> F. poures.<sup>2</sup> *Corr. by F.*<sup>3</sup> F. has no note as to the hand.

The lawys of God to teche euer more & more,  
As Holy Scriptor tellyth,<sup>1</sup> who-so lyst to loke *ther*-fore. 352

Thus we comyte yow.all to *the* Trynnye,  
Concludyng thys stacion as we can or may,  
Vnder *the* correccyon of them *that* letteryd be ;  
How-be-yt vnable, as I dare speke or say,  
The compyler here-of shuld translat veray  
So holy a story, but *with* fauorable correccyon  
Of my fauorable <sup>2</sup> masters of *ther* benygne supplexion. 359

*finis istius secunde stacionis et sequitur tarcia.*

[*Third Station.*]<sup>3</sup>

[PROLOGUE.]

POETA. The myght of the Fadires potencial deite  
Preserue thys honorable & wurshypfull congregacion  
That here be present of hye & low degre,  
To vnderstond thys pagent at thys lytyll stacion,  
Whych we shall *procede with* all our delectac[i]on,<sup>4</sup>  
Yf yt wyll plese yow to gyf audyens fauorable.  
Hark wysely ther-to ; yt ys good & profetable. [Exit.] 366

[*Caypha and Anna, to whom enter the knights.*]

I. MILES. Nobyll *prelates*, take hede to owur sentens !  
A wundryfull chaunce fyll & dyd be-tyde  
Vn-to owr master, Saull, when he departyd hens,  
In-to Damaske *purposyd* to ryde :  
A meruelous lyzt fro thelement dyd glyde,  
Whyche smet down <sup>5</sup> hym to grunde, both horse & man,  
*With* the ferfulest wether *that* euer I in cam. 373

<sup>1</sup> F. tellyd.

<sup>4</sup> *Corr. by F.*

<sup>2</sup> *Qy.* honorable.

<sup>5</sup> MS. doum ; *corr. by F.*

<sup>3</sup> *Supplied by F.*

II. MILES. It rauysshid hym and hys spirites did be-nome ;  
 A swete, dulcet voyce spake hym vnto  
 And askyd wherfor he made suche persecucion  
 A-geynst hys dyscyplys & why he dyd soo.  
 He bad hym in-to Damaske to Ananie goo,  
 And ther he shuld reseuyue baptym, truly.<sup>1</sup>  
 And now clene a-geyns owur lawys he ys trwly. 380

CAYPHA. I am sure thys tale ys not trw !  
 What ! Saule conuertyd from *our* law?  
 He went to Damask for to pursue  
 All the dyscyplys that dyd *with*-draw  
 Fro owur fayth, — thys was hys sawe.  
 How say ye, Anna, to thys mater? *This* ys a mervelos  
 chans ;  
 I can not beleve *that* thys ys of assurans. 387

ANNA. No, Caypha ; my mynde trwly do [I]<sup>2</sup> tell :  
 That he wyll not turne in no maner wyse,  
 But rather to deth put & expell  
 All myscreauntes & wretchys *that* doth aryse  
 Agaynst *our* lawes by ony enterpryse.  
 Say the trwth *with*-[owt]<sup>2</sup> ony cause frawdellent,  
 Or els for your talys ye be lyke to be shent ! 394

I. MILES.<sup>3</sup> Ellys owur bodyes may [ye] put to payn !  
 All *that* we declare I sye yt *with* my nye ;  
 Nothyng offendyng, but trwly do iustifye. 397

CAYPHAS. By the gret God, I do maruayle gretly !  
 And thys be trw *that* ye do reherse,  
 He shall repent hys rebellyous treytory,  
 That all shalbe ware of hys falsnes.  
 We wyll not suffer hym to obtayne dowltes,  
 ffor meny *perellys that* myght be-tyde  
 By hys subtyll meanys on euery syde. 404

<sup>1</sup> *Qy. duly.*<sup>2</sup> *Supplied by F.*<sup>3</sup> *Apparently four lines are missing here.*



ANNA. The law ys *commytted* to *owur* aduysment ;  
 Werfor we wyll not se yt decay, —  
 But rather vphold yt, help & *augment*, —  
 That ony reprove to vs fall may  
 Of Cesar, themprour, by nyzt or day.  
 We shall to such matters harke & attende,  
 Accordyng to the lawes our wyttes to spende.

411

<sup>1</sup> Here to enter a dyuel<sup>2</sup> with thunder & fyre, & to avaunte<sup>3</sup> hym-sylfe,  
 saying as folowyth ; &<sup>2</sup>, hys spech spokyn, to syt downe in a chayre.

BELYALL. Ho ! ho ! beholde me, the myzte prince of the  
*partes* in-fernall !  
 Next vnto Lucyfer I am in magestye ;  
 By name I am nominate *the* god Belyall ;  
 Non of more myzte nor of more excellencye !  
 My powre ys princypall & now of most soferaynte.  
 In *the* temples & synogoges who deneyth me to honore,  
 My busshopes thorow my motyon *thei* wyl hym sone deuoure.

418

I have movyd my *prelates*, Cayphas & Anna,  
 To *persew* & put downe by powre ryall,  
 Thorow *the* sytyes of Damask & Liba,  
 All soch as do worship *the* hye God supernall.  
 Ther deth ys *conspyryd* with-owt any fauoure at all ;  
 My busshopys hathe chosyne won most rygorus  
 Them to *persew*, howse name ys Saulus.

425

Ho ! thus as a god, most hye in magestye,  
 I rayne & I rule ouer creatures humayne.  
 With souerayne sewte sowzte to ys my deyte ;  
 Mans mynd ys applicant as I lyst to ordeyne.  
 My law styll encreasyth ; wherof I am fayne ;  
 Yet of late I haue hard of no newys truly,  
 Werfor I long tyll I speke with my messenger Mercurye.

432

<sup>1</sup> From here through the stage direction following l. 502 is by a later hand, written on three separate inserted leaves.

<sup>2</sup> In margin: Diabolus.

<sup>3</sup> F. avaunce.

*Here shall entere a-nother devyll, callyd Mercury, with a fyeryng, com-  
myng in hast, cryeng & roryng, & shal say as folowyth :*

MARCURY. Ho ! owȝt ! owȝt ! alas thys sodayne chance !

Well may we bewaile *this* cursyd aduenture !

BELYAL. Marcurye, what aylyse *thou* ? Tell me thy grevaunce !

Ys *ther* any *that* hath wrowȝte vs dyspleasure ?

MERC. Dyspleasure i-nowgh, *therof* ye may be sure !

Our law at lengthe yt wylbe clene downe layd,

For yt decayth sore, & more wyl, I am a-frayd.

439

BEL. Ho ! how can *that* be ? Yt ys not possyble !

Co[n]syder,<sup>1</sup> *thou* foole, *the* long contynuaunce.

Decaye, *quod* a ? Yt ys not credyble !

Of fals tydynges *thou* makyst here vtterance.

Behold how the peple hath no pleasaunce

But in syn & to folow our desyere,

Pryde & voluptuosyte *ther* hartes doth so fyre.

446

Thowȝe on do swauer away from our lore,

Yet ys our powre of suche nobylte

To have hym a-gayne & twoo therfore

*That* shal preferre *the* prayse of owre maiestye.

What ys *the* tydynges ? Tell owt ! Lett vs see !

Why arte *thou* amasyd so ? Declare afore vs

What fury ys fallyn *that* troblyth *the* thus !

453

MERCURY. Ho ! owȝt ! owȝte ! He *that* I most trustyd to

*And* he *that* I thowȝte wold haue ben to vs most specyall

Ys now of late turnyd & our cruell foo ;

Our specyall frynd, our chosen Saull,

Ys be-commes *seruante* to *the* hye God eternall.

As he dyd ryde on our enemyes persecutyon,

He was sodenly strykyn by the hye provysyon,

460

*And* now ys baptysyd, & promys he hath made

Neuer to vary ; & soch grace he hath opteynyd

*That* ondowtyd hys fayth from hym can not fade.

<sup>1</sup> *Corr. by F.*

Wherfor to *complayne* I am *constraynyd*,  
 For moch by hym shuld we haue *prevaylyd*.

BELYAL. Ho ! owzt ! owzt ! What ! haue we loste  
 Our darlyng most dere whom we lovyd moste ?

467

But ys yt of trowth *that thou* doyst here specyfyē ?

MERCURY. Yt ys so, ondowztyd. Why shuld I fayne ?  
 For thowzte I can do non *other* but crye !

*Here thei shal rore & crye, & then Belyal shal saye :*

BELYAL. Owzte ! *This* grevyth vs worse *than* hell-  
 payne !

*The conuersyon* of [a] synner, certayne,  
 Ys more payne to vs & *persecutyon*  
 Than all *the* furies of *the* infernall dongyon.

474

MERCURY. Yt doyth not avayl vs thus to lament,

But lett vs *provyd* for remedy shortlye.  
 Wherfor let vs both by on assent

Go to *the* busshopys & moue *them* pryvelye  
*That* by some sotyl meane *thei* may cause hym to dye.  
 Than shal he in our law make no dysturbauce,  
 Nor here-after cause vs to haue more greuauunce.

481

BELYAL. Wel sayd, *Mercurye* ! Thy cowncel ys *profytable*.

Ho, Saul ! *thou* shalt repent thy vnstabilenes !  
 Thou hadyst ben better to haue byn *confyrable*  
 To our law ; for thy<sup>1</sup> deth, dowlles,  
 Yt ys *conspyryd* to reward thy falsnes.

Though on hath dyssayvyd vs, yet now-a-days  
 Twenti<sup>2</sup> doyth gladly folow oure layes :

488

Some by pryde, some thorowgh envye,

Ther rayneth thorow my myght so moch dysobedyauunce ;  
 Ther was neuer a-mong crystyans lesse charyte  
 Than ys at *this* howre ; & as for *concupysence*,  
 [He] rayneth as a lord thorow my violence ;

<sup>1</sup> F. thys.

<sup>2</sup> F. xx<sup>ti</sup>

Glotomy & wrath euery man doth devyse ;  
*And* most now ys praysyd my cosyn Covytyce. 495

Cum, Mercury, let vs go & do as we haue sayd ;  
 To delate yt any lenger yt ys not best.  
 MERCURY. To bryng yt a-bowzt I wold be wel apayd ;  
 Tell yt be done let vs not rest.

BELYAL. Go we than shortly ! Let vs departe  
 Hys deth to devyse, syth he wyl not reuert. 502

*Here thei shal vanyshe away with a fyrye flame & a tempest.<sup>3</sup>*

<sup>3</sup> *Her apperyth Saule in a<sup>4</sup> disciplis wede, sayng :*

SAULUS.<sup>5</sup> That Lord that ys shaper of see & of sond  
 And hath wrowth *with* hys woord all thyng at hys wyll,  
 Saue thys semely <sup>6</sup>*that* here syttyth or stonde,  
 ffor his meke marcy, *that* we do not spyll !  
 Grant me, good Lord, thy pleasur to fulfyll,  
 And send me suche speche that I *the* trwth say,  
 My entencions proph[i]table<sup>7</sup> to meve yf I may. 509

Welbelouyd frendes, ther be vij mortall synnes,  
 Whych be provyd pryncypall & princes of poysonnes :  
 Pride, *that* of bytternes all bale begynnes, —  
 With-holdyng all fayth, yt fedyth & foysonnes,  
 As Holy Scriptor beryth playn wyttnesse :  
*Inicium omnium peccatorum superbya* <sup>8</sup> *est,*  
 That often dystroyeth both most & lest.<sup>9</sup> 516

<sup>1</sup> Indicated by F.

<sup>2</sup> Here ends the insertion by the late hand.

<sup>3</sup> From here through l. 516 was originally written immediately after l. 411, but was crossed out there and repeated here by the late hand. Both stanzas are rejected by S. In the footnotes L. indicates the reading of the later copy.

<sup>4</sup> L. hys.

<sup>7</sup> Corr. by F.

<sup>5</sup> Om. by L.

<sup>8</sup> L. subia.

<sup>6</sup> L. asembly.

<sup>9</sup> L. man & best.

Off all vyces & foly pride ys the roote.

Humylyte may not rayn ner yet indure ;

Pyte, alak, that ys flower & boot,

Ys exylyd wher pride hath socour.

*Omnis qui se exaltat humiliabitur :*

Good Lord, gyf vs grace to vnderstond & perseuer,

Thys wurd as *thou* bydyst to fulfyll euer, —

523

Who-so in pride beryth hym to hye,

With mys[c]heff<sup>1</sup> shalbe mekyd, as I mak mensyon ;

And I therfor assent & fully certyfy

In text, as I tell, the trw entencyon

Of *perfyzt* goodnes & very-locucyon :

*Noli, tibi dico, in altum sapere, sed time,* —

Thys ys my consell, — bere the not to hye,

530

But drede alway synne & folye,

Wrath, enuy, couytys, and slugyshnes ;

Exeunt owt of thy syzt glotony & lechery,

Vanytye & vayneglory and fals idylnes.

Thes be the branchys of all wyckydnes ;

Who *that* in hym thes vyces do roote,

He lackyth all grace & bale ys *the* boote.

537

“Lern at my-self, for I am meke in hart,”

Owr Lorde to hys *seruantes* thus he sayth,

“ffor meknes I sufferyd a spere at my hart ;

Meknes all vyces anullyth & delayeth,

Rest to soulis [ye] shall fynd yt,<sup>2</sup> in fayth :

*Discite a me, quia mitis sum, et corde humilis ;*

*Et inuenietis requiem animabus vestris.*”

544

So owur Sauyour shewyth vs example<sup>3</sup> of meknes,

Thorow grace of hys godnes mekly ys<sup>4</sup> groundys ;

Trwly yt wyll vs saue fro *the* synnes sekenes,

<sup>1</sup> *Corr. by F.*

<sup>3</sup> *F. exampls.*

<sup>2</sup> *F. yt shall fynd.*

<sup>4</sup> *Qy. yt.*

ffor<sup>1</sup> pryde & hys progeny mekenes confoundys :  
*Quanto maior es, tanto humilia te in omnibus, —*  
 The gretter *thou* art, the lower loke *thou* be,  
 Bere the neuer *the* hyer for *thi* degre. 551

ffro sensualityte of fleshe thy-self loke *thou* lede,  
 Vnlefully therin vse not thy lyfe ;  
 Whoso therin delyteth, to deth he must nede ;  
 It consumyth natur, the body sleyth *with-owt* knyf ;  
 Also yt styntyth nott but manslawter & stryf :  
*Omnis fornicator aut immundus non habet hereditatem*  
*Christi, —*  
 Non shall in heuyn posses that be so vnthryfty. 558

ffe fornycac[i]on, nor be no letchour,  
 But spare *your* speche & speke nott theron :  
*Ex habundancia cordis os loquitur ;*  
 Who movyth yt oft, chastyte louyth non,  
 Of *the* hartes habundans *the* tunge makyth locucion,  
 What manys mynde ys laboryd, therof yt spekyth ; —  
 That ys of suernes, as Holy Scryptur tretyth. 565

Wherfor I reherse thys *with* myn owyn mowthe :  
*Caste viuentes templum Dei sunt.*  
 Kepe clene *your* body from synne vncuth,  
 Stabyll *your* syghtes & look ye not stunt,  
 ffor of a sertaynte I know, at a brunt,  
*Oculus est nuncius peccati, —*  
 That the iey ys euer *the* messenger of foly 572

*Enter Seruus sacerdotum.*

SERUUS. Whate ! Ys not thys Saule *that* toke hys vyage  
 In-to Ierusalem,<sup>2</sup> the dyscyplys to oppresse ?  
 Bounde he wold bryng them yf ony dyd rage  
 Vpon Cryst, — *this* was hys processe  
 To *the* princes of prestys, he sayde dowltes, —

<sup>1</sup> MS. ffor; corr. by F.

<sup>2</sup> F. points out that this is a mistake for Damascus, but see Notes.

Thorow all Damask & also Ierusalem  
Subdwe all templys *that* he founde of them. 579

SA[U]LUS.<sup>1</sup> Yes, *sertaynly*, Saule ys my *proper* name,  
That had in powr the full dominion —  
To hyde yt fro you yt were gret shame  
And mortall synne, as in my opynyon, —  
Vnder Cesar & *pristes* of the relygeon  
And templys of Iues, *that* be very hedyous,  
A-gayns almyghty Cryst, *that* kyng so *precyous*. 586

SERUUS. To Anna & Caypha ye must make *your* recourse ;  
Com<sup>2</sup> on *your* way, & make no delacion !

SAULUS. I wyll yow succede, for better or wors,  
To the prynces of *pristes* *with* all delectacion.

[*They go to Anna and Caypha.*]

SERUUS. Holy *pristes* of hye potestacion,  
Here ys Saule ! Lok on hym wysely ;  
He ys a-nother man than he was, verely. 593

SAULUS. I am *the seruant* of Ihesu Almyghty,  
Creator & maker of see & sonnd,  
Whiche ys kyng conctypotent of heuyn glory,  
Chef comfort & solas both to fre & bonde,  
A-gayns whos power nothyng may stonde ;  
Emperowr he ys both of heuyn & hell,  
Whoys goodnes & grace al thyng doth excell. 600

*Recedit paulisper.*

CAYPHA. Vn-to my hart thys ys gret admyracion,  
That Saule ys thus *meruelously* changyd ;  
I trow he ys bewytchyd by sum coniuuracion,  
Or els the devyll on hym ys auengyd.  
Alas ! to my hart yt ys dessendyd  
That he ys thus takyn fro *our* relygyon !  
How say ye, Anna, to thys conuercyon ? 607

<sup>1</sup> *Corr. by F.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. Con ; *corr. by F.*

ANNA. ffull *mervelously*, as in my *concepcion*,

Thys wnderfull case how yt be-fell,  
To se thys chaunce so sodenly don,  
Vn-to my hart yt doth grete yll.

But for hys falsnes we shall hym spyll ;  
By myn assent to deth we wyll hym bryng,  
Lest *that* more myschef of hym may spryng.

614

CAYPHA. Ye say very trew, we myzt yt all rewe !

But shortly in thys we must haue aduysement,  
ffor thus a-gayns vs he may nott *contynew*, —  
Perauentur than of Cesar we may be shent.

ANNA. Nay, I had leuer in fyer he were brent  
Than of Cesar we shuld haue dysp[l]easeure<sup>1</sup>  
ffor sych a rebell and subtyle fals treator.

621

CAYPHA. We wyll command the gates to be kept aboute

*And* the walles suerly on euery stede,  
That he may not eskafe no-where owzte ;  
For dye he shall, I ensuer yow indede.

ANNA. Thys traytour rebellyous, evyll mut he spede,  
That doth *this* vnhappynges a-gayns all !  
Now euery costodyer kepe well hys wall !

628

SERUUS. The gatys be shytt, he can not eskafe ;<sup>2</sup>

Euery place ys kepte well & sure,  
That in no wyse he may, tyll he be take,  
Gett owt of *the* cyte, by ony coniecture.  
Vpon *that* caytyf & fals traytour  
Loke ye be auengyd *with* deth mortall,  
*And* iudge hym as ye lyst to what end he shall.

635

[*They go out ; an angel appears to Saulus.*]

ANGELUS. Holy Saule, I gyf yow monycyon,  
The princes of Iues entende, sertayn,  
To put yow to deth, but by Goddes provvysyon

<sup>1</sup> *Corr.* by F.

<sup>2</sup> F. note skape.



He wyll ye shall lyue lenger, and optayn,  
 And after thy deth *thou* shalt rayng  
 Above in heuyn, *with* owr Lordes grace.  
 Conuay yowr-self shortly in-to a-nother place. 642

SAULUS. That Lordes pleasur euer mut be down  
 Both in heuyn & in hell, as hys wyll ys !  
 In a beryng-baskett or a lepe, a-non  
 I shall me co[n]uay<sup>1</sup> *with* help of the dyscyplys,  
 For euery gate ys shett & kept *with* multytud of pe-  
 pull[ys] ;  
 But I trust in owr Lord, that ys my socour,  
 To resyst ther malyce & cruell furour. 649

## CONCLUSYO[N].

[EPILOGUE.]<sup>2</sup>

POETA. Thus leue we Saule *with-in the* cyte,  
 The gates kep by commandment of Caypha & Anna ;  
 But the dyscyplys in the nyzt ouer the wall, truly,  
 As the Bybull sayeth : *dim[i]serunt<sup>1</sup> eum summittentes<sup>3</sup>*  
*in sporta ;*  
 And Saule after that, in Ierusalem, vera,  
 Ioyned hym-self & ther accompenyed  
*With the* dyscyplys, wher *thei* were vnfayned. 656

Thys lytyll pagent thus conclud we  
 As we can, lackyng lytturall scyens ;  
 Besechyng yow all, of hye & low degre,  
 Owr sympylnes to hold excusyd & lycens,  
 That of Retoryk haue non intellygens ;  
 Commyttyng yow all to owr Lord Ihesus,  
 To whoys lawd ye syng : *Exultet celum laudibus !* 663  
*ffinis co[n]uersionis<sup>1</sup> Sancti Pauli.*

<sup>1</sup> *Corr. by F.*<sup>2</sup> *Supplied by F.*<sup>3</sup> *F. summittens.*

## THE PLAY OF THE SACRAMENT.

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The basis of the text is the edition by Whitley Stokes, *Publications of the Philological Society*, 1860-61, collated with the MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. The MS. is assigned to the end of the fifteenth century. In the footnotes, S. indicates the readings of Stokes's edition, which represents the MS. unless the contrary is expressly stated; H. indicates the emendations of Holthausen, *Englische Studien*, XVI, 150 f., and *Anglia*, XV, 198 ff.

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### [THE BANES OF THE PLAY.]

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. Now *the* Father & *the* Sune & *the*  
Holy Goste,

That all *this* wyde worlde hat[h]<sup>1</sup> wrowg[h]t,<sup>1</sup>  
Save all thes semely,<sup>2</sup> bothe leste & moste,  
And bryn[g]e<sup>1</sup> yow to *the* blysse *that* he hath yow to  
bowght!

We be ful purposed *with* hart & *with* thought  
Off oure mater to tell *the* entent, —

Off *the* marvellis *that* wer wondurfely wrowght  
Off *the* holi & bleysed Sacrament.

8

SECUNDUS. Sid[s]eyns, & yt lyke yow to here *the* purpoos  
of *this* play,

That [ys]<sup>1</sup> re-presentyd now in yower syght  
Whych in Aragon was doon,<sup>3</sup> *the* sothe to saye,  
In Eraclea, that famous cyte, aryght, —  
Ther-in wonneth a *merchante* off mekyll myght,  
Syr Arystorye was called hys name,  
Kend full fere *with* mani a wyght,  
Full fer in *the* worlde sprong hys fame.

16

<sup>1</sup> *Corr. by S.*

<sup>2</sup> S. *femely.*

<sup>3</sup> S.; MS. *doon.*

· PRIMUS. A-non to hym<sup>1</sup> ther cam a Jewe,  
 With grete rychesse for the nonys,  
 · And wonneth in the cyte of Surrey, — *this*<sup>2</sup> full trewe, —  
 Yn wyche<sup>3</sup> had gret plente off precyous stonys. 20

Off *this* Cristen merchante he freyned<sup>4</sup> sore,  
 Wane he wolde haue had hys entente.  
 · Twenti pownd<sup>5</sup> and merchandyse mor  
 · He proferyd for the holy Sacrament. 24

SECUNDUS. But the Christen merchannte theroff sed nay,  
 Be-cause hys profer was of so lityll valewe ;  
 An hundder pownd<sup>6</sup> but he wolde pay,  
 No lenger theron he shuld pursewe. 28

But mor off ther purpos they gunne<sup>7</sup> speke,  
 The holi Sacramente for to bye ;  
 · And all for [that] the[i] wolde<sup>8</sup> be wreke,  
 · A gret sume off gold be-gune down ley. 32

· PRIMUS. Thys Crysten merchante consentyd, the sothe to  
 sey,  
 · And in the nyght after made hym delyuerance.<sup>9</sup>  
 Thes Jewes all grete joye made they,  
 But off thys betyde a stranger chance : 36

· They grevid our Lord gretly on grownd,  
 · And put hym to a newe<sup>10</sup> passyon ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. hyn; corr. by S.

<sup>2</sup> S. supplies [ys].

<sup>3</sup> S. supplies [he], but the final e of wyche contains he. In MS. at the beginning of this line the first four words of the next line were written by mistake and then crossed out.

<sup>4</sup> MS. freynend; corr. by S.

<sup>5</sup> MS. xxti li; S. xxti pownd.

<sup>6</sup> MS. An c li; S. An c pownd.

<sup>7</sup> S. gune; MS. gune.

<sup>8</sup> MS. woldr; S. composed a new line: And all on the sauowr of the world to be wreke; the corrections above are by H.

<sup>9</sup> MS.; S. deliuerance.

<sup>10</sup> The word in MS. is said to look like nelle, but cf. 723.

With daggers gouen hym many a greuyos wound ;  
 Nayled hym to a pyller ; with pynsons plukked hym  
 doune. 40

SECUNDUS. And sythe thay toke *that* blysed Brede so  
 sownde

And in a cawdron they ded hym boyle,<sup>1</sup>  
 In a clothe full just they yt wounde,  
 And so they ded hym sethe in oyle ; 44

And than thay putt hym to a new tormentry,

In an hoothe ouyn<sup>2</sup> speryd hym fast.

There he appyred with woundis bloody ;

The ovyn refe a-sondre & all tobrast.

PRIMUS. Thus in ouer lawe they wer made stedfast ;

The holy Sacrement sheuyd them grette faueur ;

In contrycyon th[e]yr hertis wer cast,

And went & shewyd ther lyues to a confesour. 52

Thus be maracle off *the* Kyng of hevyn

And by myght & power govyn to *the* prestis mowthe

In an howshold wer con[v]ertyd<sup>3</sup> i-wys elevyn.<sup>4</sup>

At Rome *this*<sup>5</sup> myracle ys knowen well kowthe.

SECUNDUS. Thys marycle at Rome was presented, for  
 sothe,

Yn the yere of ouer<sup>6</sup> Lord a M<sup>l</sup>cccc<sup>l</sup>xi<sup>7</sup>

That *the* Jewes *that*<sup>8</sup> holy Sacrament dyd with<sup>9</sup>

In the forest seyde of Aragon. 60

Be-low thus God at a tyme showyd hym there,

Thorwhe hys mercy & hys mekyll myght ;

Vnto the Jewes he gan<sup>10</sup> appere

That *thei* shuld nat lesse hys heavenly lyght.

<sup>1</sup> MS. boylde; corr. by S.

<sup>5</sup> MS. apparently y<sup>s</sup> y<sup>s</sup>; corr. by S.

<sup>2</sup> MS. hoothe ob ouyn; corr. by S.

<sup>6</sup> S. you<sup>r</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Corr. by S.

<sup>7</sup> S. M<sup>l</sup>cccc.c.lxi.

<sup>4</sup> S. I wyll wys xi.

<sup>8</sup> S. wt.

<sup>9</sup> H. suggested the addition of nothe; but later 627 made him doubtful.

<sup>10</sup> MS. gayn; S. [did a-]gayn.

PRIMUS. So therfor, frendis, *with* all your myght  
 Vnto your gostly father shewe your synne ;  
 Beth in no wanhope daye nor nyght.  
 No maner off dowgth<sup>is</sup> *that* Lord put in ;

68

ffor *that the* dowgth<sup>is</sup> *the* Jewys than in stode, —  
 As ye shall se pleyd, both more & lesse, —  
 Was yff *the* Sacrament wer flesshe & blode ;  
 Therfor they put yt to suche dystresse.

SECUNDUS. And yt place yow, thys gaderyng *that*  
 here ys,

At Croxston on Monday yt shall be sen ;  
 To see<sup>1</sup> the conclusyon of *this* lytell processe  
 Hertely welcum shall yow bene.

76

Now Jhesu yow sawe from<sup>2</sup> trey<sup>3</sup> & tene,  
 To<sup>4</sup> send vs hys hyhe ioyes of hevyn,  
 There myght ys *with*outon mynd<sup>5</sup> to mene !  
 Now, mynstrell, blow vp *with* a mery stevyn !

80

*Explicit.*

Here after foloweth *the* Play of *the* Conversyon  
 of *Ser* Jonathas *the* Jewe by Myracle of *the*  
 Blyssed Sacrament.

ARISTORIUS MERCATOR.<sup>6</sup> Now Cryst, *that* ys ouer Creatour,  
 from shame he cure vs ;  
 He<sup>7</sup> maynteyn vs *with* myrth *that* meve vpon *the* mold ;  
 Vnto hys endlesse joye myghtly he restore vs,  
 All tho *that* in hys<sup>8</sup> name in peas well them hold ;

<sup>1</sup> H. *wishes to read say.*

<sup>4</sup> Qy. And.

<sup>2</sup> MS. fron ; *corr. by S.*

<sup>5</sup> Qy. end, or mynn.

<sup>3</sup> S. treyn ; *corr. by H.*

<sup>6</sup> *A list of dramatis personae is given at the end of the play, p. 276.*

<sup>7</sup> MS. be ; *corr. by S.*

<sup>8</sup> S. thys.

For of a merchante most myght therof my tale ys told,  
 In Eraclea ys *now* suche, woso<sup>1</sup> wyll vnder-stond,  
 For off all Aragon I am most myghty of syluer & of  
 gold,—  
 ffor, & yt wer a countre to by, now wold I nat wond. 8

Syr Arystory is my name,  
 A merchante myghty of a royall araye ;  
 fful wyde in *this* worlde spryngyth my fame,  
 Fere kend & knowen, *the* sothe for to saye.  
 In all maner of londis, *without* ony naye,  
 My merchandyse renneth, *the* sothe for to tell ;  
 In Gene & in Jenyse & in Genewaye,  
 In Surrey<sup>2</sup> & in Saby & in Salerun I sell ; 16

In Antyoche & in Almayn moch ys my myght,  
 In Braban & in Brytayn I am full bold,  
 In Calabre & in Coleyn *ther* ryng<sup>3</sup> I full ryght,  
 In Dordrede & in Denmark [I] be *the* chyffe cold,<sup>4</sup>  
 In Alysander I haue abundaw[n]se<sup>5</sup> in the wyde world,  
 In France & in Farre fresshe be my flower[is],<sup>6</sup>  
 In Gyldre & in Galys haue I bowght & sold,  
 In Hamborowhe & in Holond moche merchantdyse ys owris ; 24

In Jerusalem & in Jherico a-mong the Jewes jentle,  
 Amo[n]g<sup>5</sup> tho Caldeys & Cattlyngis kend ys my komyng ;  
 In Raynes<sup>6</sup> & in Rome to Seynt Petyrs temple  
 I am knowen certenly for bying & sellyng ; 28

In Mayn & in Melan full mery haue I be ;  
 Owt of Naverun to Naples moch good ys *that* I bryng ;  
 In Pondere & in Portyngale moche ys my gle ;  
 In Spayne & in Spruce moche ys my spedying ;  
 In Lombardy & in Lachborn, there ledde ys my lykyng ;

<sup>1</sup> S. w[h]oso.<sup>2</sup> MS. surgery ; S. surry.<sup>3</sup> S. suggests reygne.<sup>4</sup> H. reads I haue be the chyffe told ; told is probably right.<sup>5</sup> S.<sup>6</sup> H. reads Raymes.

In Taryfe & in Turkey, there told ys my tale ;

And in *the* dukedom of Oryon moche have I in weldyng :

And thus thorowght all *this* world sett ys my sale.

36

No man in thys world may weld more rychesse;

All I thank God of hys grace, for he yt<sup>1</sup> me sent ;

And as a lordis pere thus lyve I in worthynesse.

My curat waytheth<sup>2</sup> vpon me to knowe myn intent,

And men at my weldyng, & all ys me lent ;

My well for to worke in thys worlde so wyde.<sup>3</sup>

Me dare they nat dysplese by no condescent,<sup>4</sup>

And who-so doth, he ys nat able to a-byde.

44

PRESBYTER. No man shall you tary ne t[r]owble<sup>5</sup> thys tyde,

But every man delygently shall do yow plesance ;

And I vnto my connyng to *the* best shall hem guyde

Vnto<sup>6</sup> Godis plesyng to *serue* yow to utterance ;<sup>7</sup>

ffor ye be worthy & notable in substance of good,

Off merchantis of Aragon ye have no pere, —

And ther-of thank God *that* dyed on *the* roode,

That was your makere & hath yow dere.

52

ARISTORIUS. For soth, syr pryst, yower talkyng ys good ;

And therfor after your talkyng I wyll atteyn

To wourshyppe my God that dyed on *the* roode,

Neuer<sup>8</sup> whyll *that* I lyve ageyn *that* wyll I seyn.

But, Petyr Powle, my clark, I praye the goo wele pleyn

Thorowght all Eraclea,<sup>9</sup> that thow ne wonde,<sup>9</sup>

And wytte yff any merchante be come to *this* reyn

Of Surrey or of Sabe or of Shelys-down.

60

CLERICUS. At youer wyll for to walke I wyl nat say nay,

Smertly to go serche at *the* wateris syde ;

<sup>1</sup> S. yt.

<sup>4</sup> MS. condestent; *corr. by S.*

<sup>2</sup> H. *corrects to* wayteth.

<sup>5</sup> S.

<sup>3</sup> In S. *misprinted* wydc.

<sup>6</sup> Qy. Vnder.

<sup>7</sup> S. attruëance; H. *proposes* accrueance.

<sup>8</sup> MS.; S. Ever, *but, as H. points out, Neuer is right.*

<sup>9-9</sup> H. *proposes* both vp and down, *cf.* l. 66.

Yff any pleasant bargyn be to your paye,  
 As swyftly as I *can* I shall hym to yow guyde.  
 Now wyll I walke by thes pathes wyde,  
 And seke the haven both vp and down  
 To wette yf any unknowth <sup>1</sup> shyppes therin do ryde,  
 Of Surrey or of Saby [or] <sup>2</sup> of Shelys-down. 68

*Now shall the merchantis man with-drawe hym and the Jewe Jonathas shall make hys lest.<sup>3</sup>*

JONATHAS. Now, almighty Machomet, marke <sup>4</sup> in *this* mageste,  
 Whose <sup>5</sup> lawes tendrely I have to fulfyll,  
 After my dethe bryng me to thy hyhe see,  
 My sowle for to save yff yt be thy wyll ;  
 For myn entent ys for to fulfyll  
 As my gloryus God the to honer.<sup>6</sup>  
 To do agen thy entent, yt shuld gr[e]ue me yll  
 Or agen thyn lawe for to reporte ; 76

For I thanke the hayly *that* hast me sent  
 Gold,<sup>7</sup> syluer & presyous stonys,  
 And abunddance of spycis thou hast me lent,  
 A[s]<sup>2</sup> I shall reherse before yow onys :  
 I have amatystis ryche for *the* nonys  
 And baryllis that be bryght of ble,  
 And saphyre semely I may show yow attonys  
 And crystalys clere for to se ; 84

I have dyamantis dere-wourthy to <sup>8</sup> dresse,  
 And emeraudis, ryche I trow they be,  
 Onyx and achatis<sup>9</sup> both more & lesse,  
 Topazyons, smaragdís of grete degre,  
 Perlys precyous grete plente ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. on knowth ; *corr. by S.*

<sup>2</sup> S.

<sup>3</sup> H. *reads best* ; *I can suggest nothing better than boast* (= boast).

<sup>4</sup> *Qy. moste.*

<sup>5</sup> S. whoses ; *see Notes.*

<sup>6</sup> H. *points out that honer does not rhyme with reporte* ; *possibly beste should be added after honer, and resiste substituted for reporte* ; *for rhyme, cf. l. 142.* <sup>7</sup> S. *prints godd, but emends to gold in his Glossary.*

<sup>8</sup> MS. *appears to have do before to.*

<sup>9</sup> MS. *Machatis* ; *corr. by S.*



Of rubes ryche I have grete renown ;

Crepawdis & calcedonyes semely to se,  
A[nd]<sup>1</sup> curyous carbunclys here ye fynd mown ;

92

Spycis I hawe both grete & smale

In my shyppes, the sothe for to saye,

Gyngere, lycoresse and cannyngalle,

And fygis fatte to plese yow to paye,

Peper and saffyon & spycis smale,

And datis wole dulcett for to dresse,

Almundis and reys, full euery male,

And reysones both more & lesse ;

100

Clowys, greynis<sup>2</sup> & gynger grene,

Mace, mastyk that myght ys,

Synymone, suger, as yow may<sup>3</sup> sene,

Long<sup>4</sup> peper and Indas lycorys,

Orengis a[nd]<sup>1</sup> apples of grete apryce,

Pungarnetis<sup>5</sup> & many other spycis —

To tell yow all I have now, i-wys,<sup>6</sup> —

And moche other merchandyse of e[v]ery<sup>1</sup> sondry spycis.

108

Jew Jonathas thys ys my name,<sup>7</sup>

Jazon & Jazdon thei waytyn on my wylle,

Masfat & Malchus they do the same,

As ye may knowe, yt ys bothe rycht & skylle.

I telle yow alle, bi dal and by hylle,

In Eraclea ys noon so moche of myght.

Werfor ye owe tenderli to tende me tyllle,

For I am chefe merchante of Jewes, I telle yow be ryght.

116

But, Jazon & Jazdon, a mater wolld<sup>8</sup> I mene, —

Mer-velously<sup>9</sup> yt ys ment in mynde, —

<sup>1</sup> S.

<sup>4</sup> S. leng.

<sup>2</sup> MS. grenyis ; *corr. by S.*

<sup>5</sup> MS. ; S. pungarnetis.

<sup>3</sup> S. mayn.

<sup>6</sup> S. I wyse.

<sup>7</sup> MS. Jew Jonathas ys my ys name ; *corr. by S.*

<sup>8</sup> MS. wolldis ; *corr. by S.*

<sup>9</sup> H. ; S. retains reading of MS., mer velensly.

· *The* beleve of thes *Crysten men* ys false, as I wene,  
 · For *the*[i] beleve on a cake, — me thynk yt ys onkynd, —  
 And alle they seye how *the* prest dothe yt bynd,  
 · And be *the* myght of hys word make yt<sup>1</sup> flessch & blode, —  
 · And thus be a conceyte *the*[i]<sup>2</sup> wolde make vs  
 bylnd, —  
 · And how *that* yt shuld be he *that* deyed upon *the* rode. 124

JASON. Yea, yea, master, a strawe for talis !

That ma not falle<sup>3</sup> in my beleve ;

· But myt<sup>4</sup> we yt gete onys *within* our pales,

· I trowe we shuld sone *affter* putt yt in a preve.<sup>5</sup>

JASDON. Now, be Machomete so myghty, *that* ye doon  
 of<sup>6</sup> meue

· I wold I wyste how *that* we myght yt gete ;

I swer<sup>7</sup> be my grete god, & ellys mote I nat cheue

But wyghtly the[r]jon<sup>2</sup> wold I be wreke. 132

MASPHAT. Yea, I dare sey feythfulli *that* ther feyth [ys  
 fals :]<sup>8</sup>

· That was *neuer* he that on Caluery was kyld,

Or *in* bred for to be blode yt ys ontrewed als ;<sup>9</sup>

· But yet *with* ther wyles *thei* wold we were wyld.

MALCUS. Yea, I am myghty Malchus, *that* boldly am  
 byld ;

· That brede for to bete byggly am I bent.

Onys out of ther handis & yt myght be exyled,

To helpe castyn yt in care wold I consent. 140

· JONAT[H]AS.<sup>2</sup> Well, syrse, than kype *cunsel*, I *cummande*  
 yow all,

*And* no word of all thys be wyst.

But let us walke to see Arystories halle,

<sup>1</sup> S. ye.

<sup>4</sup> H. *corrects the spelling to* myght.

<sup>2</sup> S.

<sup>5</sup> S.; MS. praye.

<sup>7</sup> S. seuer.

<sup>9</sup> S. als[o].

<sup>3</sup> H.; S. manot sale.

<sup>6</sup> S. of[t].

<sup>8</sup> S. [ys so].

*And* after-ward more counselle among vs shall <sup>1</sup> caste.

*With* hym to bey & to sel I am of powere prest ;

A bargyn *with* hym to make I wyll assaye ;

ffor gold & syluer I am nothyng agast

But *that* we shall get *that* cake to ower paye.

148

*Her shall ser Ysodyr, the prest, speke with<sup>2</sup> ser Arystori, seyng on thys wyse to hym ; & Jonathas goo don<sup>3</sup> of his stage.*

PRESBITER. Syr, be your leue, I may [no] <sup>4</sup> lengere dwell ;

Yt ys fer paste none, yt ys tyme to go to cherche,

There to saye myn evynsong, forsothe as I yow tell,

And syth come <sup>5</sup> home ageyne, as I *am* wont to werche. 152

ARISTORIUS. Sir Isydor, I praye yow, walke at yowr wyll,

ffor to serfe God yt ys well done ;

And syt[h] <sup>6</sup> come agen & ye shall suppe your fyll,

*And* walke than to your <sup>7</sup> chamber, as ye ar wont to doon. 156

*Her shall the marchantis man<sup>8</sup> mete with the Jewes.*

JONAT[H]AS.<sup>6</sup> A ! Petre Powle, good daye & wele i-mett !<sup>9</sup>

Wer ys thy <sup>10</sup> master, as I the pray ?

CLERICUS. Lon[g] <sup>6</sup> from hym haue I not lett

Syt[h] <sup>6</sup> I cam from hym, *the* sothe for to saye.

Wat tidying *with* yow, *ser*, I yow praye,

Affter my master *that* ye doo frayen ?

Haue ye ony bargaen *that* wer to hys paye ?

Let me haue knowlech ; I shall wete hym to seyn. 164

JHONATHAS. I haue bargenes royalle & ry[c]h <sup>6</sup>

ffor a marchante *with* to bye and sell ;

In all thys lond is ther non lyke

Off abundance of good, as I will tell. 168

<sup>1</sup> S. inserts [be].

<sup>2</sup> S. out.

<sup>3</sup> H. corrects the spelling to down.

<sup>4</sup> S. [nat].

<sup>5</sup> MS. coñe ; corr. by S.

<sup>6</sup> S.

<sup>7</sup> S. yōr.

<sup>8</sup> MS. marchant men ; corr. by S.

<sup>9</sup> MS. I mett ; S. imett.

<sup>10</sup> S. they.

*Her shall the clerk goon to ser Aristori, saluting him thus :*

CLERICUS. All hayll, master, & wel mot yow be !<sup>1</sup>

Now tydyngē can I yow tell :

*The grettest marchante in all Surre*

Ys come *with* yow to bey & sell,

This tale ryght well he me told.<sup>2</sup>

Sir Jonat[h]as<sup>3</sup> ys hys nam,

A marchant of ryght gret fame ;

He woulde sell yow, *with*-out blame,

P[l]ente<sup>4</sup> of clothe of golde.

177

ARISTORIUS. Petre Powle, I can *the* thanke !

I prey *the* rychely araye myn halle

As owyth for a marchant of *the* banke ;

Lete non defawte be fownd at alle.

CLERICUS. Sekyrlly, master, no m[o]re<sup>5</sup> ther shall.

Styffly about I thynke to stere,

Hasteli<sup>4</sup> to hange *your* parlour *with* pall,

As longeth for a lordis pere.

185

*Here shall the Jewe marchante & his men come to the Cristen marchante.*

JONATHAS. All haylle, syr Aristorye, semele to se,

The myghtyest *merchante* off Arigon !

Off yower welfare fayn wet wold we,

And to bargeyn *with* you *this* day am<sup>5</sup> I boun.

189

ARISTORIUS. Sir Jonathas, ye be wellecum vnto myn halle !

I pray yow come vp & sit bi me,

And telle me wat good ye haue to selle,

And yf ony bargeyn<sup>6</sup> mad may be.

193

JONATHAS. I haue clothe of gold, *precyous* stons & spyce  
plente.

Wyth yow a bargen wold I make ;—

<sup>1</sup> S. for MS. yowbe.

<sup>2</sup> MS. this t l [?] ryght nell heme tell ; *corr. by S. Perhaps the fourth word should be now ; cf. p. 240, l. 38.*

<sup>4</sup> H. ; S. hasterli.

<sup>3</sup> S.

<sup>5</sup> S. ; MS. an.

<sup>6</sup> S. bargeny ; bargen ymade *seems unlikely.*

I wold bartre wyth yow in pryvyte

On lytelle thyng,<sup>1</sup> ye wyll me yt take

Prevely in *this* stownd

*And* I wolle sure yow be thys lyght,

Neuer dystrie yow daye nor nyght,

But be sworn to yow full ryght

*And* geve yow twenti pownde.<sup>2</sup>

202

ARISTORIUS. Sir Jonathas, sey me for my sake,

What maner of marchandis ys yt<sup>3</sup> ye mene?

JONATHAS. Yowr God, *that* ys full mytheti, in a cake,

*And* thys good anoon shall yow seen.

[ARISTORIUS.]<sup>4</sup> Nay, in feyth, *that* shall not bene.

I wollnot for an hundder<sup>5</sup> pownd

To stond in fere my Lord to tene

*And* for so lytelle a walew in conscyence<sup>6</sup> to stond bownd. 210

JONATHAS. Sir, *the* entent ys if I myght knowe or vnder-  
take

Yf *that* he were God alle-myght;

Off all my mys I woll amende make

*And* doon hym wourshepe bothe day & nyght. 214

ARISTORIUS. Jonathas, trowth I shall *the* tell :

I stond in gret dowght to do *that* dede,

To yow *that* bere all<sup>7</sup> for to sell

I fere me *that* I shuld stond in drede ;

ffor, & I vnto *the* chyrche yede,

*And* preste or clerke myght me aspye,

To *the* bysshope *thei* wolde go telle *that* dede

*And* apeche me of eresye.<sup>8</sup> 222

JONATHAS. Sir, as for *that*, good shyffte may ye make,

*And*, for a vaylle, to walkyn on a nyght

<sup>1</sup> H. *inserts* yf.

<sup>5</sup> H. *reads* hunderd.

<sup>2</sup> MS. xx<sup>ti</sup> li.; S. xx<sup>ti</sup> pownd.

<sup>6</sup> S.; MS. constyene.

<sup>3</sup> S. yt.

<sup>7</sup> *Qy.* bereall = beryl.

<sup>4</sup> S.

<sup>8</sup> S. tresyē; H. apostasye, *but cf.* l. 777.

Wan prest & clerk to rest ben take ;  
 Than shall ye be spyde of no wyght.  
 ARISTORIUS. Now sey me, Jonathas, be this lyght !  
 Wat payment *therfor* wolde yow me make ?  
 JONATHAS. Forty pownd,<sup>1</sup> & pay yt fulryght,  
 Evyn for *that* Lorde<sup>2</sup> sake. 230

ARISTORIUS. Nay, nay, Jonathas, there-agen ;  
 I w[o]ld<sup>3</sup> not for an hunder<sup>4</sup> pownd.  
 JONATHAS. Sir, hir ys [yo]wer<sup>5</sup> askyng toolde pleyn,  
 I shall yt tell in this stownd. 234

[Counts out the money.]

Here is an hunder pownd,<sup>6</sup> neyther mor nor lesse,  
 Of dokettis good, I dar well saye ;  
 Tell yt er yow from me passe.  
 Me thynketh yt a royalle araye ! 238

But fyrst, I pray yow, tell me thys :  
 Off thys thyng whan shalle I hafe delyuerance ?  
 ARISTORI. To-morowe be-tymes ; I shallnot myse ;  
 This nyght therfor I shalle make *purveance*. 242

Syr Isodyr he ys now at chyrch,  
 There seyng hys evynsong,  
 As yt ys<sup>6</sup> worshepe for to werche ;  
 He shall sone cum home, he wyll nat be long,  
 Hys soper for to eate ;  
 And whene he ys buskyd to hys bedde,  
 Ryght sone [t]here-after he<sup>7</sup> shalbe spedd. —  
 No speche among yow ther be spredd ;  
 To kepe your tounge<sup>8</sup> ye nott lett. 251

JONATHAS. Syr, almyghty Machomyght be *wit*h yow !  
 And I shalle cum agayn ryght sone.

<sup>1</sup> MS. xl li. ; S. xl pownd.

<sup>4</sup> S. has C.

<sup>2</sup> H. *reads* lordes.

<sup>5</sup> MS. has C. li. ; S. has C. pownd.

<sup>3</sup> S.

<sup>6</sup> S. As yt hys ; H. As yt [ys] hys.

<sup>7</sup> H. ye.

ARYSTORIUS. Jonathas, ye wott what I haue sayd, & how  
I shalle warke<sup>1</sup> for that we haue to donn. 255

*Here goeth the Jewys away & the preste commyth home.*

PRESBITER. Syr, almyghty God mott be yower gyde  
And glad yow where-soo ye rest !

ARISTORIUS. Syr, ye be welcom home thys tyde !  
Now, Peter, gett vs wyne of the best. 259

CLERICUS. Syr, here ys a drawte of Romney Red,  
Ther ys no better in Aragon,  
And a lofe of lyght bred, —  
Yt ys holesom, as sayeth *the* fesycyon. 263

ARYSTORIUS. Drynke of,<sup>2</sup> *ser* Isoder, & be of good chere !  
Thys Romney ys good to goo *with* to reste ;  
Ther ys no precyouser fer nor nere,  
For alle wykkyd metys yt wyll degest. 267

PRESBITER. Syr, thys wyne ys good at a taste,  
And ther-of haue I drunke ryght welle.  
To bed to gone thus haue I cast  
Euyn strayt after thys mery mele. 271

Now, *ser*, I pray to God send yow good nyght,<sup>3</sup>  
ffor to my chamber now wyll I gonne.

ARISTORIUS. *Ser*, *with* yow be God almyght,<sup>4</sup>  
And sheld yow euer from yowr fone ! 275

[*Exit the priest.*] *Here shall Aristorius call hys clarke to hys presens.*

Howe, Peter ! In the ys all my trust,  
In especyalle to kepe my conselle :

<sup>1</sup> S. walke.

<sup>2</sup> H. reads therof, as in 269; but of is off.

<sup>3</sup> S. rest; emend. by H.

<sup>4</sup> S. reads almyght[est], and says: "The scribe had added a y and expunged it imperfectly." This seems to justify H. in retaining the MS. reading.

ffor a lytylle waye walkyn I must.

I wyll not be long ; trust as I the telle.

279

*[He goes toward the church.]*

Now preuely wyll I persew my pace,

My bargayn thys nyght for to fulfyll.

*Ser* Isoder shalle nott know of thys case,

For he hath oftyn sacred, as yt ys skylle.

The chyrche key ys at my wyll ;

Ther ys no-thinge *that* me shalle tary,

I wyll nott abyde by dale nor hylle

Tyll yt be wrowght, by Saynt Mary !

287

*Here shal he enter the chyrche & take the Hoost.*

Ah ! now haue I alle myn entent ;

Vnto Jonathas now wyll I fare ;

To fullefyll my bargayn haue I ment,

For *that* mony wyll amend my fare,

As thynketh me.

*[Exit from church.]*

But now wyll I passe by thes pathes playne ;

To mete *with* Jonathas I wold fayne.

Ah ! yonder he commyth in certayne ;

Me thynkyth I hym see !

296

Welcom, Jonathas, gentyll & trew,

ffor well & tr[e]wly<sup>1</sup> *thou* kepyst thyn howre ;

Here ys *the* Host, sacred newe.

Now wyll I home to halle & bowre.

300

JONATHAS. And I shall kepe thys trusty treasure

As I wold doo my gold and fee.

Now in thys clothe I shalle the couer,

That no wyght shalle the see.

304



*Here shall Arystory goo hys waye & Jonathas & hys seruaufts shall goo to the tabyll thus sayng :*

JONATHAS. Now, Jason & Jasdon, ye<sup>1</sup> be Jewys jentylle,  
 Masfat & Malchus, that myghty arn in mynd,  
 Thys merchant from the Crysten temple  
 Hathe gett vs thys bred that<sup>2</sup> make vs thus blynd.  
 Now, Jason, as jentylle as euer was the lynde,  
 Into the forsayd parlowr preuely take thy pase ;  
 Sprede a clothe on the tabyll *that* ye shalle *there* fynd,  
*And* we shalle folow after to carpe of thys case. 312

*Now the Jewys goon & lay the Ost on the tabyll, sayng :*

JONATHAS. Syris, I praye yow alle, harkyn to my sawe !  
 Thes Crysten men carpyn of a mervelows<sup>3</sup> case ;  
 They say *that this* ys Ihesu *that* was attaynted in ower lawe  
*And that* thys ys he *that* crwcyfied was. 316

On thes wordys there law growndyd hath he  
 That he sayd on Sherethursday at hys soper :  
 He brake the brede & sayd *Accipite*,  
 And gave hys dyscyplys them for to chere ;  
 And more he sayd to them there,  
 Whyle they were alle together & sum,  
 Syttyng at the table soo clere,  
*Comedite, [hoc est] corpus meum.* 324

And thys powre he gaue Peter to proclame,  
 And how the same shuld be suffycient to alle prechors ;  
 The bysshoppys & curatis saye the same,  
 And soo, as I vnderstond, do alle hys progenytors. 328

JASON. Yea, sum men in *that* law reherse a-nother :  
 They say of a maydyn borne was hee,  
*And* how Joachyms dowghter shuld be hys mother,  
*And* how Gabrelle apperyd & sayd *Aue* ;

<sup>1</sup> *Qy. yt.*

<sup>2</sup> *S. inserts wold.*

<sup>3</sup> *MS.; S. mervelous.*

*And with that worde she<sup>1</sup> shuld conceyuyd be,  
And that in hyr shuld lyght the Holy Gost, —  
Ageyns ower law thys ys false heresy, —  
And yett they saye he ys of myghtis most.* 336

JASDON. They saye *that* Ihesu to be ower kyng,  
But I wene he bowght yt<sup>2</sup> fulle dere.  
But they make a royalle aray of hys vprysyng ;  
*And that in euery place ys prechyd farre & nere,  
And how he to hys dyscyples agayn dyd appere,  
To Thomas and to Mary Mawdelen,  
And syth how he styed by hys own powre ;<sup>3</sup>  
And thys, ye know well, ys heresy fulle playn.* 344

MASPHAT. Yea, & also they say he sent them wytt & wys-  
dom

ffor to vnderstond euery language ;  
When *the* Holy Gost to them came, <sup>4</sup>  
They faryd as dronk men of pymente or vernage ;  
*And sythen how that he lykenyd hym-self a lord of  
parage,*  
On hys fatherys ryght hond he hym sett.  
They hold hym wyser *than* euer was Syble sage,  
*And* stronger than Alexander, *that alle the* worde<sup>5</sup> ded  
gett. 352

MALCHUS. Yea, yet they say as fals, I dare laye my hedde,  
How they that be ded shall com agayn to Judgement,  
And ower dredfulle Judge shalbe thys same brede,  
And how lyfe euerlastyng them shuld be lent.  
*And thus they hold, all at one<sup>6</sup> consent,  
Be-cause that Phylippe sayd for a lytylle glosse —  
To turne vs from owr beleve ys ther entent, —  
ffor that he sayd *judicare viuos & mortuos.** 360

<sup>1</sup> H. *wishes to read* he.

<sup>4</sup> So MS.; S. [dyd] come.

<sup>2</sup> S. yt.

<sup>5</sup> S. wor[l]de; *but worde is a common spelling.*

<sup>3</sup> H. *corrects the spelling to power.*

<sup>6</sup> MS.; S. on.

JONATHAS. Now, *seris*, ye haue rehearsed the substance of  
ther<sup>1</sup> lawe.

But thys bred I wold myght be put in a *prefe*  
Whether *this* be he that in Bosra of vs had awe.

Ther staynyd were hys clothys, *this* may we belefe ;

Thys may we know, there had he grefe,

For ower old bookys veryfy thus, —

Thereon he was jugett to be hangyd as a thefe, —

*Tinctis*<sup>2</sup> [*de*] *Bosra vestibus*.

368

JASON. Yff *that* thys be he that on Caluery was mad red,  
Onto my mynd, I shalle kenne yow a conceyt good :

Surely *with* ower daggars we shalle ses on<sup>3</sup> thys bredde,

*And* so *with* clowtis we shall know yf<sup>4</sup> he haue eny  
blood.

JASDON. Now, by Machomyth so myghty, *that* meuyth  
in my mode !

Thys ys masterly ment, thys matter thus to meue ;

*And with* ower strokys we shalle fray hym as he was on  
the rode,

That he was on don *with* grett repreue.

376

MASPHAT. Yea, I pray yow, smyte ye in the myddys of  
*the* cake,

*And* so shalle we smyte *theron* woundys fyve ;

We wylle not spare to wyrke yt wrake

To prove in thys brede yf *ther* be eny lyfe.

380

MALCHUS. Yea, goo we to, than, & take ower<sup>5</sup> space,

*And* looke owr daggaris be sharpe & kene ;

*And* when eche man a stroke smytte hase,

In *the* mydylle part there-of ower master shalle bene.

JONATHAS. When ye haue alle smytyn, my stroke  
shalbe sene ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. or; corr. by S.

<sup>2</sup> S. Tinctio; corr. by H.

<sup>3</sup> S. seson; cf. 390.

<sup>4</sup> MS. ys; corr. by S.

<sup>5</sup> MS. yowr; emend. by S.

With *this* same dagger that ys so styf & strong  
 In *the* myddys of thys prynt I thynke for to prene ;  
 On lashe I shalle hym lende or yt be long. 388

*Here shalle the iiij Jewys pryke ther daggeris in iiij qua[r]ters,<sup>1</sup> thus sayng :*

JASON. Haue at yt ! Haue at yt, with alle my myght !  
 Thys syde I hope for to sese !

JASDON. And I shall with thys blade so bryght  
 Thys other syde freshely a-feze !

MASPHAT. And I yow plyght I shalle hym not please,  
 For with thys punche I shalle hym pryke.

MALCHUS. And with thys angus<sup>2</sup> I shalle hym not ease,  
 A-nother buffett shalle he lykke. 396

JONATHAS. Now am I bold with batayle hym to bleyke,  
 This mydle part alle for to prene ;  
 A stowte stroke also for to stryke, —  
 In *the* myddys yt shalbe sene ! 400

*Here the Ost must blede.*

Ah ! owt ! owt ! harrow ! what deuylle ys thys ?  
 Of thys wyrk I am in were ;  
 Yt bledyth as yt were woode, i-wys ;  
 But yf ye helpe, I shall dyspayre. 404

JASON. A fyre ! a fyre ! & that in hast !  
 Anoon a cawdron fulle of oyle !

JASDON. And I shalle helpe yt wer in cast,  
 All *the* iij howrs fo[r]<sup>1</sup> to boyle ! 408

*[Malchus goes to get the oil.]*

MASPHAT. Yea,<sup>3</sup> here is a furneys stowte & strong,  
 And a cawdron therin dothe hong !  
 Malcus, wher art thou so long,  
 To helpe thys dede were dyght ?

<sup>1</sup> S.

<sup>2</sup> Kittredge suggests dagger ; H. anguish.

<sup>3</sup> An attempt seems to have been made to cancel the *a* of *yea* in MS.

MALCUS. Loo, here ys iiij galons off oyle clere !  
 Haue doone<sup>1</sup> fast ! blowe up *the* fere !  
 Syr, bryng that ylke cake nere,  
 Manly, *with* all yowre mygthe.

416

JONATHAS. And I shall bryng *that* ylke cak[e]<sup>2</sup>  
 And throw yt in, I undertake.  
 Out ! out ! yt werketh me wrake !  
 I may not awoyd yt owt of my hond !  
 I wylle goo drenche me *in* a lake, —  
 And *in* woodnesse I gynne to wake !<sup>3</sup>  
 I rene, I lepe, *ouer* *this* lond !

423

*Her he renneth wood, with the Ost in hys hond.*

JASON. Renne, felawes, renne,<sup>4</sup> for Cokkis peyn !  
 Fast<sup>5</sup> we had ower mayster agene !

[*They catch Jonathas.*]

Hold prestly<sup>6</sup> on thys pleyn<sup>7</sup>  
*And* faste bynd hyme to a poste.  
 JASDON. Here is an hamer & naylys iij, I s[e]ye.<sup>8</sup>  
 Lyffte vp hys armys, felawe[s], on hey,  
 Whylle I dryue *thes* nayles, I yow praye,  
*With* strong strokis fast.

431<sup>8</sup>

MASPHAT.<sup>9</sup> Now set on, felouse, *with* mayne & myght,  
 And pluke hys armes away in hyght !<sup>10</sup>  
 Wat ! I se<sup>11</sup> he twycche, felovse, a-ryght !  
 Alas, balys breweth ryght badde !

<sup>1</sup> MS. ; S. doon.

<sup>2</sup> S.

<sup>3</sup> H. *proposes* rake.

<sup>4</sup> MS. reme ; *corr.* by S.

<sup>5</sup> H. *inserts* that.

<sup>6</sup> S. prestly [?], *but* MS. *is fairly clear.*

<sup>7</sup> S. feleyn [?] ; MS. *has* pleyn *with an elaborate curl and stroke over*  
*n* ; H. *proposes* sely sweyn.

<sup>8</sup> *The line numbering in S. is wrong from here on ; six lines are twice*  
*numbered as five.*

<sup>9</sup> MS. Malspas ; *corr.* by S.

<sup>10</sup> S. fyght ; *possibly* sight *was intended.*

<sup>11</sup> S. *reads* yse, *and suggests* yfe.

*Here shalle thay pluke the arme, & the hand shalle fang<sup>1</sup> styll with the Sacrament.*

MALCHUS.<sup>2</sup> Alas, alas, what deuyll ys thys?  
Now hat[h]<sup>3</sup> he but oon hand, i-wyse!  
ffor sothe, mayster, ryght woo me is  
*That ye this harme hawe hadde.*

439

JONATHAS. Ther ys no more; I must enduer!  
Now hastily to ower chamber lete us go[n],  
Tylle I may get me sum recuer;  
And ther-for [I] charge yow euery-choon  
*That yt be conselle that we hawe doon.*

444

[*They go out.*]

*Here shalle the lechys man come into the place saying:*

COLLE. Aha! here ys a fayer felawshyppe,  
Thewhe I be nat shapyn,<sup>4</sup> [yn] I lyst to sleppe.  
I hawe a master I wold he had *the* pyppe,  
I tell yow *in* consel.  
He ys a *man* off alle syence,  
But off thryfte — I may *with* yow dyspence!  
He syttyth<sup>5</sup> *with* sum tapstere in *the* spence;  
*Hys hoode there wyll he selle.*

452

Mayster Brendyche of Braban,  
I telle yow he ys *that* same man,  
Called *the* most famous phesy[cy]an<sup>8</sup>  
*That euer sawe vryne.*  
He seeth as wele at noone as at nyght,  
And sumtyme by a candelleyt  
Can gyff a judgyment<sup>6</sup> aryght  
*As he that hathe noon<sup>7</sup> eyn.*

460

<sup>1</sup> MS. sang; *emend.* by S.; *his proposal of hang (in Glossary) can derive no support from "a-fingred for ahungered."*

<sup>2</sup> *Wanting in MS.*; S. gives [Malchas].

<sup>3</sup> S.

<sup>4</sup> S. Sh[ ]pyn; *the reading adopted was suggested by Dr. F. N. Robinson.*

<sup>5</sup> MS. syttyth; *corr.* by S.

<sup>6</sup> MS. Judyymment; *corr.* by S.

<sup>7</sup> MS. nood, *which S. thinks may mean use [of].*

· He ys all-so a boone-setter, —  
 I knowe no man go *the* better ;  
 · In euery tauerne he ys detter,  
     Yt ys a good tokenyng.  
 But euer I wonder he ys so long ;  
 I fere ther gooth sum-thyng a-wrong,  
 For he hath dysa[rv]yde<sup>1</sup> to be hong, —  
     God send neuer warse tydyng !

468

· He had a lady late in cure ;  
 I wot be *this* she ys full sure ;  
 There shalle neuer *Crysten* creature  
     Here hyr tell no tale.  
 And I stode here tylle mydnyght,  
 I cowde not declare a-ryght  
 My masteris cunying in-syght  
     *That* he hat[h]<sup>2</sup> in good ale.

476

But<sup>3</sup> what deuyll ayleth<sup>4</sup> hym so long to tare ?  
 A seekman myght soone myscary.  
 Now alle *the* deuyllys of hell hym wari ! —  
     God g[ra]nte<sup>5</sup> me my boon !  
 I trowe best, we mak a crye :  
 Yf any man can hym<sup>6</sup> aspye,  
 Led hym to *the* pyller[ye].<sup>2</sup>  
     In fayth, yt shall be don.

484

*Here shalle he stond vp & make proclamacion, seyng thys :*

· COLLE. Yff therbe eyther man or woman  
 That sawe Master Brundyche of Braban,  
 Or owyht of hym tel can,  
     Shall wele be quit hys mede ;<sup>6</sup>  
 He hath a cut berd & a flatte noose,  
 · A therde-bare gowne & a rent hoose ;  
 He spekyt[h]<sup>2</sup> neuer good materz nor purpoose ; —  
     To *the* pyllere ye hym led[e].<sup>2</sup>

492

<sup>1</sup> H.<sup>3</sup> S. By.<sup>5</sup> MS. I; *emend.* by S.<sup>2</sup> S.<sup>4</sup> S. dyleth.<sup>6</sup> MS. men; *corr.* by S.

[*The master has entered during the proclamation.*]

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. What, thu boye, what janglest here?

COLL. A! master, master, but to your reuerence!

I wend neuer to a seen yowr goodly chere,

Ye tared hens so long.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. What hast thow sayd in my absense?

COLL. Nothyng, master, but to yowr reuerence,

I haue told all *this* audiense,

And some lyes among.

500

But, master, I pray yow, how dothe yowr pa[c]yent<sup>1</sup>

That ye had last vnder yowr medycamente?

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. I warant she neuer fele a-noyment.<sup>2</sup>

COLL. Why, ys she in hyr graue?

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. I haue gyven hyr a drynke made full  
well

Wyth scamoly and *with* oxennell,<sup>3</sup>

Letwyce, sawge and pympernelle.

COLL. Nay, than she ys full~~e~~ saue.

508

ffor, now ye ar cum, I dare welle saye

Betwyn Douyr & Calyce *the* ryght wey

Dwellth non so cunnyng, be my fey,

In my judgymēt.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Cunnyng? Yea, yea; & *with* prat-  
tise

I haue sauid many a manys lyfe.

COLLE. On wydowes, maydese and wy[v]se<sup>1</sup>

Yowr connyng yow haue nyhe spent.

516

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Were ys bowgtht *with*<sup>4</sup> drynke profyt-  
able.

COLL. Here, master, master, ware how ye tugg!

<sup>1</sup> S.

<sup>2</sup> S. gives MS. as a noynment; my collation shows a noyntment.

<sup>3</sup> S. emends to oxymell.

<sup>4</sup> S. emends to browgtht that, but, as the stanza (or rather, fragment) is unintelligible to me, I give the readings of MS.



The devyll, I trowe, *with*-in shrugge,  
For yt gooth rebyll-rable.

520

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Here ys a grete congregacyon,  
And alle benot hole, *with*out negacyon.

I wold haue certyfycacyon ;

Stond vp & make a *proclamacion*.

Haue do faste,<sup>1</sup> and mak no pausa[c]yon,<sup>2</sup>

But wyghtly mak a declaracion

To alle people *that* helpe w[o]lde<sup>2</sup> haue.

527

*Sic interim<sup>3</sup> proclamacionem faciet.*

COLL. All manar off men *that* haue any syknes,

To Master Brentberecly loke *that* yow re-dresse.

What dysease or syknesse *that* euer ye haue,

He wyll neuer leue yow tylle ye be in yow[r]<sup>2</sup> graue.

Who hat[h]<sup>2</sup> *the* canker, *the* collyke, or *the* laxe,

The tercyan, *the* quartane, or *the* brynny[n]g<sup>2</sup> axs, —

ffor wormys, for gnawyng, gryndy[n]g<sup>2</sup> in *the* wombe or in  
*the* boldyro, —

Alle maner red eyne, bleryd eyn, & the myegrym also,

For hedache, bonache, & therto *the* tothache, —

The colt-euyll,<sup>4</sup> & the brostyn men he wyll undertak,

All tho *that* [haue]<sup>2</sup> *the* poose, *the* sneke, or *the* tyseke, —

Thowh<sup>5</sup> a man w[e]re<sup>2</sup> ryght heyle, he coud soone make  
hym seke.

Inquyre to *the* Colkote, for ther ys hys loggyng,

A lytyle be-syde Babwelle Mylle, yf ye wyll haue und[er]-  
stondyng.<sup>2</sup>

541

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Now, yff therbe ether man or woman  
That nedethe helpe of a phesyscion — <sup>6</sup>

COLL. Mary, master, *that* I tell can,

*And* ye wyll vnderstond.

<sup>1</sup> S. dofaste; *corr.* by H.

<sup>2</sup> S.

<sup>3</sup> S. gives this reading with a query; there is no comment in my collation.

<sup>4</sup> S. Coltugll [?]; *emend.* by New Eng. Dict.

<sup>5</sup> MS.; S. Thowgh.

<sup>6</sup> MS.; S. phesyscian.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Knoest any abut *this* plase?

COLL. Ye, *that* I do, master, so haue [I]<sup>1</sup> grase;  
Here ys a Jewe, hyght Jonathas,  
Hath lost hys ryght hond.

549

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. ffast to hym I wold inquere.

COLL. ffor God, master, *the* gate ys here.<sup>2</sup>

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Than to hym I wyll go nere.

[*Approaches the Jews.*]

My master, wele mot yow be !

JONATHAS. What doost here, felawe? what woldest thu  
hanne?

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Syr, yf yow nede ony surgeon or  
physycyan,

Off yow[r]<sup>3</sup> dyse[se]<sup>4</sup> help yow welle I cane,

What hurtis or hermes<sup>4</sup> so-euer they be.

557

JONATHAS. Syr, thu art ontawght to come in thus [on-]henly<sup>5</sup>

Or to pere in my presence thus maleperty.

Voydeth<sup>6</sup> from my syght, & *that* wyghtly,  
ffor ye be mysse-a-vysed.

COLL. Syr, *the* hurt of yowr hand ys knowen fulle ryfe,

And my master haue<sup>7</sup> sauyd many a manes lyfe.

JONATHAS. I trowe ye be cum to make sum stryfe.

Hens fast, lest *that* ye be chastysed.

565

COLL. Syr, ye know welle yt can nott mysse,

Men that be masters of scyens be profytable.

In a pott yf yt please yow to pysse,

He can telle yf yow be curable.

[JONATHAS.]<sup>8</sup> Avoyde, fealows, I loue not yower bable !

<sup>1</sup> S. [yow]; H. *suggests* so haue [I] grase, or saue yowr grase.

<sup>2</sup> S. *for* MS. hyre.

<sup>3</sup> S.

<sup>4</sup> S. *for* MS. hermet.

<sup>5</sup> S.; H. *retains* henly *regarding it as* héanlice.

<sup>6</sup> S. *for* MS. voydoth.

<sup>7</sup> H. *reads* hath.

<sup>8</sup> *Supp. by S.*

Brushe them hens bothe, & that anon !

• Gyff them ther reward *that* they were gone ! 572

*Here shalle the iiij Jewys bett a-way the leche & hys man.*

JONATHAS. Now haue don, felawys, & that anon,

For dowte of drede what after befalle !

I am nere masyd, my wytte ys gon ;

Therfor of helpe I pray yow alle. 576

• And take yowr pynsonys *that* ar so sure,

• *And* pluck owt the naylys won & won ;

• Also in a clothe ye yt cure

• *And* throw yt in *the* cawdron, & *that* anon. 580

*Here shalle Jason pluck owt the naylys & shake the hond in-to the cawdron.*

JASON. And I shalle rape me redely anon

To plucke owt the naylys that stond so fast,

*And* bear thys bred & also thys bone

*And* in-to the cawdron I wyll yt cast. 584

• JASDON. And I shalle *with* thys dagger so stowte

Putt yt down that yt myght plawe,

• *And* steare the clothe rounde abowte

That no-thing ther-of shalbe rawe. 588

MASPHAT. And I shalle manly, *with* alle my myght,

Make the fyre to blase & brenne,

*And* sett ther-vnder suche a lyght

That yt shalle make yt ryght thynne.

*Here shalle the cawdron bl[o]yle,<sup>1</sup> apperyng to be as blood.*

MALCHAS. Owt ! & harow ! what deuyll ys here-in ?

• Alle thys oyle waxyth redde as blood,

*And* owt of the cawdron yt begynnnyth to rinn.<sup>2</sup>

I am so aferd I am nere woode. 596

<sup>1</sup> S.

<sup>2</sup> MS. run or rnn ; corr. by S.

*Here shalle Jason & hys compeny goo to ser Jonathas sayng :*

JASON. Ah ! master, master, what there ys *with* yow,  
I can not see owr werke wyll awayle ;

I beseche yow avance yow now

Sum-whatt *with* yowr counsayle.

600

JONATHAS. The best counsayle that I now wott,  
That<sup>1</sup> I can deme, farre & nere,

[Ys]<sup>2</sup> to make an ovyn as redd hott

As euer yt can be made *with* fere ;

And when ye see yt soo hott appere,

Then throw yt in-to the ovyn fast, —

Sone shalle he stanche hys bledying chere, —

When ye haue done, stoppe yt, — be not agast !

608

JASDON. Be my fayth, yt shalbe wrowgh[t],

*And* that anon, in gret hast.

Bryng on fyryng, seris ; here<sup>3</sup> ye nowght ?

To hete thys ovyn be nott agast !

612

MASPHAT. Here ys straw & thornys kene ;

Come<sup>4</sup> on, Malchas, & bryng on fyre,

ffor that shall hete yt welle, I wene ;

*Here thei kyndylle the fyre.*

Blow on fast, that done yt were !

MALCHAS. Ah, how ! thys fyre gynnyth to brenne clere !

Thys ovyn ryght hotte I thynk to make.

Now, Jason, to the cawdron<sup>5</sup> *that* ye stere

And fast fetche hether that ylke cake !

620

*Here shalle Jason goo to the cawdron & take owt the Ost with hys pynsonys  
& cast yt in-to the ovyn.*

JASON. I shalle *with* thes pynsonys, *with*-owt dowl,  
Shake thys cake owt of thys clothe,

<sup>1</sup> MS. ys that ; S. [and] that ; *cf. next note.*

<sup>2</sup> *Supplied by S. ; but the scribe merely wrote it in the wrong line.*

<sup>3</sup> S. *emends* to fere ; *but, as H. points out, MS. is correct.*

<sup>4</sup> S. *couer* ; *corr. by Kittredge.*

<sup>5</sup> S. *inserts* [see].

And to the ovyn I shall yt rowte

And stoppe hym there, thow he be loth.

Thys cake I haue cawght here, in good sothe, —  
The hand ys soden, the fleshe from *the* bonys, —

Now in-to the ovyn I wyll ther-*with*.

Stoppe yt, Jasdon, for the nonys ! 628

JASDON. I stoppe thys ovyn, wythowtyn dowte,

*With* clay I clome yt vppe ryght fast,

That non heat shall cum<sup>1</sup> owte.

I trow there shalle he hete & drye in hast ! 632

*Here the ovyn must ryve asunder, & blede owte at the cranys, & an image  
appere owte with woundis bledyng.*

MASPHAT. Owte ! owte ! here is a grete wonder !

Thys ovyn b[l]edyth owte on euery syde !

MALCHAS. Yea, *the* ovyn on peacys gynnyth to ryve  
asundre ;

Thys ys a meruelows case thys tyde ! 636

*Here shalle the image speke to the Juys sayng thus :*

JHESUS. *O mirabiles Judei, attendite et videte*

*Si est dolor similis<sup>2</sup> dolor meus !* 638

Oh ye merueylows Jewys,

Why ar ye to yower kyng onkynd,

And<sup>3</sup> so bytterly bowt yow to my blysse ?

Why fare ye thus fule *with* yowr frende ?

Why peyne yow me & straitly me pynde,<sup>4</sup>

And I yower loue so derely haue bowght ?

Why are ye so vnstedfast in *your* mynde ?

Why wrath ye me ? I greve yow nowght. 646

Why wyll ye nott beleue that I haue tawght,

And forsake *your* fowle neclygence,

And kepe my commandementis in *yower* thowght,

And vnto my godhed to take credence ? 650

<sup>1</sup> S. inserts ther.

<sup>3</sup> H. inserts I.

<sup>2</sup> Probably a careless mistake for sicut.

<sup>4</sup> H. wishes to read bynde.

Why blaspheme yow me? Why do ye thus?

Why put yow me to a newe tormentry,  
And I dyed for yow on the crosse?

Why consyder not yow what I dyd crye?

Whylle that I was *with* yow, ye ded me velanye.

Why remember ye nott my bitter chaunce,

How yower kynne dyd me awance

ffor claymyng of myn enherytaunce?

I shew yow the streytnesse of my greuance,

And alle to meue yow to my mercy. 660

JONATHAS. *Tu es protector vite mee; a quo trepidabo?*

O thou, Lord, whyche art my defendowr,

ffor dred of the I trymble & quake.

Of thy gret mercy lett vs receyue <sup>1</sup> the showre;

And mekely I aske mercy, amendys to make. 665

*Here shall they knele down alle on ther kneys, sayng:*

JASON. Ah! Lord, *with* sorow & care & grete wepyng

Alle we felawys lett vs saye thus,

*With* condolent harte & grete sorowyng:

*Lacrimis nostris conscienciam nostram baptizemus!* 669

JASDON. Oh thow blyssyd Lord of mykylle myght,

Of thy gret mercy, thow hast shewyd vs the path,

Lord, owt of grevous slepe & owt of dyrknes to lyght,

*Ne grauis sompnus irruat.* 673

MASPHAT. Oh Lord, I was very cursyd, for I wold know  
*thi* crede.

I can no men[d]ys <sup>2</sup> make, but crye to the thus:

O gracyows <sup>3</sup> Lorde, forgyfe me my mysdede!

*With* lamentable hart: *miserere mei, Deus!* 677

MALCHAS. Lord, I haue offendyd the in many a sundry  
vyse,

That styckyth at my hart as hard as a core.

<sup>1</sup> MS.; S. receue.

<sup>2</sup> S.

<sup>3</sup> MS.; S. gracyous.

Lord, by *the* water of contryc[i]on lett me aryse :  
*Asparges me, Domine, ysopo, et mundabor.* 681

JHESUS. All ye that desyryn my seruantis for to be  
 And to fulfyll *the* preceptis of my lawys,  
 The intent of my commandement knowe ye :  
*Ite et ostendite vos sacerdotibus meis.*  
 To all yow *that* desyre in eny wyse  
 To aske mercy, to graunt yt redy I am.  
 Remember & lett yower wyttis suffyce,  
*Et tunc non auertam a vobis faciem meam.* 689

<sup>1</sup> Jonathas, on thyn hand thou art but lame,  
 And *this* <sup>2</sup> thorow thyn own cruelnesse.  
 ffor thyn hurt <sup>3</sup> *thou* mayest *thi*-selfe blame,  
 Thou woldyst preve thy powr me to oppresse ;  
 But now I consydre thy necesse ;  
 Thou wasshest thyn hart *with* grete <sup>4</sup> contryc[i]on ;  
 Go to the cawdron, — *thi* care shalbe the lesse, —  
 And towche thyn hand to thy saluac[i]on. 697

*Here shall ser Jonathas put hys hand in-to the cawdron, and yt shalbe  
 hole agayn ; & then say as fo[lo]wyth :<sup>5</sup>*

JONATHAS. Oh thou my Lord God & Sauyower, osanna !  
 Thou Kyng of Jewys & of Jerusalem!  
 O thou myghty, strong Lyon of Iuda,<sup>6</sup>  
 Blyssyd be the tyme *that* *thou* were <sup>7</sup> in Bedlem !  
 Oh *thou* myghty, strong, gloryows & gracyows Oyle-  
 streme,  
 Thou myghty Conquerrowr of *infernal*le tene,  
 I am quyt of moche combrance thorowgh thy meane,  
 That euer blyssyd mott *thou* bene ! 705

Alas *that* euer I dyd agaynst thy wyll,  
 In my wytt to be soo wood

<sup>1</sup> Before Jonathas, S. has . . . , the meaning of which is not explained.

<sup>2</sup> MS. ys ; S. [thys] ys.

<sup>5</sup> S.

<sup>3</sup> MS. ; S. hart.

<sup>6</sup> MS. ; S. Jwda.

<sup>4</sup> MS. ; S. gret.

<sup>7</sup> Qy. insert born.

That I with <sup>1</sup> ongoodly wyrk shuld soo gryll !

Azens my mysgouernaunce thow gladdyst me *with* good :

I was soo prowde to prove the on *the* roode,

*And thou* haste sent me lyghtyng *that* late was lame ;

To bete the & boyle the I was myghty in moode,

*And now thou* hast put me from duresse and dysfame. 713

But, Lord, I take my leve at thy hygh presens

*And* put me in thy myghty mercy.

The bysshoppe wyll I goo fetche to se ower offenses,

*And* onto hym shew ower lyfe, how *that* we be gylty. 717

*Here shall the master Jew goo<sup>2</sup> to the byshopp, & hys men knele styll.*

JONATHAS. Hayle, father of grace ! I knele vpon my knee

Hertely besechyng yow & interely

A swemfull<sup>e</sup> syght alle for to see

In my howse apperyng verely :

The holy Sacrament,<sup>3</sup> *the* whyche we haue done tormentry

*And* ther we haue putt hym to a newe passyon,

A chylde apperyng *with* wondys blody :

A swemfull<sup>e</sup> syght yt ys to looke vpon. 725

EPISCOPUS. Oh Jhesu, Lord, full<sup>e</sup> of goodnesse !

*With* the wyll<sup>e</sup> I walke *with* alle my myght.

Now, alle my pepulle, *with* me ye dresse

ffor to goe see that swymfull<sup>e</sup> syght. 729

Now, alle ye peple that here are,

I commande yow, euery man,

On yower feet for to goo, bare,

In the deuoutest wyse that ye can. 733

*Here shalle the bysshope enter into the Jewys house & say :*

*O Jhesu fili Dei,*

How thys paynfull<sup>e</sup> passyon rancheth myn hart !

Lord, I crye to the, *miserere mei,*

<sup>1</sup> MS. So ; *corr. by S.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. ; S. go.

<sup>3</sup> S. inserts [to].



ffrom thys rufulle syght *thou* wylt reuerte.

Lord, we alle *with* sorowys smert

ffor thys vnlefulle work we lyue in langower ;

Now, good Lord, in thy grace let vs be gertt,<sup>1</sup>

*And* of thy souereyn marcy send vs thy socower ; 741

*And* for thy holy grace forgyfe vs ower errowr.

Now lett thy pete spryng & sprede ;

Though we haue be vnrygh[t]fulle,<sup>2</sup> forgyf vs our rygore,

*And* of ower lamentable hartis, good Lord, take

hed[e].<sup>2</sup> 745

*Here shalle the im[a]ge<sup>3</sup> change agayn on-to brede.*

Oh thu largyfluent Lord, most of lyghtnesse,

On-to owr prayers thow hast applyed ;

Thu hast receyued them *with* grett swetnesse,

ffor alle ower dredfulle dedys *thou* hast not vs denyed.

ffulle mykylle owte thy name for to be magnyfyed

*With* mansuete myrth and gret swettnes,

*And* as our gracyows God for to be gloryfyed,

ffor thu shewyst vs gret gladnes. 753

Now wylle I take thys holy Sacrament

*With* humble hart & gret devoc[i]on,

*And* alle we wylle gon *with* on consent

*And* bear yt to chyrche *with* sole[m]pne<sup>2</sup> processyon ;

Now folow me, alle & sume !

*And* alle tho that bene here, both more & lesse,

Thys holy song, *O sacrum<sup>3</sup> Dominum,*

Lett vs syng all *with* grett swetnesse. 761

*Here shalle the pryst, ser Isoder, aske hys master what this menyth.*

[PRESBITER.]<sup>2</sup> Ser Arystory, I pray yow, what menyth alle  
thys ?

Sum myracle, I hope, ys wrowght be Godd's myght ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. grett ; *corr. by S.*

<sup>2</sup> S.

<sup>3</sup> MS. scacrum ; *corr. by S.*

The bysshope commyth [in]<sup>1</sup> processyon *with* a gret meny  
of Jewys ;

I hope sum myracle ys shewyd to hys syght.

To chyrche in hast wyllē I runne full ryght,  
ffor thether, me thynk, he begynnnyth to take hys pace.

The Sacrament so semly is borne in syght,

I hope that God hath shewyd of hys grace.

769

ARYSTORIUS. To tell yow the trowth I wyllē nott lett :

Alas *that* euer thys dede was dyght !

An onlefullē bargayn [I]<sup>2</sup> began for to beat ;

I sold yon same Jewys ower Lord fullē ryght

For couytyse of good as a cursyd wyght.

Woo the whyle that bargayn I dyd euer make !

But yow be my defensour in owr dyocesans syght,

ffor an heretyke I feare he wyllē me take.

777

PRESBITER. ffor sothe, nothyng wellavysed was *your* wytt,—

Wondrely was yt wrowght of a man of dyscresc[i]on

In suche perayle *your* solle for to putt ;

But I wyllē labor for *your* absolucyon.

781

Lett vs hye vs fast that we were hens,

And beseche hym of hys benygne *grace*

That he wyllē shew vs hys benyvolens

To make a-mendys<sup>3</sup> for *yower* trespas.

785

*Here shall the merchant & hys prest go to the chyrche & the bysshop shalle  
entre<sup>4</sup> the chyrche & lay the Os[t]<sup>1</sup> u[*p*]<sup>on</sup><sup>1</sup> the auter, sayng thus :*

[EPISCOPUS.] *Estote fortes in bello et pugnate cum<sup>5</sup> antico  
serpente,*

*Et accipite regnum eternum, et cetera.*

My chyldern, be ye<sup>6</sup> strong in bataylle gostly

For to fyght agayn the fell serpent,

That nyght and day ys euer besy ;

To dystroy owr sollys ys hys intent.

1 S.

3 S. a menyn.

5 MS. co ; corr. by S

2 H.

4 MS. ; S. enter.

6 MS. ye be ; corr. by S.

Look ye be not slow nor neclygent  
 To arme yow in the vertues seun ;  
 Of synnys forgetyn <sup>1</sup> take good avysement  
 And knowlege them to yowr confessor fullē eun ; 795

ffor that *serpent*, the deuylle, ys fullē strong  
 Meruelows myscheves <sup>2</sup> for man to mene,  
 But that the Passyon of Cryst ys meynt vs among,  
 And that ys in dyspyte of hys infernallē tene.  
 Beseche ower Lord & Sauyower so kene  
 To put down that *serpent*, cumberer of man,  
 To *wit*draw hys furyous froward doctryn by-dene,  
 ffulfyllid of *the* fend callyd Leuyathan. 803

Gyff lawrelle to that Lord of myght  
 That he may bryng vs to the joyous fruyc[i]on  
 ffrom <sup>3</sup> vs to put the fend to flyght,  
 That neuer he dystroy vs by hys temptac[i]on. 807

PRESBITER. My ffather vnder God, I knele vnto yower kne,  
 In yowr myhty mysericord to tak vs in remembrance ;  
 As ye be materyall to owr degre,  
 We put vs in yower moderat ordynance,  
 Yff yt lyke yower hyghnes to here ower greuauunce ;  
 We haue offenddyd sorowfully in a syn mortalle,  
 Wherfor we fere vs owr Lord wyllē take vengauunce  
 ffor owr synnes both grete and smalle. 815

EPISCOPUS. And in fatherhed, that longyth to my dygnyte,  
 Vn-to yower grefe I wyllē gyf credens.  
 Say what ye wyllē, in *the* name of the Trynyte,  
 Agayn[s]t <sup>4</sup> God yf ye haue wrought eny inconuenyence. 819

ARISTORIUS. Holy ffather, I knele to yow vnder benedycite.  
 I haue offendyd in the syn of couytys ;  
 I sold our Lordys body for lucre of mony  
 And delyueryd to the wyckyd *wit*h cursyd advyce.

<sup>1</sup> MS. fog. . tyn ; S. forgottyn.

<sup>2</sup> S. myschevos.

<sup>3</sup> MS. fform ; *corr. by S.*

<sup>4</sup> S.

And for that *presumpc[i]*on gretly I agryse  
That I *presumed* to go to the auter

There to handylle *the* holy sacryfyce, —  
I were worthy to be putt in brenyng fyre. 827

But, gracyous lord, I can no more  
But put me to Goddys mercy & to yower grace.

My cursyd werkys for to restore,  
I aske penance now in thys place. 831

EPISCOPUS. Now for thys offence that *thou* hast donne

Azens the Kyng of hevyn & Emperower of helle,  
*Euer* whylle *thou* lyuest good dedys for to done

And neuer-more for to bye nor selle ;

Chastys thy body as I shall the telle,

*With* fastyng & prayng & other good wyrk,

To *withstond* the temtacyon of fendis of hell ;

*And* to calle to God for grace looke *thou* neuer be irke. 839

Also, *thou* preste, for thy neclygens,

That thou were no wyser on thyn office,

Thou art worthy inpresu[n]ment<sup>1</sup> for thyn offence ;

But beware *euer* hereafter & be mor wyse. 843

And alle yow creaturys<sup>2</sup> & curatys<sup>3</sup> that here be,

Off thys dede yow may take example

How that *yowr* pyxys lockyd ye shuld see

And be ware of the key of Goddys temple. 847

JONATHAS. And I aske crystendom *with* great devoc[i]on,

*With* repentant hart in all degrees.

I aske for vs all a generalle absoluc[i]on,

*Here the Juys must knele al down.*

ffor that we knele all vpon ower knees ; 851

ffor we haue greuyd ower Lord on grovnd

*And* put hym to a new paynfulle passion,

<sup>1</sup> S.

<sup>2</sup> *Qy.* vicarys ; or prechorys, *cf. above*, l. 326.

<sup>3</sup> S. *proposes* curatys wyth creaturys.

With daggars styckyd hym *with* greuos wo[u]nde,<sup>1</sup>  
 New naylyd hym to a post, & *with* pynsonys pluckyd  
 hym down. 855

JASON. And syth we toke that blyssyd Bred so sownd  
 And in a cawdron we dyd hym boyle,  
 In a clothe fullē just we hym wounde  
 And so dyd we seth hym in oyle. 859

JASDON. And for that we myght not<sup>2</sup> ouercom hym *with*  
 tormentry,  
 In an hott ovyn we speryd hym fast.  
 Ther he apperyd with wo[u]ndis all bloody ;  
 The ovyn rave asunder & all to-brast. 863

MASPHAT. In hys law to make vs stedfast,  
 There spake he to vs woordis of grete favor ;  
 In contrycyon owr hartis he cast  
 And bad take vs to a confessor. 867

MALCHUS. And therfor all we *with* on consent  
 Knele onto yower hygh souereynte ;  
 ffor to be crystenyd ys owr intent,  
 Now all owr dedys to yow shewyd haue we. 871

*Here shall the bysshoppe crysten the Jewys with gret solemnyte.*

EPISCOPUS. Now the Holy Gost at thys tyme mot yow  
 blysse<sup>3</sup>  
 As ye knele alle now in hys name,  
 And *with* the water of baptyme I shalle yow blysse<sup>3</sup>  
 To saue yow alle from the fendis blame.  
 Now, that fendys powre for to make lame,  
 In *the* name of *the* Father, *the* Son & *the* Holy Gost,  
 To saue yow from the deuyllys flame,  
 I crysten yow alle, both lest & most. 879

<sup>1</sup> S.

<sup>2</sup> S. *omits* not ; *but*, as H. *points out*, it is correct.

<sup>3</sup> H. *proposes* lysse for one blysse.

SER JONATHAS. Now owr father & byshoppe *that* we wel-  
know,

We thank yow interly, both lest & most.  
Now ar we bownd to kepe Crystis lawe  
*And to serue the Father, the Son & the Holy Gost.*  
Now wyll we walke by contre & cost,  
Owr wyckyd lyuyng for to restore ;  
And trust in God, of myghtis most,  
Neuer <sup>1</sup> to offend as we have don before.<sup>2</sup> 887

Now we take ower lea[v]e <sup>3</sup> at lesse & more, —  
Forward on ower vyage we wyll vs dresse ;  
God send yow all as good welfare  
As hart can thynke or towng expresse. 891

ARYSTORIUS. In-to my contre now wyll I fare  
For to amende myn wyckyd lyfe,  
*And to kep[e] <sup>3</sup> the people owt of care*  
I wyll teache thys lesson to man & wyfe. 895

Now take I my leave in thys place, —  
I wyll go walke, my penaunce to fullfyll ;  
Now, God, azens whom I haue done thys trespas,  
Graunt me forgyfnesse [yf] <sup>3</sup> yt be thy wyll ! 899

PRESBITER. ffor joy of thys me thynke my hart do wepe,  
That yow haue gyuyn yow alle Crystis *seruauntis* to be,  
Hym for to *serue with* hart fulle meke, —  
God, fulle of pacyens & humylyte, — 903

And the conuersac[i]on of alle thes fayre men,  
*With* hartis stedfastly knett in on,  
Goddis lawys to kepe & hym to serue by-dene,  
As faythfulle Crystyanys euermore for to gonne. 907

EPISCOPUS. God omnypotent euermore looke ye *serue*  
*With* deuoc[i]on & prayre whylle *that* ye may ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. neuere<sup>r</sup>; *corr. by S.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. befer; *corr. by S.*

<sup>3</sup> S.

Dowt yt not he wylle yow *preserue*  
 ffor eche good prayer *that* ye sey to hys pay ;  
*And* therfor in euery dew tyme loke ye nat delay  
 ffor to *serue* the Holy Trynitye,  
 And also Mary, that swete may ;  
 And kepe yow in *perfyte* loue & charyte.

915

Crystis commandementis x there bee ;  
 Kepe welle them ; doo<sup>1</sup> as I yow telle.  
 Almyght God shalle yow please in euery degre,  
 And so shalle ye saue yower sollys from helle ;  
 ffor there ys payn & sorow cruelle,  
*And* in heuyn ther ys both joy & blysse,  
 More then eny towng can tell,  
 There angellys syng *with* grett swetnesse ; —

923

To the whyche blysse he bryng vs  
 Whoys name ys callyd *Jhesus*,  
 And in wyrshyppe of thys name gloryows  
 To syng to hys honor *Te Deum laudamus*.

927

## FFINIS.

Thus endyth the Play of the Blyssyd Sacrament, whyche  
 myracle was don in the forest of Aragon, in the famous cite  
 Eraclea, the yere of owre Lord God. M<sup>l</sup>cccc.lxi., to whom be  
 honower, Amen !

The namys & number of the players :

Jh[es]us. <sup>2</sup>	Jason, Judeus ijus.
Episcopus.	Jasdon, Judeus iijus.
Aristorius, christianus mercator.	Masphat, Judeus iiijus.
[Isoder, presbiter.]	Malchus, Judeus vtus.
Clericus.	Magister phisicus.
Jonathas, Judeus imus.	Colle, seruus.

IX may play yt at ease.

R. C.

<sup>1</sup> H. *proposes* too.

<sup>2</sup> S.

## PART III.





## ROBIN HOOD PLAYS.

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The first is printed from a copy made for Professor Child by Henry Bradshaw, Esq. The original, formerly among Sir John Fenn's papers and now the property of Dr. W. Aldis Wright, "is evidently," says Dr. Wright, "the last leaf, or rather half leaf, of a folio MS. For this reason it is clear that the memoranda [acknowledgments of payments] on the blank page are later in date than the writing of the ballad [*i.e.*, play]." This would date the play before 1475. Besides the copy by Bradshaw, I have used a collation made by Dr. Wright. The play was first correctly printed in Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," III, 90 f.

The second and third are really two plays, though printed as one in both the old editions: Copland's (about 1550) and White's of 1634. They are printed separately in Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," III, 127 f., 114 f., Boston [1888]. In the footnotes, Co. indicates the readings of Copland as given in Ritson's "Robin Hood," 1795, II, 199 ff.; R. indicates Ritson's edition; W. indicates the variants of White's edition as given by Child.

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### I.

#### [ROBIN HOOD AND THE KNIGHT.]

[*Enter a Knight to the Sheriff.*]

[KNYGHTE.] Syr Sheryffe, for thy sake  
Robyn Hode wull Y take.

[SHERIFF.] I wyll the gyffe golde and fee;  
This be-hest *thou* holde me!

[*The Knight goes to Robyn Hode.*]

[KNYGHTE.] Robyn Hode, fayre<sup>1</sup> and fre,  
Vndre this lynde shote we!

5

[ROBYN.] With the shote Y wyll,  
Alle thy lustes to full-fyll.

[*They shoot.*]

[KNYGHTE.] Have at the pryke!

[ROBYN.] And Y cleue the styke.

10

<sup>1</sup> Wright, flayre.

[KNYGH.T.] Late vs caste the stone.

[ROBYN.] I graunte well, be Seynt John !

*[They cast the stone ; Robyn is again successful.]*

[KNYGH.T.] Late vs caste the exaltre.

[ROBYN.] Have a foote be-fore the !

*[Then they wrestle.]*

Syr knyght, ye haue a falle.

15

[KNYGH.T.] And I the, Robyn, qwyte shall :

Owte on the ! I blowe myn horne.

[ROBYN.] Hit ware better be vnborne.

Lat vs fyght at outtraunce.

[KNYGH.T.] He that fleth, God gyfe hym myschaunce ! 20

*[Robyn slays the Knight.]*

[ROBYN.] Now I haue the maystry here.

Off I smyte this sory swyre ;

This knyghtys clothis wolles I were,

And in my hode his hede woll bere.

*[He disguises himself. Meantime the Sheriff has attacked Robyn Hode's men and a fierce battle is in progress. Robyn meets a man coming from the scene of the battle.]*

[ROBYN.] Welle mete, felowe myn !

25

What herst *thou* of gode Robyn ?

[MAN.] Robyn Hode and his menye

*With* the Sheryff takyn be.

[ROBYN.] Sette on foote, *with* gode wyll,

And the Sheryffe wull we kyll.

30

*[They come in sight of the battle.]*

[ROBYN.] Be-holde wele ffrere Tuke,

Howe he dothe his bowe pluke.

*[On the battle-field the Sheryff speaks.]*

[SHERYFF.] 3eld yow, syrs, to the Sheryff[e],

Or elles shall *your* bowes clyffe !

[ONE OF ROBYN'S MEN.] Now we be bownden alle in  
same;

35

Frere [T]uke,<sup>1</sup> *this* is no game.

[SHERYFF.] Co[m]e<sup>1</sup> *thou* forth, *thou* fals outlawe :  
*Thou* shall b[e]<sup>1</sup> hangyde and ydrawe !

[FRERE TUKE.] Now, alas ! what shall we doo ?  
 We [m]oste<sup>1</sup> to the prysone goo.

40

[SHERYFF.] Opy[n]<sup>1</sup> the yatis faste anon,  
 An[d]<sup>1</sup> [d]oo<sup>2</sup> theis<sup>3</sup> thevys ynne gon.

*[The part of the play in which Robyn follows his men and finally releases them is missing.]*

## II.

## [ROBIN HOOD AND THE FRIAR.]

ROBIN HODE. Now stand ye forth, my mery men all,  
 And harke what I shall say ;  
 Of an adventure I shal you tell,  
 The which befell this other day.

As I went by the hygh-way,

5

With a stout frere I met,

And a quarter-staffe in his hande ;

Lyghtely to me he lept,

And styll he bade me stande.

There were strypes two or three,

10

But I cannot tell who had the worse,

But well I wote the horeson lept within me,

And fro me he<sup>4</sup> toke my purse.

Is there any of my mery men all

That to that<sup>5</sup> frere wyll go,

15

And bryng hym to me forth-withall,

Whether he wyll or no ?

LYTELL JOHN. Yes, mayster, I make God avowe,  
 To that frere wyll I go,

And bring him to you,

20

Whether he wyl or no.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *damaged*.

<sup>2</sup> Bradshaw, [d]oo ; Wright reads [la]te, and says, "There are traces of te."

<sup>3</sup> Bradshaw, theis ; Wright, thois.

<sup>4</sup> W. omits he.

<sup>5</sup> W. the.

[*Exeunt omnes; enter Fryer Tucke, with three dogs.*]

FRYER TUCKE. *Deus hic! Deus hic!* God be here!  
 Is not this a holy worde for<sup>1</sup> a frere?  
 God save all this company!  
 But am not I a jolly fryer? 25  
 For I can shote both farre and nere,  
 And handle the sworde and buckler,  
 And this quarter-staffe also.  
 If I mete with a gentylman or yeman,  
 I am not a frayde to loke hym upon, 30  
 Nor<sup>2</sup> boldly with him to carpe;  
 If he speake any wordes to me,  
 He shall have strypes two or thre  
 That shal make his body smarte.  
 But, maisters,<sup>3</sup> to shew you the matter 35  
 Wherefore and why I am come hither,  
 In fayth, I wyll not spare:  
 I am come to seke a good yeman,  
 In Bernisdale men sai is his habitacion,  
 His name is Robyn Hode; 40  
 And if that<sup>4</sup> he be better man than I,  
 His servaunt wyll I be, and serve him truely;  
 But if that I be better<sup>5</sup> man than he,  
 By my truth, my knave shall he be  
 And leade these dogges all three. 45

[*Robyn enters and seizes him by the throat.*]

ROBYN HODE. Yelde the, fryer in thy long cote!

FRYER TUCKE. I beshrew thy hart, knave, thou hurtest  
 my throt[e].

ROBYN HODE. I trowe, fryer, thou beginnest to dote!  
 Who made the so malapert and so bolde  
 To come into this forest here, 50  
 Amonge my falowe-dere?

<sup>1</sup> W. word of.

<sup>4</sup> W. omits that.

<sup>2</sup> W. not.

<sup>5</sup> W. be a better.

<sup>3</sup> Co. W. maister; corr. by R.

FRYER. Go louse the, ragged knave !  
 If thou make mani wordes, I will geve the on the eare,  
 Though I be but a poore fryer.  
 To seke Robyn Hode I am com here, 55  
 And to him my hart to breke.

ROBYN HODE. Thou lousy frer, what wouldest thou with  
 hym?

He never loved fryer, nor none of freiers kyn.

FRYER. Avaunt, ye <sup>1</sup> ragged knave,  
 Or ye shall have on the skynne ! 60

ROBYN HODE. Of all the men in the <sup>2</sup> morning thou art  
 the worst ;

To mete with the I have no lust,  
 For he that meteth a frere or a fox in the morning,  
 To spede ill <sup>3</sup> that day he standeth in jeopardy :  
 Therefore I had lever <sup>4</sup> mete with the devil of hell — <sup>5</sup> 65

Fryer, I tell the as I thinke —  
 Then mete with a fryer or a fox  
 In a mornynge or I drynk.

FRYER. Avaunt, thou ragged knave ! this is but a mock ;  
 If thou <sup>6</sup> make mani words, thou <sup>6</sup> shal have a knock. 70

ROBYN HODE. Harke, frere, what I say here :  
 Over this water thou shalt me bere,  
 The brydge is borne away.

FRYER. To say naye I wyll not ;  
 To let the of thine oth it were great pitie and sin ; 75  
 But up on a fryers backe, and have even in !

ROBYN HODE. Nay, have over !

[Gets on the Fryer's back.]

FRYER. Now am I, frere, within, and thou, Robin, with-  
 out,  
 To lay the here I have no great doubt.

<sup>1</sup> W. *omits* ye.

<sup>2</sup> W. a.

<sup>3</sup> Co. ell.

<sup>4</sup> W. rather.

<sup>5</sup> W. *omits* of hell.

<sup>6</sup> Co. you ; W. y<sup>u</sup> ; y<sup>u</sup> shalt.

[*Throws him into the stream.*]

Now am I, frere, without, and thou, Robyn, within! <sup>1</sup> 80

Lye ther, knave! Chose whether thou wilt sinke <sup>2</sup> or swym.

ROBYN HODE. Why, thou lowsy frere! what hast thou done? <sup>3</sup>

FRYER. Mary, set a knave over the shone.

ROBYN HODE. Therfore thou shalt aby.

[*Runs at the Fryer.*]

FRYER. Why, wylt thou fyght a plucke? 85

ROBYN HODE. And God send me good lucke!

FRYER. Than have a stroke for Fryer Tucke!

[*They fight.*]

ROBYN HODE. Holde thy hande, frere, and here me speke!

FRYER. Say on, ragged knave,

Me semeth ye begyn to swete. 90

ROBYN HODE. In this forest I have a hounde,

I wyl not give him for an hundreth pound;

Geve me leve my horne to blowe,

That my hounde may knowe.

FRYER. Blowe on, ragged knave, without any doubte, 95

Untyll bothe thyne eyes starte out.

[*Robyn blows; his men enter.*]

Here be <sup>4</sup> a sorte of ragged knaves come in,

Clothed all in Kendale grene,

And to the they take their way now.

ROBYN HODE. Peradventure they do so. 100

FRYER. I gave the leve to blowe at thy wyll,

Now give me leve to whistell my fyll.

ROBYN HODE. Whystell, frere, evyl mote <sup>5</sup> thou fare!

Untyll bothe thyne eyes stare. <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Co. W. R. Now art thou, Robyn, without, and I, frere, within; *corr.*  
by Child.

<sup>2</sup> W. choose either sinke.

<sup>3</sup> Co. donee.

<sup>4</sup> W. is.

<sup>5</sup> might.

<sup>6</sup> Co. starte.

[*The Fryer whistles ; his men enter.*]

FRYER. Now, Cut and Bause ! 105  
 Breng forth the clubbes and staves,  
 And downe with those ragged knaves !

[*They fight.*]

ROBYN HODE. How sayest thou, frere ? wylt thou be my  
 man,  
 To do me the best servyse thou can ?  
 Thou shalt have both golde and fee ; 110  
 And also here is a lady free,  
 I wyll geve her unto the,  
 And her chapplayn I the make  
 To serve her for my sake. 114  
 FRYER. Go home, ye knaves, and lay crabbes in the fyre, 119  
 For my lady and I wil daunce in the myre,  
 For veri pure joye.<sup>1</sup> 120

### III.

[ROBIN HOOD AND THE POTTER.]

ROBYN HODE. Lysten to [me],<sup>2</sup> my mery men all, 121  
 And harke what I shall say ;  
 Of an adventure I shall you tell  
 That befell this other daye.  
 With a proude potter I met, 125  
 And a rose-garlande on his head,  
 The floures of it shone marvaylous freshe ;  
 This seven yere and more he hath used this waye,  
 Yet was he never so curteyse a potter  
 As one peny passage to paye. 130  
 Is there any of my mery men all  
 That dare be so bolde  
 To make the potter paie passage,  
 Either silver or golde ?

<sup>1</sup> These two lines as one in R. and W. I have omitted four lines of the Friar's speech, before l. 119.

<sup>2</sup> Supplied by R.; W. omits to, also.



LYTELL JOHN. Not I, master, for twenty pound redy tolde, 135  
 For there is not among us al one  
 That dare medle with that potter, man for man.  
 I felt his handes not long agone,  
 But I had lever have ben here by the ;  
 Therfore I knowe what he is. 140  
 Mete him when ye wil, or mete him whan ye shal,  
 He is as propre a man as ever you medled <sup>1</sup> withal.

ROBYN HODE. I will lai with the, Litel John, twenti pound  
 so read,  
 If I wyth that potter mete,  
 I wil make him pay passage, maugre his head. 145  
 LETTEL JOHN. I consente therto, so eate I bread !  
 If he pay passage, maugre his head,  
 Twenti pound shall ye have of me for your mede.

*[Exeunt all but Robyn. Enter the Potter's Boy, Jacke.]*

JACKE. Out, alas, that ever I sawe this daye !  
 For I am clene out of my waye 150  
 From Notyngham towne ;  
 If I hye me not the faster,  
 Or I come there the market <sup>2</sup> wel be done.

ROBYN HODE. Let me se, are the <sup>3</sup> pottes hole and  
 sounde ?

JACKE. Yea, meister, but they will not breake the ground. 155

ROBYN HODE. I wil them breke, for the cuckold thi  
 maisters sake ;  
 And if they will <sup>4</sup> breake the grounde,  
 Thou shalt have thre pence for a pound.

*[Dashes the pots to the ground.]*

JACKE. Out, alas ! what have ye done?  
 If my maister come, he will breke your crown. 160

<sup>1</sup> Co. medle.

<sup>2</sup> Co. maryet.

<sup>3</sup> W. thy.

<sup>4</sup> Co., R. will not.

[Enter the Potter.]

THE POTTER. Why, thou horeson, art thou here yet?  
Thou shouldest have bene at market.

JACKE. I met with Robin Hode, a good yeman ;  
He hath broken my pottes,  
And called you kuckolde by your name. 165

THE POTTER. Thou mayst be a gentylman, so God me save,  
But thou semest a noughty knave.  
Thou callest me cuckolde by my name,  
And I swere by God and Saynt John,  
Wyfe had I never none : 170  
This cannot I denye.

But if thou be a good felowe,  
I wil sel mi horse, mi harneis, pottes and paniers to,  
Thou shalt have the one halfe, and I will have the other.  
If thou be not so content, 175  
Thou shalt have strypes, if thou were my brother.

ROBYN HODE. Harke, potter, what I shall say :  
This seven yere and more thou hast used this way,  
Yet were thou never so curteous to me  
As one penny passage to paye. 180

THE POTTER. Why should I paye passage to thee?

ROBYN HOODE. For I am Robyn Hode, chiefe governoure  
Under the grene-woode tree.

THE POTTER. This seven yere have I used this way up and  
downe,  
Yet payed I passage to no man, 185  
Nor now I wyl not beginne, to <sup>1</sup> do the worst thou can.

ROBYN HODE. Passage shalt thou pai here under the  
grene-wode tre,  
Or els thou shalt leve a wedde <sup>2</sup> with me.

THE POTTER. If thou be a good felowe, as men do the call,  
Lay awaye thy bowe, 190  
And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hande,  
And se what shall befall.

<sup>1</sup> W. omits to; R. reads so.

<sup>2</sup> Co. wedded; W. wed; corr. by R.

ROBIN HODE. Lyttle John, where art thou?

LYTTEL [JOHN].<sup>1</sup> Here, mayster, I make God avowe.  
I tolde you, mayster, so God me save, 195  
That you <sup>2</sup> shoulde fynde the potter a knave.  
Holde your buckeler faste in your hande,  
And I wyll styfly by you stande,  
Ready for to fyghte ;  
Be the knave never so stoute, 200  
I shall rappe him on the snoute,  
And put hym to flyghte.

*The rest is wanting.*

<sup>1</sup> *Supplied by R.*

<sup>2</sup> *Co. your.*

## ST. GEORGE PLAYS.

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The first is printed from *Notes and Queries*, Fifth Series, II, 503-505, to which it was communicated by the Rev. Frederick George Lee. Mr. Lee says : "The text was taken down by myself from the lips of one of the performers in 1853. I first saw it acted in the Hall of the old Vicarage House at Thame, in the year 1839. . . . The man from whom I took [it] down had performed at Brill in the year 1807, and his father had done the same at Thame Park in the previous century. Nothing whatsoever has been altered or added by myself [except stage directions]."

The second is printed from W. Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," London, 1865, pp. 53-56. It was performed near Lutterworth, at Christmas, 1863.

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### I.

#### [OXFORDSHIRE ST. GEORGE PLAY.]

##### *Dramatis Personae.*

OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.

ST. GEORGE OF ENGLAND.

KING ALFRED.

KING ALFRED'S QUEEN.

KING WILLIAM.

OLD KING COLE (*with a wooden leg*).

GIANT BLUNDERBORE.

OLD DR. BALL.

LITTLE JACK.

THE OLD DRAGON.

THE MERRY ANDREW.

MORRIS-MEN.

All the mummers come in singing and walk round the place in a circle, and then stand on one side.

*Enter*<sup>1</sup> KING ALFRED and his QUEEN, arm in arm.

I am King Alfred, and this here is my bride.

I've a crown on my pate and a sword by my side.

*Stands apart.*

<sup>1</sup> *In such plays enter means "advance from the circle of players."*

*Enter KING COLE.*

I am King Cole, and I carry my stump.  
Hurrah for King Charles ! down with old Noll's Rump !

*Stands apart.*

*Enter KING WILLIAM.*

I am King William of blessed me-mo-ry,  
Who came and pulled down the high gallows tree,  
And brought us all peace and pros-pe-ri-ty.

5

*Stands apart.*

*Enter GIANT BLUNDERBORE.*

I am Giant Blunderbore, fee, fi, fum,  
Ready to fight ye all, — so I says, “ Come ” ;

*Enter LITTLE JACK.*

And this here is my little man Jack —  
A thump on his rump and a whack on his back !

10

*Strikes him twice.*

I 'll fight King Alfred, I 'll fight King Cole,  
I 'm ready to fight any mortal soul ;  
So here I, Blunderbore, takes my stand,  
With this little devil, Jack, at my right hand,  
Ready to fight for mortal life. Fee, fi, fum !

15

*The GIANT and LITTLE JACK stand apart.*

*Enter ST. GEORGE.*

I am St. George of Merry Eng-land,  
Bring in the morres-men, bring in our band.

*MORRES-MEN come forward and dance to a tune from fife and drum.  
The dance being ended, ST. GEORGE continues :*

These are our tricks, Ho ! men, ho !  
These are our sticks, — whack men so !

20

*Strikes THE DRAGON, who roars, and comes forward.*

*THE DRAGON speaks.*

Stand on head, stand on feet !  
Meat, meat, meat for to eat !

*Tries to bite KING ALFRED.*

I am the Dragon, here are my jaws ;  
 I am the Dragon, here are my claws.  
 Meat, meat, meat for to eat !  
 Stand on my head, stand on my feet !

25

*Turns a summersault and stands aside.*

*All sing, several times repeated :*

Ho ! ho ! ho !  
 Whack men so !

*The drum and fife sound. They all fight, and after general disorder, fall down.*

*Enter OLD DR. BALL.*

I am the Doctor, and I cure all ills,  
 Only gullup my portions,<sup>1</sup> and swallow my pills ;  
 I can cure the itch, the stitch, the pox, the palsy and the gout,  
 All pains within and all pains without.  
 Up from the floor, Giant Blunderbore !

30

*Gives him a pill, and he rises at once.*

Get up, King ; get up, Bride ;  
 Get up, Fool, and stand aside.

35

*Gives them each a pill, and they rise.*

Get up, King Cole, and tell the gentlefolks all  
 There never was a doctor like Mr. Doctor Ball.  
 Get up, St. George, old England's knight,

*Gives him a pill.*

You have wounded the Dragon and finished the fight.

*All stand aside but THE DRAGON, who lies in convulsions on the floor.*

Now kill the Dragon and poison old Nick ;  
 At Yule-tyde, both o' ye, cut your stick !

40

*THE DOCTOR forces a large pill down THE DRAGON's throat, who there-upon roars, and dies in convulsions.*

*Then enter FATHER CHRISTMAS.*

I am Father Christmas ! hold, men, hold !  
 Be there loaf in your locker, and sheep in your fold,  
 A fire on the hearth, and good luck for your lot,  
 Money in your pocket, and a pudding in the pot !

45

<sup>1</sup> Lee suggests potions, which is right.

*He sings :*

Hold, men, hold !  
Put up your sticks,  
End all your tricks ;  
Hold, men, hold !

*Chorus (all sing, while one goes round with a hat for gifts).*

Hold, men, hold ! 50  
We are very cold,  
Inside and outside,  
We are very cold.  
If you don't give us silver,  
Then give us gold 55

From the money in your pockets —

*Some of the performers show signs of fighting again.*

Hold, men, hold !

*Song and chorus.*

God A'mighty bless your hearth and fold,  
Shut out the wolf, and keep out the cold !  
You gev' us silver, keep you the gold, 60  
For 't is money in your pocket. — Hold, men, hold !

*Repeat in chorus.*

God A'mighty bless, &c.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## II.

### LUTTERWORTH CHRISTMAS PLAY.

#### *Dramatis Personae.*

KING OF ENGLAND ; *in robes, wearing the crown.*

PRINCE GEORGE, HIS SON ; *in robes, with sword by his side.*

CAPTAIN SLASHER ; *in military costume, with sword and pistol.*

TURKISH CHAMPION ; *ditto.*

BEELZEBUB.

A NOBLE DOCTOR.

A CLOWN.

*Enter CAPTAIN SLASHER.*

[CAPT. S.] I beg your pardon for being so bold,  
I enter your house, the weather 's so cold.

Room, a room ! brave gallants give us room to sport,  
 For in this house we do resort,  
 Resort, resort for many a day. 5  
 Step, in, the King of England,  
 And boldly clear the way !

*Enter KING OF ENGLAND.*

[KING OF E.] I am the King of England that boldly does  
 appear ;  
 I come to seek my only son, — my only son is here.

*Enter PRINCE GEORGE.*

[PRINCE G.] I am Prince George, a worthy knight ; 10  
 I 'll spend my blood for England's right,  
 England's right I will maintain,  
 I 'll fight for old England once again.

*Enter TURKISH KNIGHT.*

[TURK. KN.] I am the Turkish Champion,  
 From Turkey's land I come ; 15  
 I come to fight the King of England  
 And all his noble men.

*CAPTAIN SLASHER.*

[CAPT. S.] In comes Captain Slasher,  
 Captain Slasher is my name ;  
 With sword and pistol by my side 20  
 I hope to win the game.

KING OF E. I am the King of England,  
 As you may plainly see ;  
 These are my soldiers standing by me.  
 They stand by me your life to end, 25  
 On them doth my life depend.

PRINCE G. I am Prince George, the champion bold,  
 And with my sword I won three crowns of gold ;  
 I slew the fiery dragon and brought him to the slaughter  
 And won the King of Egypt's only daughter. 30

TURK. KN. As I was going by St. Francis' School.



I heard a lady cry, "A fool ! a fool !"

"A fool !" was every word ;

That man 's a fool,

Who wears a wooden sword.

35

PRINCE G. A wooden sword? you dirty dog !

My sword is made of the best of metal free.

If you would like to taste of it,

I 'll give it unto thee.

Stand off, stand off, you dirty dog !

40

Or by my sword you 'll die ;

I 'll cut you down the middle

And make your blood to fly.

*They fight ; PRINCE GEORGE falls, mortally wounded.*

KING OF E. Oh horrible ! terrible ! what hast thou done ?

Thou hast ruined me, ruined me,

45

By killing of my only son !

Oh, is there ever a noble doctor to be found,

To cure this English champion

Of his deep and deadly wound ?

*Enter NOBLE DOCTOR.*

[DOCTOR.] Oh yes, there is a noble doctor to be found, 50

To cure this English champion

Of his deep and deadly wound.

KING OF E. And pray what is your practice ?

DOCTOR. I boast not of my practice, neither do I study  
in the practice of physic.

55

KING OF E. What can you cure ?

DOCTOR. All sorts of diseases,

Whatever you pleases :

I can cure the itch, the pitch,

The phthisic, the palsy, and the gout ;

60

And if the devil 's in the man,

I can fetch him out.

My wisdom lies in my wig.

I torture not my patients with excations

Such as pills, boluses, solutions, and embrocations ;

65

But by the word-of command  
I can make this mighty prince to stand.

KING. What is your fee?

DOCTOR. Ten pounds, is true.

KING. Proceed, noble doctor ;  
You shall have your due. 70

DOCTOR. Arise, arise ! most noble prince, arise,  
And no more dormant lay ;  
And with thy sword  
Make all thy foes obey. 75

*The PRINCE arises.*

PRINCE G. My head is made of iron,  
My body is made of steel,  
My legs are made of crooked bones,  
To force you all to yield.

*Enter BEELZEBUB.*

BEEL. In comes I, old Beelzebub ;  
Over my shoulder I carry my club,  
And in my hand a frying-pan,  
Pleased to get all the money I can. 80

*Enter CLOWN.*

CLOWN. In comes I, who 's never been yet,  
With my great head and little wit :  
My head is great, my wit is small,  
I 'll do my best to please you all. 85

*Song by all.*

And now we are done and must be gone,  
No longer will we stay here ;  
But if you please, before we go,  
We 'll taste your Christmas beer. 90

*Exeunt omnes.*

## [THE REVESBY SWORD PLAY.]

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Printed from *The Folk-Lore Journal*, VII, 338-53, where it is published by T. F. Ordish. In the footnotes, O. indicates this edition. I have made no unindicated alteration except in capitals, punctuation, and the abbreviation of the names of the speakers. Although the play contains, as Ordish points out, many different elements, I have indicated in the title chosen for it only its most prominent feature.

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OCTOBER YE 20, 1779.

The Morrice Dancers (named in *Dramatis Personæ*) acted their merry dancing, &c., at Revesby, in their ribbon dresses, &c., and two men from Kirtley, without any particular dresses, sung the song of Landlord and Tenant.<sup>1</sup>

John Ironmonger *acted the* LANDLORD, *and*  
John Clarkson       "       "       TENANT.

### *Dramatis Personæ.*

#### *Men.*

THE FOOL . . . . .	John Johnson.
PICKLE HERRING . . . .	Richd. Johnson.
BLUE BREECHES . . . .	Henry Johnson.
PEPPER BREECHES . . .	John Tomlinson.
GINGER BREECHES . . .	Chas. Hodgson.
MR. ALLSPICE . . . . .	Thos. Harness.

#### *Women.*

CICELY . . . . .	John Fisher.
FIDLER, or MR. MUSICK MAN,	John Johnson, jun <sup>r</sup> .

<sup>1</sup> This song is omitted here because it has nothing to do with the play and is a not very interesting specimen of the *débat*, examples of which will be given in vol. III.

THE PLOW BOYS, or MORRIS DANCERS.

*Enter FOOL.*

You gentle Lords of honour,  
Of high and low, I say,  
We all desire your favour  
For to see our pleasant play. 4

Our play it is the best, kind sirs,  
That you would like to know ;  
And we will do our best, sirs,  
And think it well bestowd. 8

Tho' some of us be little,  
And some of a middle sort,  
We all desire your favour  
To see our pleasant sport. 12

You must not look on our actions,  
Our wits they are all to seek,  
So I pray take no exceptions  
At what I am a-going to speak. 16

We are come over the mire and moss ;  
We dance an Hobby Horse ;  
A Dragon you shall see,  
And a wild Worm for to flee.  
Still we are all brave, jovial boys  
And takes delight in Christmas toys. 22

We are come both for bread and beer,  
And hope for better cheer  
And something out of your purse, sir,  
Which I hope you will be never the worse, sir.  
Still we are all brave, jovial boys  
And takes delight in Christmas toys. 28

Come now, Mr. Musick Man, play me my delight.  
 FIDLER. What is that, old father? 30  
 FOOL. Ah! boy, times is hard! I love to have money in  
 both pockets.  
 FID. You shall have it, old father.  
 FOOL. Let me see it.

*THE FOOL then calls in his five sons: first PICKLE HERRING, then BLUE  
 BRITCHES, then GINGER BRITCHES, PEPPER BRITCHES, and last calls out:*

Come now, you Mr. Allspice! 35

*They foot it once round the room, and the man that is to ride the Hobby  
 Horse goes out, and the rest sing the following song:*

Come in, come in, thou Hobby Horse,  
 And bring thy old fool at thy arse!  
 Sing tanter[a]day, sing tanter[a]day,  
 Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down a! 39

*Then THE FOOL and the Horse fights about the room, whilst the following  
 song is singing by the rest:*

Come in, come in, thou bonny wild Worm!  
 For thou hast ta'en many a lucky turn.  
 Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,  
 Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down! 43

*The wild Worm is only sprung three or four times, as the man walks  
 round the room, and then goes out, and the Horse and THE FOOL fights  
 again, whilst the following song is sung:*

Come in, come in, thou Dragon stout,  
 And take thy compass round about!  
 Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,  
 Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down! 47

Now you shall see a full fair fight  
 Between our old Fool and his right.  
 Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,  
 Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down! 51

Now our scrimmage is almost done;  
 Then you shall see more sport soon.

Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,  
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down ! 55

FOOL. Up well hart,<sup>1</sup> and up well hind !  
Let every man then to his own kind.  
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,  
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down ! 59

Come, follow me, merry men all !  
Tho' we have made bold for to call,  
It is only once by the year  
That we are so merry here.  
Still we are all brave, jovial boys,  
And takes delight in Christmas toys. 65

*Then they all foot it round the room and follows THE FOOL out. They all re-enter, and lock their swords to make the glass, THE FOOL running about the room.*

PICKLE HERRING. What is the matter now, father?

FOOL. Why, I tell the[e] what, Pickle Herring. As a I was  
a-looking round about me through my wooden spectacles  
made of a great, huge, little tiney bit of leather, placed  
right behind me, even before me, I thought I saw a feat 70  
thing —

P. H. You thought you saw a feat thing? What might this  
feat thing be, think you, father?

FOOL. How can I tell, boy, except I see it again?

P. H. Would you know it if you see it again? 75

FOOL. I cannot tell thee, boy. Let me get it looked at.

*PICKLE HERRING, holding up the glass, says:*

[P. H.] Is this it, father?

*THE FOOL, looking round, says:*

[FOOL.] Why, I protest, Pickle Herring, the very same  
thing ! But what might thou call this very pretty thing?

P. H. What might you call it? You are older than I am. 80

FOOL. How can that be, boy, when I was born before you?

P. H. That is the reason that makes you older.

<sup>1</sup> O. hark.

FOOL. Well, what dost thou call this very pretty thing?

P. H. Why, I call it a fine large looking-glass.

FOOL. Let me see what I can see in this fine large looking- 85  
glass. Here's a hole through it, I see. I see, and I  
see!

P. H. You see and you see? and what do you see?

FOOL. Marry, e'en a fool, just like the[e]!

P. H. It is only your own face in the glass. 90

FOOL. Why, a fool may be mistain sometimes, Pickle Her-  
ring. But what might this fine large looking-glass cost  
the[e]?

P. H. That fine large looking-glass cost me a guinea.

FOOL. A guinea, boy? Why, I could have bought as good 95  
a one at my own door for three half-pence.

P. H. Why, fools and cuckolds has always the best luck!

FOOL. That is as much to say thy father is one.

P. H. Why, you pass for one!

*THE FOOL, keeping the glass all the while in his hands, says:*

FOOL. Why was thou such a minnie, boy, to go to ware a 100  
guinea to look for thy beauty where it never was? But  
I will shew thee, boy, how foolish thou hast wared a  
deal of good money.

*Then THE FOOL flings the glass upon the floor, jumps upon it; then the  
dancers every one drawing out his own sword, and THE FOOL dancing  
about the room, PICKLE HERRING takes him by the collar and says:*

P. H. Father, father, you are so merrylly disposed this  
good time there is no talking to you! Here is very bad 105  
news.

FOOL. Very good news? I am glad to hear it; I do not  
hear good news every day.

P. H. It is very bad news!

FOOL. Why, what is the matter now, boy? 110

P. H. We have all concluded to cut off your head.

FOOL. Be mercyfull to me, a sinner! If you should do as  
you have said, there is no such thing. I would not lose  
my son Pickle Herring for fifty pounds.

P. H. It is your son Pickle Herring that must lose you. It 115  
is your head we desire to take off.

FOOL. My head? I never had my head taken off in all my  
life!

P. H. You both must and shall.

FOOL. Hold, hold, boy! thou seem'st to be in good ear- 120  
nest; but I'll tell thee where I'll be buried.

P. H. Why, where will you be buried but in the churchyard,  
where other people are buried?

FOOL. Churchyard? I never was buried there in all my  
life! 125

P. H. Why, where will you be buried?

FOOL. Ah! boy, I am often dry; I will be buried in Mr.  
Mirfin's ale-celler.

P. H. It is such a place as I never heard talk off in all my  
life. 130

FOOL. No, nor nobody else, boy.

P. H. What is your fancy to be buried there?

FOOL. Ah! boy, I am oftens dry, and, when they come to  
fill the quart, I'll drink it off, and they will wonder what  
is the matter. 135

P. H. How can you do so when you will be dead? We shall  
take your head from your body, and you will be dead.

FOOL. If I must die, I will dye with my face to the light, for  
all you!

*Then THE FOOL, kneeling down, with the swords round his neck, says:*

FOOL. Now, gentlemen, you see how ungratefull my chil- 140  
dren is grown! When I had them all at home, small,  
about as big as I am, I put them out to good learning:  
I put them to Coxcomb Colledge, and then to the Uni-  
versity of Loggerheads; and I took them home again  
this good time of Christmas, and I examin'd them all 145  
one by one, all together<sup>1</sup> for shortness. And now they  
are grown so proud and so presumptuous they are a-going  
to kill their old father for his little means. So I must  
dye for all this?

<sup>1</sup> O. altogether.



P. H. You must dye, father. 150

FOOL. And I will die for all the tother. But I have a little something, I will give it amongst you as far as it goes, and then I shall dye quietly.

P. H. I hope you will.

FOOL. So, to my first son, Pickle Herring, — <sup>1</sup> 155  
 I'll give him the roaned nag,  
 And that will make the rogue brag.

And to my second son, —

I'll give him the brindled cow.

And to my third son, —

I'll give him the sanded sow ;  
 And hope I shall please you all enow. 160

And to my fourth son, —

I'll give him the great ruff dog,  
 For he always lives like a hog. 165

And to my fifth son, —

I'll give him the ram,  
 And I'll dye like a lamb.

*Then they draw their swords, and THE FOOL falls on the floor, and the dancers walk once round THE FOOL; and PICKLE HERRING stamps with his foot and THE FOOL rises on his knees again; and PICKLE HERRING says:*

P. H. How now, father?

FOOL. How now, then, boy? I have another squeak for 170  
 my life?

P. H. You have a many.

*Then, the dancers puting their swords round THE FOOL's neck again,*

FOOL. So I must dye?

P. H. You must dye, father.

FOOL. Hold! I have yet a little something more to leave 175  
 amongst you, and then I hope I shall dye quietly. So  
 to my first son, Pickle Herring, —

I'll give him my cap and my coat, —  
 A very good sute, boy.

<sup>1</sup> Lines 156-185 as prose in O.

And to my second son, — 180

I'll give him my purse and apparel,  
But be sure, boys, you do not quarrel.

As to my other three,  
My executors they shall be.

*Then, PICKLE HERRING puts his hand to his sword,*

FOOL. Hold, hold, boy ! Now I submit my soul to God. 185

P. H. A very good thought, old father !

FOOL. Mareham churchyard, I hope, shall have my bones.

*Then the dancers walk round THE FOOL with their swords in their hands, and PICKLE HERRING stamps with his foot and says :*

[P. H.] Heigh, old father !

FOOL. Why, boy, since I have been out of this troublesom:  
world I have heard so much musick of fiddles playing 190  
and bells ringing that I have a great fancy to go away  
singing. So, prithee, Pickle Herring, let me have one  
of thy best songs.

P. H. You shall have it, old father.

FOOL. Let me see it. 195

*They sing.*

Good people all, I pray you now behold,  
Our old Fool's bracelet is not made of gold,  
But it is made of iron and good steel,  
And unto death we'll make this old Fool yield. 199

FOOL. I pray, forbear, my children small ;  
For, as I am lost as parent to you all,  
O, let me live a while your sport for to advance,  
That I may rise again and with you have a dance. 203

*THE SONS sing.*

Now, old father, that you know our will,  
That for your estate we do your body kill,  
Soon after death the bell for you shall toll,  
And wish the Lord he may receive your soul. 207

*Then THE FOOL falls down, and the dancers, with their swords in their hands, sings the following song :*

Good people all, you see what we have done :  
 We have cut down our father like the<sup>1</sup> evening sun,  
 And here he lies all in his purple gore,  
 And we are afraid he never will dance more. 211

*FOOL rises from the floor and says :*

[FOOL.] No, no, my children ! by chance you are all mistaen !  
 For here I find myself, I am not slain ;  
 But I will rise, your sport then to advance,  
 And with you all, brave boys, I 'll have a dance. 215

*Then the Foreman and CICELY dances down and the other two couple stand their ground. After a short dance called "Jack, the brisk young Drummer," they all go out but THE FOOL, FIDLER, and CICELY.*

FOOL. Hear you, do you please to hear the sport of a fool?  
 CICELY. A fool? for why?  
 FOOL. Because I can neither leap, skip, nor dance, but cut  
 a caper thus high. [*He capers.*] Sound, music ! I must  
 be gon ; the Lord of Pool draws nigh. 220

*Enter PICKLE HERRING.*

P. H. I am the Lord of Pool,  
 And here begins my measure,<sup>2</sup>  
 And after me a fool,  
 To dance a while for pleasure  
 In Cupid's school. 225

FOOL. A fool, a fool, a fool,  
 A fool I heard thou say,<sup>2</sup>  
 But more the other way,  
 For here I have a tool  
 Will make a maid to play,  
 Although in Cupid's school.  
 Come all away ! 232

<sup>1</sup> O. ye.

<sup>2</sup> O. has these two lines as one.

*Enter BLUE BRITCHES.*

BLUE B. I am the Knight of Lee,  
 And here I have a dagger,  
 Offended not to be.  
 Come in, thou needy beggar,  
 And follow me ! 237

*Enter GINGER BRITCHES.*

GINGER B. Behold, behold, behold  
 A man of poor estate !  
 Not one penny to infold ! 240

*Enter PEPPER BRITCHES.*

PEPPER B. My money is out at use, or else I would.

*Enter MR. ALLSPICE.*

ALLSPICE. With a hack, a hack, a hack,  
 See how I will skip and dance  
 For joys that we have found !  
 Let each man take his chance, 245  
 And we will all dance around.

*Then they dance the sword dance which is called "Nelly's Gig"; then they run under their swords, which is called "Runing Battle"; then three dancers dances with three swords, and the Foreman jumping over the swords; then THE FOOL goes up to CICELY.*

FOOL. Here comes I that never come yet,  
 Since last time, lovy !  
 I have a great head but little wit.  
 Tho' my head be great and my wits be small, 250  
 I can play the fool for a while as well as [the] best of ye all.  
<sup>1</sup> My name is noble Anthony ;  
 I am as meloncholly as a mantle-tree.  
 I am come to show you a little sport and activity,  
 And soon, too ! 255  
 Make room for noble Anthony  
 And all his good company !  
 Drive out all these proud rogues, and let my lady and I have  
 a parl !

[*Exeunt all but FOOL and CICELY.*]<sup>1</sup> Lines 253-266 as prose in O.

CICELY. O, ye clown ! what makes you drive out my men  
so soon? 261

FOOL. O, pardon, madam, pardon ! and I  
Will never offend you more.  
I will make your men come in as fast  
As ever they did before. 265

CICELY. I pray you at my sight,  
And drive it not till night,<sup>1</sup>  
That I may see them dance once more  
So lovely in my sight.<sup>1</sup> 269

FOOL. A-faith, madam, and so I will !  
I will play the man<sup>1</sup>  
And make them come in  
As fast as ever I can. —<sup>1</sup> 273

But hold, gip ! Mrs. Clagars,  
How do you sell geese ?<sup>1</sup>  
CICELY. Go, look, Mister Midgecock !  
Twelve pence apiece.<sup>1</sup> 277

FOOL. Oh, the pretty pardon !  
CICELY. A gip for a frown !  
FOOL. An ale-wife for an apparitor !  
CICELY. A rope for a clown !  
FOOL. Why, all the devise in the country  
Cannot pull this down !<sup>1</sup> 283

I am a valiant knight just come from the seas :<sup>2</sup>  
You do know me, do you ?  
I can kill you ten thousand, tho' they be but fleas.  
I can kill you a man for an ounce of mustard,  
Or I can kill you ten thousand for a good custard.  
I have an old sheep skin,  
And I lap it well in, 290  
Sword and buckler by my side, all ready for to fight !

<sup>1</sup> As one line in O.

<sup>2</sup> Two lines in O.

Come forth, you whores and gluttons all ! for, had it not been  
in this country, I should not have shewen my valour  
amongst you. But sound, music ! for I must be gone. 294

[*Exit FOOL.*]

*Enter PICKLE HERRING.*

P. H. In first and formost do I come,  
All for to lead this race,  
Seeking the country far and near  
So fair a lady to embrace. 298

So fair a lady did I never see,  
So comely in my sight,  
Drest in her gaudy gold  
And silver shining bright. 302

She has fingers long, and rings  
Of honor of beaten gold :  
My masters all, behold !  
It is now for some pretty dancing time,  
And we will foot it fine. 307

BLUE B. I am a youth of jollitree ;  
Where is there one like unto me ?  
My hair is bush'd very thick ;  
My body is like an hasel stick ; 311

My legs they quaver like an eel ;  
My arms become my body weel ;  
My fingers they are long and small :  
Am not I a jolly youth, proper and tall ? 315

Therefore, Mister Musick Man,  
Whatsoever may be my chance,  
It is for my ladie's love and mine,  
Strike up the morris dance. 319

*Then they foot it once round.*

GINGER B. I am a jolly young man of flesh, blood and bone ;  
Give eare, my masters all, each one ! 321

And especially you, my lady dear,  
 I hope you like me well.  
 Of all the gallants here  
 It is I that doth so well. 325

Therefore, Mister Musick Man,  
 Whatsoever may be my chance,  
 It is for my ladie's love and mine,  
 Strike up the morris dance. 329

*Then they foot it round.*

PEPPER B. I am my father's eldest son,  
 And heir of all his land,  
 And in a short time, I hope,  
 It will fall into my hands. 333

I was brought up at Lindsey Court  
 All the days of my life.  
 Here stands a fair lady,  
 I wish she was my wife. 337

I love her at my heart,  
 And from her I will never start.  
 Therefore, Mr. Musick Man, play up my part.

FOOL (*rushing in*). And mine, too ! 341

*Enter ALLSPICE, and they foot it round. PICKLE HERRING, suter to  
 CICELY, takes her by the hand, and walks about the room.*

P. H. Sweet Ciss, if thou wilt be my love,  
 A thousand pounds I will give thee.  
 CICELY. No, you're too old, sir, and I am too young,  
 And alas ! old man, that must not be. 345

P. H. I'll buy the[e] a gown of violet blue,  
 A petticoat imbroidered to thy knee ;  
 Likewise my love to thee shall be true.  
 CICELY. But alas ! old man, that must not be. 349

P. H. Thou shalt walk at thy pleasure, love, all the day,  
 If at night thou wilt but come home to me ;

And in my house bear all the sway.

CICELY. Your children they 'll find fault with me. 353

P. H. I 'll turn my children out of doors.

CICELY. And so, I fear, you will do me.

P. H. Nay, then, sweet Ciss, ne'er trust me more,  
For I never loved lass before like the[e].<sup>1</sup> 357

*Enter FOOL.*

FOOL. No, nor behind, neither.

Well met, sweet Cis, well over-ta'en !

CICELY. You are kindly wellcome, sir, to me.

FOOL. I 'll wipe my eyes, and I 'll look again !  
Methinks, sweet Cis, I now the[e] see ! 362

CICELY. Raf, what has thou to pleasure me ?

FOOL. Why, this, my dear, I will give the[e],  
And all I have it shall be thine.

CICELY. Kind sir, I thank you heartelly. 366

P. H. (*to THE FOOL*). Stand back, stand back, thou silly old  
swain !

This girl shall go with none but me.

FOOL. I will not !

P. H. Stand back, stand back, or I 'll cleave thy brain !

*Then PICKLE HERRING goes up to CIS, and says :*

O, now, sweet Cis, I am come to thee ! 371

CICELY. You are as wellcome as the rest,  
Wherein you brag so lustilly.

FOOL. For a thousand pounds she loves me best !  
I can see by the twinkling of her ee. 375

P. H. I have store of gold, whereon I boast ;  
Likewise my sword, love, shall fight for the[e] ;  
When all is done, love, I 'll scour the coast,  
And bring in gold for thee and me. 379

<sup>1</sup> O. like the before ; *emend.* by Kittredge.



CICELY. Your gold may gain as good as I,  
 But by no means it shall tempt me ;  
 For youthfull years and frozen age  
 Cannot in any wise agree. 383

*Then BLUE BRITCHES goes up to her, and says :*

[BLUE B.] Sweet mistress, be advised by me :  
 Do not let this old man be denied,  
 But love him for his gold in store ;  
 Himself may serve for a cloak, beside. 387

CICELY. Yes, sir, but you are not in the right.  
 Stand back and do not council me !  
 For I love a lad that will make me laugh  
 In a secret place, to pleasure me.  
 FOOL. Good wench ! 392

PICKLE HERRING. Love, I have a beard as white as milk.  
 CICELY. Ne'er better for that, thou silly old man !  
 P. H. Besides, my skin, love, is soft as silk.  
 FOOL. And thy face shines like a dripping pan. 396

P. H. Rafe, what has thou to pleasure her ?  
 FOOL. Why a great deal more, boy, than there's in  
 the[e].

P. H. Nay then, old rogue, I thee defye.  
 CICELY. I pray, dear friends, fall not out for me ! 400

P. H. Once I could skip, leap, dance, and sing ;  
 Why will you not give place to me ?  
 FOOL. Nay, then, old rogue, I thee defye ;  
 For thy nose stands like a Maypole tree. 404

*Then goes up GINGER BRITCHES<sup>1</sup> to CISLEY and says :*

[GINGER B.] Sweet mistress, mind what this man doth say,  
 For he speaks nothing but the truth :  
 Look on the soldier, now I pray ;  
 See, is not he a handsome youth ? 408

<sup>1</sup> O. Breeches.

CICELY. Sir, I am engaged to one I love,  
And ever constant I will be,  
There is nothing that I prize above.

P. H. For a thousand pounds, she's gone from me !

FOOL. Thou may lay two ! 413

CICELY (*to PICKLE HERRING*). Old father, for your reverend  
years,

Stand you the next man unto me ;  
Then he that doth the weapon bear ;  
For I will have the hind man of the three ! 417

FOOL (*to PICKLE HERRING*). Old father, a fig for your old gold !  
The soldier, he shall bear no sway !

But you shall see, and so shall we,  
'T is I that carries the lass away ! 421

*Then the dancers takes hold of their swords, and foots it round the room ;  
then every man makes his obeisance to the master of the house, and the  
whole concludes.*

FINIS.



## PART IV.



## [MANKIND.]

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For the opportunity to print this specimen of the "Macro Moralities" I am indebted to the courtesy of Dr. Furnivall, who allowed me to have a copy made from his copy of the original MS. The original MS., now the property of J. H. Gurney, Esq., was written apparently in the reign of Edward IV (cf. l. 684), a few miles east or northeast of Cambridge (cf. ll. 499 ff.), and was once the property of a monk named Hyngham (cf. verse at end of play). I have disregarded the flourishes of *n*, *ll*, *r*, etc.

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### [*Dramatis Personae.*

MANKYNDE.

NEW GYSE.

NOUGHT.

MERCY.

NOW-A-DAYS.

MYSCHIEFF.

TITYVILLUS.]

[*Enter Mercy.*]

MERCY. The very fownder & begynner of ower fyrst crea-  
cion,

A-monge ws synfull wrechys he oweth to be magnyfyede,  
*That* for ower dysobedyenc[e] he hade non indygnacion  
To sende hys own son to be torn & crucyfyede ;  
Ower obsequyouse *seruyce* to hym xulde be aplyede ;  
Where he was Lorde of all & made all thyng of nought,  
For *the* synfull synner to late <sup>1</sup> hym revyuyde  
And <sup>2</sup> for hys redempcyon sett hys own son at nought.

8

*That* may be seyde & veryfyede : Mankynde was dere bought ;  
By *the* pythouse deth of Iheru he hade hys remedye ;  
He was purgyde of hys defawte, *that* wrechyddyly hade  
wrought,  
By hys gloryus Passyon, *that* blyssyde lauatorye.

<sup>1</sup> MS. lade.

<sup>2</sup> Qy. omit And, and insert he before sett.

O souerence, I be-seche you yower condycyons to  
rectyfye

Ande *with* humylite & reuerence to haue a remocyon

To *this* blyssyde prynce *that* ower nature doth gloryfye,  
*That* ye may be partycypable of hys retribucyon. 16

I haue be *the* very mene for yower restytucyon ;

Mercy ys my name, *that* mornyth for yower offence.

Dyverte not yower-sylffe in tyme of temtacyon,

*That* ye may be acceptable to Gode at yower goynge  
hence.

The grett Mercy of Gode, *that* ys of most preemmy-  
nence,

Be medyacyon<sup>1</sup> of Ower Lady, *that* ys euer habundante<sup>2</sup>

To *the* synfull creature *that* wyll repent hys ne[g]ly-  
gence,—

I prey Gode, at yower most nede *that* Mercy be yower de-  
fendawnte ! 24

In goode werkys I a-wyse yow, souerence, to be perseuer-  
ante,

To purfye yower sowlys *that* *thei* be not corupte ;

For yower gostly enmy wyll make hys a-vaunte,<sup>3</sup>

Yower goode condycions yf he may interupte.

O *3e* souerens *that* sytt, & *3e* brothern *that* stonde ryghte  
wppe,

Pryke not yower felycytes in thynges transytorye !

Be-holde not *the* erthe, but lyfte yower ey wppe !

Se how *the* hede *the* members dayly do magnyfye ! 32

Who ys *the* hede, forsoth, I xall yow certyfye :

I mene ower Sauyower, *that* was lykynnyde to a lambe ;

Ande hys sayntes be *the* members, *that* dayly he doth satysfye

*With* *the* precyouse reuer *that* runnyth from hys wombe ;

Ther ys non such foode be water ner by lande,

So precyouse, so gloryouse, so redefull to ower entent,

<sup>1</sup> MS. medytacyon.

<sup>2</sup> MS. habundance.

<sup>3</sup> MS. a-vaunce.

For yt hath dyssoluyde Mankynde from *the* bitter bonde  
Of *the* mortall enmye, [the] venymouse <sup>1</sup> serpente ; 40

From *the* wyche Gode preserue yow all at *the* last Iugement,  
For sekyrly *ther* xall be a streat <sup>2</sup> examynacyon ;  
The corn xall be sauysde, *the* chaffe xall be brente :  
I be-sech yow hertyly, haue *this* premedytacyone. 44

[Enter Myscheffe.]

Mys. I be-seche yow hertyly, leue yower calc[ul]acyon !  
Leue yower chaffe, leue yower corn, leue yower dalyacyon !  
Yower wytt ys lytyll, yower hede ys mekyll, ye are full of  
predycacyon !

But, *ser*, I prey *this* questyon to claryfye :  
Dryff-draff, mysse-masche,  
Sume was corn & sume was chaffe,  
My dame seyde my name was Raffe,  
On-shett yower loke & take an halpenye ! 52

MERCY. Why come 3e hethyr, brother ? 3e were not dysryde.  
Mys. For a wynter corn-threscher, *ser*, I haue hyryde ;  
Ande 3e sayde *the* corn xulde be sauysde & *the* chaffe xulde  
be fyryde,<sup>3</sup>

Ande he prouyth nay, as yt schewth be *this* werse :  
*Corn seruit bredibus, chaffe horsibus, straw fyrybusque.*  
Thys ys as moche to say, to yower leude wndyrstondyng,  
As, *the* corn xall *serue* to brede at *the* nexte bakyng ;  
*Chaff horsibus & reliquid,*  
The chaff to horse xall be goode produce ;  
When a man ys for-colde, *the* straw may be brent,  
And so forth, &c. 63

MERCY. A-voyde, goode brother ! 3e ben culpable  
To interupte thus my talkyng delectable.

Mys. Ser, I haue nother horse nor <sup>4</sup> sadyll,  
Therfor I may not ryde.

<sup>1</sup> MS. vemynouse.

<sup>3</sup> MS. feryrde.

<sup>2</sup> MS. sterat.

<sup>4</sup> MS. for.



MERCY. Hye yow forthe on fote, brother, in Godes name!

MYS. I say, *ser*, I am *cumme* hedyr to make yow game.

3et bade 3e me not go out in *the* deullys name,

Ande I wyll a-byde.

71

MERCY.<sup>1</sup> Ande how, mynstrellys! pley *the* comyn trace.

Ley on *with thi* bowys<sup>2</sup> tyll his bely breste.

73

NOUGHT. I put case I breke my neke;<sup>3</sup> how than?

NEW. I gyff no<sup>4</sup> force, by Sent Tanne!

Now. Leppe<sup>5</sup> a-bout lyuely! *thou* art a wyght man;

Let ws be mery wyll we be here!

NOUGHT. Xall I breke my neke to show yow sporte?

Now. Therfor euer beware of *thi* reporte!

NOUGHT. I be-schrew ye all! her ys a schrewde sorte;

Haue *ther* at *them*, *with* a mery chere!

81

*Her thei daunce. Mercy sayth:*

MERCY. Do wey! dowey! *this* reuell, *sers*, do wey!

Now. Do wey! goode Adam, do wey!

Thys ys no parte of *thin* pley.

NOUGHT. 3ys, mary, I prey yow! for I loue not *this* rewelynge.

Euer forth, goode fader, I yow prey;

Be a lytyll 3e may assay.

A-non of *with yower* clothes yf 3e wyll pray.

Go to, for I haue hade a praty scottlynge.

89

MERCY. Nay, brother, I wyll not daunce.<sup>6</sup>

NEW. Yf 3e wyll, *ser*, my brother wyll make yow to prawnce.

<sup>1</sup> These lines begin a new leaf in the MS. They seem highly inappropriate in the mouth of Mercy, cf. especially l. 73. Moreover, it is clear from ll. 98, 111 that the entrance of New Gyse, Nowadays, and Nought was immediately preceded by Mercy's use of the words forming their names. I therefore suppose that at least one leaf of MS. (containing their entrance) has been lost at this point, and suggest that the command to the minstrels be assigned to New Gyse.

<sup>2</sup> MS. bollys.

<sup>3</sup> MS. reke.

<sup>4</sup> MS. us.

<sup>5</sup> MS. Leffe.

<sup>6</sup> MS. dauunce; but it often has the au-contraction for a.

Now. *With* all my herte, *ser*, yf I may yow a-vaunce ;

3e may assay be a lytylle trace.

NOUGHT. 3e, *ser*, wyll 3e do well ?

Trace not *with them*, be my counsell ;

For I haue tracyed *sumwhat* to fell,<sup>1</sup>—

I tell [yow] yt ys a narow space.

97

But, *ser*, I trow, of ws thre I herde you speke.

NEW. Crystes curse haue 3e <sup>2</sup> *ther*-for, for I was in slepe !

Now. A[nd] I hade *the* cuppe <sup>3</sup> in my honde redy to goo to met.

Therfor, *ser*, curtly grett yow well.

MERCY. Few wordes ! few & well sett !

NEW. *Ser*, yt ys *the* new gyse & *the* new iett :

Many wordes & schortely sett,—

Thys ys *the* new gyse, *euery* dele.

105

MERCY. Lady, helpe ! How wrechys delyte in *ther* synn-  
full <sup>4</sup> weys !

Now. Say no[ugh]t ageyn *the* new gyse now-a-days.

*Thou* xall fynde ws sch[r]ewys at all assays ;

Be ware, 3e may son lyke a bofett !

MERCY. He was well occupyede *that* browte yow hether !<sup>5</sup>

NOUGHT. I harde yow call New Gyse, Now-a-days, Nought,  
— all *thes* thre to-gether.

Yf 3e sey *that* I lye, I xall make yow to slyther ;

So take yow here a trefett !

113

MERCY. Say me yower namys ; I know yow not.

NEW. New Gyse I !

[Now.] Now-a-days [I] !

<sup>1</sup> MS. fylde fell. Kittredge suggests that fylde was written by mistake, and that the copyist then, observing that fylde neither rhymed nor made sense, added the right word but neglected to erase fylde.

<sup>2</sup> MS. hade ; corr. by Kittredge, who thinks the scribe may have caught up hade from the following line. I had conjectured had he.

<sup>3</sup> MS. has redy here as well as later in the line.

<sup>4</sup> MS. has three strokes each for nn and u.

<sup>5</sup> MS. brethern : possibly we ought to read brether.

[NOUGHT.]

I Nought !

MERCY. Be Jhesu Cryst, *that* me dere bowte,

3e be-tray many men !

NEW. Be-tray? Nay, nay, *ser*, nay, nay !

We make them both fresch &amp; gay.

But of yower name, *ser*, I yow prey,

That we may yow ken !

121

MERCY. Mercy ys my name & my<sup>1</sup> denomynacyon !I conseyue 3e haue but a lytyll fors<sup>2</sup> in my commenyacyon.NEW. Ey, ey, yower body ys full of Englysch Laten !<sup>3</sup>

Now. I prey yow hertyly, worschypfull clerke —

125

I haue etun a dysch full of curdes,

Ande I haue schetun yower mowth fulle of turdes ;

Now opyn yower sachell with Late[n]<sup>4</sup> wordes,And sey me *this* in clerycall maner !

Also I haue a wyf, her name ys Rackell ;

Betwyx her &amp; me was a gret batell,

Ande fayne of yow I wolde her[e] tell

Who was *the* most master.

133

NOUGHT. Thy wyf, Rachell, I dare ley xxti lyse !

Now. Who spake to the, foll? *Thou* art not wyse !Go & do *that*<sup>5</sup> longyth to *thin* offyce :*Osculare fundamentum !*NOUGHT. Lo, master ! lo,<sup>6</sup> here ys a pardon bely mett,<sup>7</sup> —

Yt ys grawntyde of Pope Pokett :

Yf 3e wyll putt yower nose in hys wyffes sokett,

3e xall haue xlv days of pardon.

141

<sup>1</sup> By written over in MS.<sup>2</sup> MS. looks like fans.<sup>3</sup> A note in the margin says, Haue *this* Englysch made in Laytin :

I am a-ferde yt wyll brest ;

"I rausch," quod *the* baeger on-to me,

When I stall a leg a motun,

Ye are a stronge cunnyng clerke.

I trey, &amp;c.

<sup>4</sup> MS. late ; corr. by Kittredge.<sup>6</sup> MS. to.<sup>5</sup> MS. doyt.<sup>7</sup> MS. melt ; *gy.* be lymett.

MERCY. Thys ydyll<sup>1</sup> language 3e xall repent !  
Out of *this* place I wolde 3e went.

NEW. Goo we hens<sup>2</sup> all thre with on assent ;

My fadyr ys yrke of owær eloquence,  
*Ther*-for I wyll no lenger tary.

Gode brynge yow, master, & blyssyde Mary  
To *the* number of *the* demonycall frayry !

148

. . . . .<sup>3</sup>

Now. Euer wynde ! euer reyn !

Thow I cumme new a-geyn.

*The* deull put out both youre eyen !

Felouse, go we hens tyght !

NOUGHT. Go we hens, a deull wey !

Her ys *the* dore, her ys *the* wey !

Farwell, ientyll Iaffrey,

I prey Gode gyf yow goode-nyght !

156

*Exiant.*

MERCY. Thankyde be Gode, we haue a fayer dyluuerance  
Of *thes* iij onthryfty gestes.

They know full lytyll what ys *ther* ordynance ;

I preve by reson *thei* be wers *then* bestes :

160

A best doth after hys naturall instytucion ;

3e may conseiue by *ther* dysporte & be-hauour,

*Ther* ioy ande delyte ys in derysyon

Of [t]her owyn Cryste to his dyshonur.

164

Thys condycyon of leuyng, yt ys preiudycyall ;

Be ware *ther*-of, yt ys wers *than* ony felony or treson.

How may yt be excusyde be-for *the* Iustyce of all,

When for euery ydyll<sup>4</sup> worde ws<sup>5</sup> must yelde a reson ? 168

<sup>1</sup> MS. yeyll, cf. l. 168.

<sup>2</sup> MS. haue; corr. by Kittredge.

<sup>3</sup> There is no indication in MS. of the loss of this line.

<sup>4</sup> MS. yeyll, cf. l. 142.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps this should be amended to we; but, as the construction us must is common, I retain the MS. reading.

They haue grett ca[u]se *ther*-for ; *the*[i] wyll take no thought ;  
 But how *than* when *the* angell of hewyn xall blow *the*  
*trumpe*

Ande sey to *the* transgressers *that* wykydly hath wrought :

“Cum forth on-to yower luge & zelde yower a-cownte”? 172

Then xall I, Mercy, be-gyn sor to wepe ;

Not*her* comfort nor cownsell *ther* xall non be hade,

But such as *thei* haue sowyn, such xall *thei* repe ;

*Thei* be wanton now, but *then* xall *thei* be sade. 176

The goode new gyse now-a-days I wyll not dysalow ;

I dyscomende *the* vycyouse gyse, I prey haue me excusyde,

I nede not to speke of yt, yower reson wyll tell it yow,

Take *that*<sup>1</sup> ys to be takyn & leue *that*<sup>1</sup> ys to be  
 refusyde ! 180

[Enter Mankynde.]

MANK. Of *the* erth & of *the* gler<sup>2</sup> we haue ower propagacyon,

By *the* prouydens of Gode *thus* be we deryvatt,

To whos mercy I recomende *this* holl congrygacyon ;

I hope on-to hys blysse ye be all predestynatt !

Euery man for hys degre, I trust, xall be partycypatt,

Yf we wyll mortyfye ower carnall condycyon

And ower voluntarye dysyres, *that* euer be pervertonnat,

To renunce *thes* & yelde ws wnder Godes provycyon. 188

My name ys Mankynde : I haue my composycyon

Of a body & of a soull, of condycyon contrarye ;

Betwyx *the* tweyn ys a grett dyvisyon ;

He *that* xulde be as soiette,<sup>3</sup> now he hath *the* victory.

Thys ys to me a lamentable story,

To se my flesch of my soull to haue gouernance :

Wher *the* goode-wyff ys master *the* goode-man may be  
 sory. 195

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> MS. yt.

<sup>2</sup> MS. cler ; *emend.* by Kittredge ; *but possibly cley.*

<sup>3</sup> MS. seietle ; Collier, H. E. D. P., II, 213 *has* sojecte.

Alasse ! what was thy fortune & *thi* chaunce<sup>1</sup>

To be assocyat *with* my flesch, *that* stynkyng dunge-  
hyll !

. . . . .

Lady, helpe ! Souerens, yt doth my soull myche yll  
To se *the* flesch prosperouse & *the* soull trodyn wnder fote.

I xall go to yondyr man, & assay hym I wyll ;  
I trust of gostly solace he wyll be my bote. 201

[Goes to Mercy.]

All heyll, semely father ! 3e be welcom to *this* house !

Of *the* very wysdaum 3e haue partycypacyon.

My body *with* my soull ys euer querulose ;  
I pray yow for sent charyte of yower supportacyon. 205

I be-seche yow hertyly of yower gostly comforte ;

I am onstedfast in lywyng ; my name ys Mankynde ;

My gostly enemy, *the* deull, wyll haue a grett dysporte,

In synnfull<sup>2</sup> gydyng yf he may see me ende.

MERCY. Cryst sende yow goode comforte ! 3e be wel-  
cum, my frende !

Stonde wppe on yower fete ; I prey yow aryse.

My name ys Mercy ; 3e be to me full hende.

To eschew vyce I wyll yow avyse. 213

MANK. O Mercy, of all grace & vertue 3e are *the* well !

I haue herde tell of ryght worschypfull clerkes,

3e be approxymatt to Gode & nere of hys consell,

He hat[h] instytut you aboue all hys werkes. 217

<sup>1</sup> Marginal note in MS. :

I may both syth & sobbe, *this* ys a pituouse remembrece  
& in my soulle sosotyll in thy substance.

*This may be a part of the three lines necessary to restore the versification. I have indicated by dots the places where, in my opinion, the lines are missing.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. has three strokes each for nn and u.

O ! yower louely workes to my soull are swetere *then* hony !  
 MERCY. The temtacyon of *the* flesch 3e must resyst  
 lyke a man,

For *ther* ys euer a batell betwyx *the* soull & *the* body :  
*Vita hominis est militia super terram.* 221

Oppresse yower gostly enmy & be Crystes own knyght ;  
 Be neuer a cowarde ageyn yower aduersary.  
 If 3e wyll be crownyde, 3e must nedes fyght.  
 Intende well & Gode wyll be yow adiutory. 225

Remembre, my frende, *the* tyme of contynuanche, —  
 So helpe me Gode, yt ys but a chery-tyme !  
 Spende yt well ; *serue* Gode *with* hertes affyance ;  
 Dystempur not yower brayn *with* goode ale nor *with* wyn; 229

‘ Measure ys tresure,’ Y for-byde yow not *the* vse ;  
 Measure yower-sylf, euer be-ware of excesse ;<sup>1</sup>  
*The* superfluouse gyse I wyll *that* 3e refuse ;  
 When natur ys suffysyde, a-non *that* 3e sese ! 233

Yf a man haue an hors & kepe hym not to hye,  
 He may *then* reull hym at hys own desyera ;  
 Yf he be fede ouer-well, he wyll dysobey  
 Ande, in happe, cast his master in *the* myre. 237

NEW. 3e say trew, *ser* ; 3e are no faytour !  
 I haue fede my wyff so well tyll sche ys my master ;  
 I haue a grett wonde on my hede ; lo ! & *theron* leyth a  
 playster

Ande a-nother *ther* I pysse<sup>2</sup> my peson.  
 Ande my wyff were yower hors, sche wolde yow all to-sāne.<sup>3</sup>  
 3e fede yower hors in mesur ; 3e ar a wyse man !  
 I trow<sup>4</sup> & 3e were *the* kynges palfrey-man,<sup>5</sup>  
 A’ goode horses<sup>6</sup> xulde be geson.<sup>7</sup> 245

<sup>1</sup> These two lines as one in MS.

<sup>2</sup> MS. pyose.

<sup>3</sup> This appears to be the reading of the MS; *gy.* to-lam.

<sup>4</sup> MS. It row.

<sup>5</sup> MS. mare (?).

<sup>6</sup> MS. A goode horse ; *emend.* by Kittredge.

<sup>7</sup> MS. gesumma.

MANK. Wher spekys *this* felow? Wyll he not come nere?

MERCY. All to sone, my brother, I fere me, for yow.  
He was here ryght now, by hym *that* bowte me dere!

With other of hys felouse, — *thei* kan moche sorow! 249

They wyll be here ryght sone if I owte departe.

Thynke on my doctryne; *that* xall be yower defence;  
Lerne wyll I am here, sett my wordes in herte;

With-in a schorte space I must nedes hens. 253

Now. *The sonner, the leuer, & that* be ewyn a-non!

I trow<sup>1</sup> yower name ys do-lytyll, 3e be so longe fro hom!

If 3e wolde go hens, we xall cum euerychon,

Me thynk a full goode sorte.<sup>2</sup>

3e haue leue,<sup>3</sup> I dare well say;

To [t]hem 3e wyll, go forth yower wey;

Men haue lytyll deynte of yower pley,

Be-cause 3e make no sporte. 261

NOUGHT. Yower potage xall be for-colde, *ser*; when wyll  
3e go dyne?

I haue sene a man lost xx<sup>d</sup> noblys in as lytyll tyme, —

3et yt was not I, be Sent Gis, certeyn,<sup>4</sup>

For I was neuer worth a pottfull a' wortes sythyn I was  
borne!

My name ys Nought, I loue well to make mery;

I haue be seche<sup>5</sup> with the<sup>6</sup> comyn tapster of Bury;

I pleyde so longe *the* foll *that* I am ewyn very very,

3yt xall I be *ther* ageyn to-morne!<sup>7</sup> 269

MERCY. I haue moche care for yow, my own frende;

Yower enmys wyll be here anon, *thei* made *ther* avaunte.<sup>8</sup>

Thynke well in yower hert yower name ys Mankynde;

<sup>1</sup> MS. It row.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Mo *the* a goode sorte; *emend.* by Kittredge.

<sup>3</sup> MS. leuer.

<sup>4</sup> *This word is illegible in MS.; the last four letters look like ntyn.*

<sup>5</sup> MS. sechen.

<sup>7</sup> MS. to morow.

<sup>6</sup> MS. 3e.

<sup>8</sup> MS. avaunce.



Be not wnkynde to Gode, I prey yow ; be hys *seruante*.  
 Be stedefast in *condycyon* ; se þe be not varyant ;  
 Lose not thorow foly *that* ys bowte so dere.  
 God wyll *proue* yow sone ; ande, yf *that* þe be constant,  
 Of hys blysse *perpetuall* þe xall be *partener*. 277

þe may not haue *yower* intent at *yower* fyrst dysyer ; —  
 Se *the* grett pacyence of Iob in <sup>1</sup> *tribulacyon* :  
 Lyke as *the* smyth *trieth* ern in the feer,  
 So was he lede by *Godes* vysytacyon. 281

He was of *yower* nature & of *yower* fraylyte ; <sup>2</sup>  
 Folow *the* steppys of hym, my own swete son, <sup>3</sup>  
 Ande sey, as he seyde, in *yower* trobyll & aduersyte :  
*Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit, sicut placuit; sit nomen*  
*Domini benedictum*. 285

More-ouer, in specyall I gyue yow in charge,  
 Be-war of Newgyse, Now-a-days & Nought, —  
 Nyse in *ther* a-ray, in language *thei* be large ;  
 To *peruerte* *yower* <sup>4</sup> *condycyons* all *ther* menyis xall be  
 sowte. 289

Gode son, intyrmyse <sup>5</sup> *yower*-sylff not in *ther* cumpeny ;  
 Thei harde not a masse *thi*[s] twelmonyth, I dare well  
 say ;  
 Gyff them non audyence, thei wyll tell yow many a lye ;  
 Do truly *yower* laboure & kepe <sup>6</sup> *yower* haly-day ;  
 Be-ware of Tytivillus, for he lesyth no <sup>7</sup> wey,  
*That* goth in-vysybull & wyll not be sen ;  
 He wyll ronde in *yower* ere & cast a nett be-for  
*yower* ey. <sup>8</sup>  
 He ys worst of *them* all, Gode let hym neuer then ! 297

<sup>1</sup> MS. & ; corr. by Kittredge.

<sup>2</sup> MS. fraylyte.

<sup>3</sup> Beside this line another hand has written *ita factum est*.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *ther*.

<sup>5</sup> Over this another hand has written *intromytt* not.

<sup>6</sup> MS. kefe.

<sup>7</sup> MS. us.

<sup>8</sup> MS. eyn.

Yff 3e dysples Gode, aske mercy a-non ;

Ellys Myscheff wyll be redy to brace yow in hys brydyll.  
Kysse me now, my dere darlynge, Gode sche[l]de yow from  
yower fon !<sup>1</sup>

Do truly yower labure & be neuer ydyll. 301

The blyssynge of Gode be *with* yow & *with* all yower<sup>2</sup> wor-  
schypfull men !

MANK. Amen ! for sent charyte, Amen ! 303

Now, blyssyde be Ihesu, my soull ys well sacyatt

*With the mellyfluouse doctryne of this worschypfull man !*

The rebellyn of my flesh, now yt ys superatt,

Thankyd<sup>3</sup> be Gode of *the* connyng *that* I kan !<sup>4</sup> 307

Her wyll I sytt & tytyll in *this* papyr

The incomparable astat of my promycyon !

Worschypfull souerence, I haue wretyn here

The gloryuse remembrance of my nobyll condycyon. 311

To haue remo[r]s & memory of my-sylff, *thus* wretyn yt ys,

To defende me from all superstycious charmys :

*Memento, homo, quod cinis es et [in] cinere[m] reuerteris ;*

Lo ! I ber on my bryst *the* bagge of myn armys ! 315

[Enter New Gyse at the back of the stage.]

NEW. The wether ys colde, Gode send ws goode ferys !

*Cum sancto sanctus eris, & cum peruerso<sup>5</sup> peruerteris,*

*Ecce quam<sup>6</sup> bonum & quam<sup>6</sup> iocundum,<sup>7</sup> quod the deull to  
the frerys,*

*Habitare fratres in uno.<sup>8</sup>*

MANK. Ther a felow speke ; *with* hym I wyll not mell.

Thys erth *with* my spade I xall assay to delffe ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. son ; *corr. by Kittredge.*

<sup>4</sup> MS. *commynge that I kam.*

<sup>2</sup> *Qy. omit, or read yow.*

<sup>5</sup> MS. *peruerse.*

<sup>3</sup> MS. Thankynge.

<sup>6</sup> MS. *quiam.* <sup>7</sup> MS. *Iocundie.*

<sup>8</sup> MS. *vino, perhaps intentionally ; but vnion, which is very near the  
MS. form, would rhyme with fusyon.*

To eschew ydullnes<sup>1</sup> I do *that* myn own selffe ;  
 I prey Gode sende<sup>2</sup> hys fusyon !

323

[Enter Now-a-days, Nought.]

Now. Make rom, *sers*, for we haue be longe !

We wyll *cum* gyf yow a Crystemes songe.

NOUGHT. Now I prey all *the* yemandry *that* ys here

To syngre *with* ws *with* a mery chere :

[He sings.]

327

Yt ys wretyn *with* a coll ! Yt ys wretyn *with* a cole !<sup>3</sup>

*Cantant omnes :*

Holyke ! holyke ! holyke ! holyke ! holyke ! holyke !

336

NEW. Ey, Mankynde, Gode spede yow *with* yower spade !<sup>4</sup>

I xall tell yow of a maryage ;

I wolde yower mowth & hys ars *that this*<sup>5</sup> made

Wer maryede iunctly together !

MANK. Hey yow hens, felouse, *with* bredyngre !

Leue yower derysyon & yower iapyngre !

I must nedes labure, yt ys my lyvyngre.

Now. What, *ser* ! we came but late<sup>6</sup> hethyr.

344

Xall all *this* corn grow here

*That* 3e xall haue *the* nexte 3er ?

Yf yt be so, corn hade nede be dere,

Ellys 3e xall haue a pore lyffe.

NOUGHT. A-lasse, goode fadere, *this* labor fretyth yow to  
*the* bone ;

But for yower croppe I take grett mone,

3e xall neuer spende yt a-lonne,

I xall assay to geett yow a wyffe.

352

How many acres suppose 3e here, by estymacyon ?

NEW. Ey ! how 3e *turne the* erth wppe & down !

<sup>1</sup> MS. yeullnes.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *that before* hys.

<sup>3</sup> NEW. and NOW. reply with the same line ; each of the four lines of the vulgar song is similarly treated.

<sup>4</sup> MS. space.

<sup>5</sup> MS. ys. corr. by Kittredge.

<sup>6</sup> MS. eat ; corr. by Kittredge.

I haue be in my days in many goode town,

3ett saw I neuer such a-nother tyllynge !

MANK. Why stonde 3e ydyll? Yt ys pety *that* 3e were  
born !

NOW. We xall bargaen *with* yow & nother moke nor scorne :

Take a goode carte in herwest & lode yt *with* yower corne,

Ande what xall we gyf yow for *the* levyng? 360

NOUGHT. He ys a goode, starke laburer, he wolde fayn do  
well,

He hath mett *with the* goode man Mercy in a schroude sell ;

For all *this* he may haue many a hungry mele.

3yt well 3e se, he ys polytyke :

Here xall be goode corn, he may not mysse yt ;

Yf he wyll haue reyn, he may ouer-pysse yt ;

Ande <sup>1</sup> yf he wyll haue compost,<sup>2</sup> he may ouer-blysse yt

A lytyll *with* hys ers lyke. 368

MANK. Go & do yower labour — Gode lett yow neuer the !

Or *with* my spade I xall yow dyng, by *the* Holy Trinite !

Haue 3e non other man to moke but euer me ?

3e wolle haue me of yower sett !

Hye yow forth lyvely, for hens I wyll yow dryffe !

[*He beats them with his spade.*]

NEW. Alas, my iewelles !<sup>3</sup> I xall be schent of my wyff.

NOW. A-lasse ! & I am lyke neuer for to thryue,

I haue such a buffett ! 376

MANK. Hens, I say, Newgyse, Now-a-days & Nowte !

Yt was seyde be-forn, all *the* menys xulde<sup>4</sup> be sought

To *peruerte* my condycions & brynge me to nought.

Hens, thevys, 3e haue made many a lesynge !

NOUGHT. Marryde I was for colde, but now am I warme !

3e are ewyll avysyde, *ser*, for 3e haue done harme.

By Cokkys body sakynde, I haue such a peyn in my arme

I may not chonge a man a ferthyng ! 384

<sup>1</sup> MS. Arde.

<sup>3</sup> MS. Ieweller.

<sup>2</sup> MS. compasse; *corr.* by Kittredge.

<sup>4</sup> MS. xall.

MANK. Now I thanke Gode, knelynge on my kne :  
 B[l]yssyde be hys name, he ys of hye degre !  
 By *this* spade,<sup>1</sup> of hys grace *that* he hath sente me,  
     Thre <sup>2</sup> of myn enmys I haue putt to flyght ;  
 3yt *this* instrument, souerens, ys not made to defende.  
 Dauide seyth : *Nec in hasta,<sup>3</sup> nec in gladio saluat Dominus.*<sup>4</sup>  
 NOUGHT. No, mary, I be-schrew yow, Yt ys *in spadibus* !  
 Therfor Crystes curse cum on yower *hedybus*,  
     To sende yow lesse myght !

393

*Exiant.*

MANK. I promytt yow, *thes* felouse wyll no-more cum here ;  
 For summe of *them*, certainly, were summe-what to rere !  
 My fadyr, Mercy, a-vysyde me to be of a goode chere  
     And agayn my enmys manly for to fyght.

397

I xall conuycyte <sup>5</sup> *them*, I hope, euerychon ;  
 3et I say a-mysse, I do yt not a-lon ;  
 With *the* helpe of *the* grace of Gode I re[s]yyst my fon  
     Ande *ther* malycyuse herte.  
 With my spade I wyll departe, my worschypfull <sup>6</sup> souerence,  
 Ande lyue euer with labure to corecte my insolence.  
 I xall go fett <sup>7</sup> corn for my londe ; I prey yow of pacyence,  
     Ryght sone I xall reuerte.

405

*[Exit : enter Myscheff.]*

[Mys.] Alas ! alasse, *that* euer I was wrought !  
 Alasse *the* whyll ! I [am] wers *the[n]* nought !  
 Sythyn I was here, by hym *that* me bought,  
     I am utterly on-don !  
 I, Myscheff, was here at *the* begynnynge of *the* game  
 And arguyde with Mercy, Gode gyff hym schame !  
 He hath taught Mankynde, wyll I haue be vane,  
     To fyght manly a-geyn hys fon ;

413

<sup>1</sup> MS. By *the* fesyde ; *corr. by* Kittredge.<sup>2</sup> MS. iij.<sup>5</sup> MS. conuycyte.<sup>3</sup> MS. hastu.<sup>6</sup> MS. worschyppull.<sup>4</sup> MS. ons.<sup>7</sup> MS. sett.

For *with* hys spade, *that* was hys wepyn,  
 New Gyse, Now-a-days, Nought, hath all to-betyn.  
 I haue grett pyte to se *them* wepyn.

Wyll *ze* lyst? I here *them* crye !

[*Enter New Gyse, Now-a-days, Nought.*]

A-lasse ! a-lasse ! *cum* hether, I xall be yower borow !  
 A-lac ! a-lac ! ven ! ven ! *cum* hether, *with* sorowe !  
 Pesse, fayer babys ! *ze* xall haue a nappyll to-morow !  
 Why grete *ze* so ? why ?

421

NEW. A-lasse, master ! a-lasse my privyte !

Mys. A ! wher ? A-lake ! fayer babe, ba me !

A-bye to sone, I xall yt se.

Now. Here, here ! se my hede, goode master !

Mys. Lady, helpe ! Sely darlynge, ven, ven !

I xall helpe *the* of *thi* peyn ;

I xall smytt of *thi* hede & sett yt on agayn.

NOUGHT. By Ower Lady, *ser*, a fayer playster !

429

Wyll *ze* of *with* hys hede ? Yt ys a schreude charme !

As for me I haue non harme ! —

I were loth to for-bere myn arme ;

*Ze* pley, *in nomine Patris*, choppe !

NEW. *Ze* xall not choppe my iewellys, & I may !

Now. *Ze*, Cristes<sup>1</sup> crose !<sup>2</sup> wyll *ze* smyght my hede a-vey ?

Ther wer on anon !<sup>3</sup> Oute ! *ze* xall not assay !

I myght well be callyde a foppe !

437

Mys. I kan choppe yt of & make yt a-gayn.

NEW. I hade a schreude recumbentibus,<sup>4</sup> but I fele no peyn.

Now. Ande my hede ys all saue & holl agayn.

Now, towchyng *the* mater of Mankynde,

Lett ws haue an interreccyon sythen *ze* be *cum* hether.

Yt were goode to haue an ende.

443

<sup>1</sup> MS. Craftes.

<sup>2</sup> For cross, or, perhaps, curse, cf. l. 802

<sup>3</sup> MS. wher on & on; corr. by Kittredge.

<sup>4</sup> MS. recumtentibus.

Mys. How, how ! A mynstrell ! Know 3e ony ou[gh]t ?

NOUGHT. I kan pype in a Walsyngham<sup>1</sup> wystyll, I,  
Nought, Nought.

Mys. Blow a-pase ! *Thou* xall brynge hym in *with* a flewte.<sup>2</sup>

[*Tytivullus shouts outside.*]

Tyt. I com *with* my legges vnder me !

Mys. How ! Newgyse, Now-a-days, herke or I goo :  
When ower hedes were to-gethere I spake of *Si dedero*.<sup>3</sup>

NEW. 3e,<sup>4</sup> go *thi* wey, we xall gather mony on-to.

Ellys *ther* <sup>5</sup> xall no-man hym se.

451

Now gostly to ower purpos, worschypfull souerence :  
We intende to gather mony, yf yt plesse yower neclygence,  
For a man *with* a hede *that* of grett omnipotens —

Now. Kepe yower tayll, in goodnes I prey yow, good  
brother !

He ys a worschypfull<sup>6</sup> man, sers, sauynge yower reuerens ;  
He louth no grotes nor pens or<sup>7</sup> to-pens,  
Gyf ws rede reyallys yf 3e wyll se hys abhomynabull presens.

NEW. Not so ! 3e *that* mow not pay *the* ton, pay *the*  
tother.

459

At *the* goode-man of *this* house fyrst we wyll assay.  
Gode blysse yow, master ! 3e say as yll, 3et 3e wyll not sey  
nay.

Lett ws go by & by, & do *them* pay.

3e pay all a-lyke, well must 3e fare !

NOUGHT. I sey, New Gyse, Now-a-days ! *Estis vos pecu-*  
*niatus ?*

I haue cryede a fayer wyll, I beschrew yower patus !

Now. *Ita uere, magister ;* cumme forth now yower gatus !

He ys a goodly man, sers ; make space & be-ware !

467

<sup>1</sup> MS. *has the contraction for au.*      <sup>5</sup> MS. *thei.*

<sup>2</sup> *Qy.* flowte.

<sup>6</sup> MS. worschyppull.

<sup>3</sup> MS. Tidedere ; *corr. by Kittredge.*      <sup>7</sup> MS. *of.*

<sup>4</sup> MS. 3o.

[Enter Titivillus, arrayed like a devil and with a net in his hand.]

TIT. *Ego sum dominantium*<sup>1</sup> *dominus*, & my name ys  
Titivillus !

3e *that* haue goode hors, to yow I sey *caueatis* ;  
Here ys an abyll felyschyppe to tryse hym out at yower gates.

*Ego probo sic* : Ser New Gys, lende me a peny ! 471

*Loquitur ad Newgyse.*

NEW. I haue a grett purse, *ser*, but I haue no monay ;  
By the masse, I fayll ij farthynges of an halpeny.

3yt hade I ten pownd <sup>2</sup> *this nyght that* wos.

TIT. What ys in *thi* purse ? *thou* art a stout felow.<sup>3</sup>

*Loquitur ad Now-a-days.*

NOW. *The* deull haue [the] qwyll, I am a clen ientyllman !  
I prey Gode, I be *neuer* wers storyde *then* I am.

Yt xall be otherwyse, I hope, or *this nyght passe*. 478

TYT. Herke now, I say *thou* hast many a peny.

*Loquitur ad Nought.*

NOUGHT. *No[n] nobis, domine, non nobis*, by sent Deny !  
*The* deull may daunce in my purse for ony peny, —

Yt ys as clen as a byrdes ars. 482

TIT. Now I sey 3et a-geyn *caueatis* ;  
Here ys an abyll felyschyppe to tryse hem of yower gates. 484

Now, I say, New Gyse, Now-a-days & Nought,  
Go & serche *the* contre, anon *that* [yt] be sow3te,  
Summe here, summe *ther*, — what yf 3e may cache ow3te ! — 487

Yf 3e fayll of hors, take what 3e may ellys.

NEW. Then speke to Mankynde for *the* recumbentibus of  
my iewellys.

NOW. Remembre my brokyn hede, in the worschyppe of *the*  
v voli ellys ! <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. dūancum.

<sup>3</sup> Qy. man.

<sup>2</sup> MS. x<sup>h</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> Qy. the vij (or xx) develyys.



NOUGHT. 3e, goode *ser*, tye sytica<sup>1</sup> in my erme !

TIT. I know full well what Mankynde dyde to yow,  
Myschyff hat[h] informyde of all *the* matere thorow ;  
I xall venge yower quarell, I make Gode a-vow.

Forth & espye were 3e may do harme. 495

Take w[ith yow] Fyde<sup>2</sup> yf 3e wyll haue ony mo.  
I say, New Gyse ! wether art *thou* avysyde to go ? 497

NEW. Fyrst I xall begyn at M[aster] Huntyngton of  
Sanston ;<sup>3</sup>

Fro thens I xall go to Wyllam<sup>4</sup> Thuolay of Hanston ;  
Ande so forthe to Pycharde of Trumpyngton :

I wyll kepe me to *thes* thre.<sup>5</sup>

NOW. I xall goo to Wylllyham<sup>4</sup> Bakere of Walton ;<sup>6</sup>  
To Rycherde Bollman of Gayton ;  
I xall spare Master Woode of Fullburn,

He ys a *noli me tangere* ! 505

NOUGHT. I xall goo to Wylllyam Patryke of Massyngham ;<sup>4</sup>  
I xall spare Master Alyngton of Botysam  
Ande Hamonde of Soffeham.<sup>4</sup>

Felous, cum forth, & go we hens to-gethyr,

For drede of *in manus tuas*, qweke !<sup>7</sup>

NEW. Syth we xall go, lett ws se<sup>8</sup> well ware & wether ;  
Yf we may be take, we com no-more hethyr ;

Lett ws con<sup>9</sup> well ower neke-verse *that* we haue not a  
cheke.<sup>10</sup> 513

TIT. Goo yower wey, a deull wey, go yower wey, all !  
I blysse yow *with* my lyfte hond ; foull yow be-fall !  
Com a-geyn, I werne, as sone as I yow call,  
A[n]de brynge yower a-vantage in-to *this* place.

<sup>1</sup> *Qy. the syatica* (= sciatica).

<sup>4</sup> MS. *has the contraction for au.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. Iake w . . . Fyde.

<sup>5</sup> MS. iij.

<sup>3</sup> MS. sansten.

<sup>6</sup> MS. Waltom.

<sup>7</sup> *The stanza-structure can be restored by interchanging ll. 509, 510.*

<sup>8</sup> MS. be.

<sup>9</sup> MS. com.

<sup>10</sup> MS. choke.

To speke *with* Mankynde I wyll tary here *this* tyde,  
 Ande assay hys goode *purpose* for to sett a-syde.  
*The* goode man, Mercy, xall no lenger be [be] hys syde ;  
 I xall make hym to dawnce a-nother trace ! 521

Euer I go invysybull, yt ys my rett,  
 Ande be-for hys ey *thus* I wyll hange my nett  
 To blench hys syght ; I hope to haue hys fote wett.  
 To yrke hym of hys *labur* I xall make a frame.  
 Thys borde xall be <sup>1</sup> hyde wnder *the* erth preuely ;  
 Hys spade xall enter, I hope, on-redyly ; <sup>2</sup>  
 Be *then* he hath a-wayde, <sup>3</sup> he xall be uery angry  
 Ande lose hys pacyens, peyn of schame. 529

I xall munge hys corne *with* draw & *with* durnell,  
 Yt xall not be lyke to sow <sup>4</sup> nor to sell.  
 Yondyr he *comm*yth, I prey of cownsell ;  
 He xall wene grace were wane. <sup>5</sup> 533

[Enter Mankynde.]

MANK. Now, Gode, of hys mercy, sende ws of hys sonde !  
 I haue brought seed her to sow *with* my londe ;  
 I wyll ron dylewer, *that* <sup>6</sup> here yt xall stonde.  
*In nomine Patris & Filii* <sup>7</sup> & *Spir*[i]tus Sancti, now I  
 wyll be-gyn. <sup>8</sup>

Thys londe ys so harde, yt makyth wn-lusty & yrke,  
 I xall sow my corn at wynter & lett Gode werke.  
 A-lasse, my corn ys lost ! Here ys a foull werke.  
 I se well, by tyllynge lytyll xall I wyn. 541

Here I gyf wppe my spade for now & for euer ;

*Here Titivillus goth out with the spade.*

To occupye my body, I wyll not putt me in deuer. <sup>9</sup>  
 I wyll here my ewynsonge here or I dysseuer ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. he.

<sup>3</sup> *Unintelligible* ; read, perhaps, assayde.

<sup>6</sup> *A later hand has added what looks like* Cruis.

<sup>7</sup> MS. filius.

<sup>9</sup> MS. eeuer.

<sup>2</sup> MS. ouer redyly.

<sup>4</sup> MS. sew.

<sup>6</sup> MS. yt.

<sup>8</sup> MS. le-fyn.

Thys place I assynge as my kyrke.  
 Her in my kerke I knell on my kneys.  
*Pater noster, qui es in celis.*

[Enter Tytyvillus.]

TYT. I promes yow I haue no lede on my helys,  
 I am here a-geyn to make *this* felow yrke. 549

I-wyst, pesse ! I xall go to hys ere & tytyll *ther*-in.

[Goes to Mankynde.]

A schorte preyere thyrlith<sup>1</sup> hewyn ; of *thi* preyere blyn ;  
*Thou* art holier *then* euer was ony of *thi* kyn ;  
 A-ryse & avent *the*, nature compellys. 553

MANK. I wyll in-to *thi*[s] 3erde, souerens, & cum a-geyn  
 sone ;  
 For drede of *the* colyke & eke of *the* stone  
 I wyll go do *that*<sup>2</sup> nedes must be don.  
 My bedes<sup>3</sup> xall be here for who-summe-euer wyll cumme. 557

*Exiat.*

TIT. Mankynde was besy in hys prayerz, 3et I dyde<sup>4</sup> hym  
 aryse ;

He is conveyde, be Cryst ! from hys devyn *seruyce*.  
 Whether ys he, trow 3e ? I-wysse, I am wonder wyse :

I have sent hym forth to schyte lesynges.  
 Yff 3e haue ony syluer, in happe pure brasse,  
 Take a lytyll pow[d]er of Parysch & cast ouer hys face,  
 Ande ewyn in *the* howll-flyght let hym passe, —  
 Titivillus kan lerne yow many praty thynges ! 565

I trow Mankynde wyll cum a-geyn son,  
 Or ellys, I fer me, ewynsonge wyll be don.  
 Hys bedes xall be trysyde a-syde, & *that* a-non.  
 3e xall [se] a goode sport<sup>5</sup> yf 3e wyll a-byde.  
 Mankynde cummyth a-geyn, well fare he !

<sup>1</sup> MS. thyr lyth.

<sup>3</sup> MS. ledes.

<sup>5</sup> MS. spert.

<sup>2</sup> MS. yt.

<sup>4</sup> MS. eyde.

I xall answer hym *ad omnia quare*.

Ther xall be set a-broche a clerycall mater ;

I hope of hys purpose to sett hym a-syde.

573

[Enter Mankynde.]

MANK. Ewynsonge hath be in *the* saynge, I trow, a fayer  
wyll ;

I am yrke of yt, yt ys to longe be on myle.

Do wey ; I wyll no-more so oft on *the* chyrche-style ;<sup>1</sup>

Be as be may, I xall do a-nother.

Of labure & preyer I am nere yrke of both ;

I wyll no-more of yt, though<sup>2</sup> Mercy be wroth.

My hede ys uery heuy, I tell yow for soth,

I xall slepe<sup>3</sup> full my bely & he were my brother !

581

TIT. Ande euer 3e dyde, for me kepe now yower sylence !

Not a werde, I charge yow, peyn of xl pens !

A praty<sup>4</sup> game xall be schowde<sup>5</sup> yow or 3e go hens.

3e may here hym snore, he ys sade on<sup>6</sup> slepe.

I-wyst, pesse ! *The* deull ys dede ! I xall go ronde in hys  
ere :

Alasse, Mankynde, alasse ! Mercy stown<sup>7</sup> a mere ;

He ys runn a-way fro hys master, *ther* wot no man where ;

More-ouer he stale both a hors & a nete.

589

But 3et I herde say he brake hys neke as he rode<sup>8</sup> in  
*Fraunce* ;

But I thynke he rydyth ouer *the* galous<sup>9</sup> to lern for to  
daunce,

By-cause of hys theft. *That* ys hys gouernance ;

Trust no-more on hym, he ys a marryde man.

Mekyll sorow *with thi* spade be-forn *thou* hast wrought ;

A-ryse & aske mercy of Newgyse, Now-a-days, & Nought.

<sup>1</sup> Lines 576-579 are added in a note at botton of page in MS.

<sup>2</sup> MS. then ; *corr.* by Kittredge.      <sup>6</sup> MS. & ; *corr.* by Kittredge.

<sup>3</sup> MS. skope.

<sup>7</sup> *That is*, has stolen.

<sup>4</sup> MS. pauty.

<sup>8</sup> MS. reke ab herode ; *corr.* by Kittredge.

<sup>5</sup> MS. schende.

<sup>9</sup> MS. galouf.

*Thei cum* ; a-vyse *the* for *the* best ; lett *ther* goode wyll be sought ;

And *thi* own wyff brechell<sup>1</sup> & take *the* a lemman. 597

For-well, euerychon, for I haue don my game,  
For I haue brought Mankynde to myscheff & to schame. 599

[*Exit Tityvillus.*]

MANK. Whope ! who ! *Mercy* hath brokyn hys neke-kycher,  
a vows,

Or he hangyth by *the* neke hye wppe on *the* gallouse.  
A-dew, fayer mastere ! I wyll hast me to *the* ale-house,

Ande speke *with* Newgyse, Now-a-days & Nought,  
A[nde] geett me a lemman *with* a smattrynge face.

[*Enter New Gyse.*]

NEW. Make space ! for Cokkes body sakynde, make space !  
A ha ! well ! on ! ron ! Gode gyff hym ewyll grace !

We were nere Sent Patrykes wey, by hym *that* me  
bought ! 607

I was twychyde by *the* neke, *the* game was be-gunne ;  
A grace was, *the* halter brast a-sondre — *ecce signum* ! —  
The halff ys a-bowte my neke. We hade a rere rune !

Be-ware ! quod *the* goode-wyff, when sche smot of here  
husbondes hede, beware !

Myscheff ys a convicte for he coude hys neke-verse ;  
My body gaff a swynge when I hynged wppon *the* casse.<sup>2</sup>  
A-lasse ! he wyll hange such a lyghtly man & a fers

For stelynge of an horse, I prey Gode gyf hym care ! 615

Do wey *this* halter ! What deull doth Mankynde here, *with*  
sorow !

A-lasse, how my neke<sup>3</sup> ys sore, I make<sup>4</sup> a-vowe !

MANK. 3e be welcom, Newgyse ! Ser, what chere *with*  
yow ?

NEW. Well, ser, I haue no cause to morn.

<sup>1</sup> *Qy.* brethell.

<sup>2</sup> *So MS.*

<sup>3</sup> *MS.* nekes.

<sup>4</sup> *MS.* made.

MANK. What was *ther* abowte *yower* neke, so Gode yow  
a-mende?

NEW. In feyth, Sent Andrys holy bende ;  
I haue a lytyll dyshes as yt plesse Gode to sende,  
*With a runnyng* ryng-worme.

623

[Enter *Now-a-days*.]

Now. Stonde a rom, I prey *the*, brother myn !  
I haue laburyde all *this* nyght ; *wen* xall we go dyn ?  
A chyrche her be-syde xall pay for ale, brede & wyn ;  
Lo ! here ys stoffe wyll *serue*.

NEW. Now, by *the* holy Mary, *thou* art better marchande  
*than* I !

[Enter *Nought*.]

NOUGHT. A-vante, knavys ! lett me go by !  
I kan not gret & I xulde sterue !

630

[Enter *Myscheff*.]

MYS. Here cummyth a man of armys ; why stonde ye so  
styll?

Of murder & manslaughter I haue my bely-fyll.

Now. What, Myscheff, haue ye bene in presun, & yt be  
*yower* wyll?

Me semyth *ze* haue sco[w]ryde a payer of fetters.

MYS. I was chenyde by *the* armys, — lo ! I haue *them* here ;  
The chenys I brast a-sundyr & kyllde *the* iaylere,  
*Ze*, ande hys fayer wyff halsyde in a cornere.

A ! how swetly I kyssyde *that* <sup>1</sup> swete mowth of hers ! 638

When I hade do, I was myn owyn bottler,  
I brought a-wey *with* me both dysch & dublere.  
Here ys a-now for me ; be of goode chere.

*Get* well fare *the* new chesance !

MANK. I aske mercy of New Gyse, Now-a-days, &  
Nought.

Onys *with* my spade I remember that I faught ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *the*.

I wyll make yow a-mendes yf I hurt yow ought,  
Or dyde ony grevaunce.

646

NEW. What a deull lykyth ye to be of *this* dysposycyon?

MANK. I drempt Mercy was hange, *this* was my vysyon,  
Ande *that* to yow iij I xulde haue recors & remocyon.

Now I prey yow hertyly of yower goode wyll ;

I crye yow mercy of all *that* I dyde a-mysse.

Now. [*Aside*] I sey, New Gys, Nought ! Tytivillus made  
all *this* ;

As sekyr as Gode ys in hewyn, so yt ys.

NOUGHT. Stonde wppe on yower feet ! Why stonde  
ye so styll ?

654

NEW. Master Myscheff, we wyll yow exort

Mankynde name in yower bok for to report.

MYS. I wyll not so ; I wyll sett a corte ;

A[nde] do yt *in* <sup>1</sup> *forma iurys*, desarde !

*Now-a-days mak proclamacyon.*

Now. Oy yt ! Oy yjt ! Oyet !

All *maner* of men & comun women,

To *the* cort of Myschyff othere cum or sen ;

Mankynde xall retorn, he ys one of ower men !

MYS. Nought, cum forth ! *thou* xall be stwerde.

663

NEW. Master Myscheff, hys syde gown may be solde ; <sup>2</sup>

He may haue a iakett <sup>3</sup> *ther-of* & mony tolde.

MANK. I wyll do for *the* best, so I haue no colde.

Holde, I prey yow, & take yt *with* yow,

Ande let me haue yt a-geyn in ony <sup>4</sup> wyse.

*Nought scri[bit].*

NEW. I promytt yow a fresch iakett *after the* new gyse.

MANK. Go & do *that* longyth to yower offyce

A[nde] spare *that* ye mow ! <sup>5</sup>

671

[*Exit New Gyse*]

<sup>1</sup> MS. se.

<sup>3</sup> MS. rakett.

<sup>5</sup> MS. may.

<sup>2</sup> MS. tolde.

<sup>4</sup> MS. mony *for* in ony.

NOUGHT. Holde, Master Myscheff, & rede *this* !

Mys. Here ys *blottybus in blottis*

*Blottorum blottibus istis.*

Be-schrew yower erys, a <sup>1</sup> fayer hande !

Now. *3e*, yt ys a goode rennyng fyst ; <sup>2</sup>

Such an hande may not be myst !

NOUGHT. I xulde haue don better, hade I wyst.

Mys. Take hede, sers, yt stonde you on hande ! 679

*Garici tota* <sup>3</sup> *generalis,*

In a place *ther* goode ale ys,

*Anno regni regitalis*

*Edwardi millatene,* <sup>4</sup>

On *3estern*-day in Feuerere, *the 3ere* passyth <sup>5</sup> fully,

Do <sup>6</sup> Nought hath wrytyn, — here ys ower Tulli, —

*Anno regni regis nulli.* 686

Now. What how, Newgyse ! *Thou* makyst moche [taryyng].

*That* iakett xall not be worth a ferthyng.

[Enter New Gyse].

NEW. Out of my wey, sers, for drede of fyghtyng !

Lo ! here ys a feet tayll, lyght to leppe a-bowte !

NOUGHT. Yt ys not schapyn worth a morsell of brede ;

Ther ys to moche cloth, yt weys as ony lede ;

I xall goo & mende yt, ellys I wyll lose my hede.

Make space, sers ; lett me go owte. [Exit.] 694

Mys. Mankynde, cum hether, God sende yow *the* gowte !

*3e* xall goo [to] all *the* goode felouse in *the* cuntre a-boute,

On-to *the* goode-wyff when *the* goode-man ys owte ;

"I wyll," say *3e* !

<sup>1</sup> MS. &.

<sup>2</sup> MS. syft.

<sup>3</sup> A stroke over o.

<sup>4</sup> An m written above n ; the first part of the word may be nulla.

<sup>5</sup> Qy. passyd.

<sup>6</sup> Qy. Lo ; or, as Kittredge suggests, So.



MANK.<sup>1</sup> I wyll, *ser.*

NEW. There arn but sex dedly synnys ; lechery ys non,  
As yt may be verefyede be ws brethellys euerychon.

3e xall goo robbe, stell & kyll, as fast as ye may gon ;

"I wyll," say 3e !

MANK.<sup>1</sup> I wyll, *ser.*

702

Now. On Sundays, on *the* morow, erly be-tyme,

3e xall *with* ws to *the* all-house, erly to go dyne ;

And forber<sup>2</sup> masse & matens, owers & prime ;

"I wyll," say 3e !

MANK.<sup>1</sup> I wyll, *ser.*

MYS. 3e must haue be yower syde a longe *da pacem*,

As trew-men ryde be *the* wey, for to on-brace *them* ;

Take *the* monay, kytt *ther* throtes, tans ouer face *them* ;<sup>3</sup>

"I wyll," say 3e !

MANK.<sup>4</sup> I wyll, *ser.*

710

[Enter Nought.]

NOUGHT. Here ys a ioly iakett ; how say 3e?

NEW. It ys a goode iake[tt] of s[er]u[i]ce for a mannys  
body.

Hay, doo ye ! hay, whoppe, whoo ! go yower wey lyghtly ;

3e are well made for to ren !

MYS. Tydynges ! tydynges ! I haue a-spyede on !

Hens *with* yower stuff, fast we were gon !

I be-schrew *the* last xall com to hys hom !

[ALL.] Amen !<sup>5</sup>

718

[Enter Mercy.]

MERCY. What, how, Mankynde ! fle<sup>6</sup> *that* felyschyppe, I  
yow prey.

MANK. I xall speke *with* [the] a-nother tyme, — to-morn  
or *the* next day ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *has only M.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. A for bef.

<sup>3</sup> Read trus ! (*or, perhaps,* thus) overpass them !

<sup>4</sup> MS. Ma.

<sup>5</sup> MS. Amen dicant omnes.

<sup>6</sup> MS. sle ; *corr. by Kittredge.*

We xall goo forth to-gether to kepe my faders 3er-day.

A tapster ! a tapster ! stow, stall, stow !

Mys. A myscheff go *with* here, I haue a foull fall !

Hens a-wey fro me, or I xall be-schyte yow all !

NEW. What how, ostler ! hostler ! lende ws a foot-ball.

Whoppe, whow ! a-now, a-now, a-now !

726

MERCY. My mynde ys dyspersyde, my body trymmelyth as  
*the aspen leffe ;*

The terys xuld trekyll down by my chekys, were not  
yower reuerence ;

Yt were to me solace — *the cruell vysytacyon of deth.*

*With-out rude behaver* I kan [not] expresse *this incon-*  
*venyens ;*

Wepynge, sythyng & sobbyng were my suffycyens ;  
All naturall nutriment to me as caren ys odybull ;

My inwarde aff[li]xion yeldyth me tedyouse wn-to  
yower presens ;

I kan not bere yt ewynly, Mankynde ys so flexibull.

734

Man on-kynde, wher-euer *thou* be ! for all *this* world was  
not apprehensyble

To dyscharge *thin* orygynall offence, thraldaum & captyuyte,  
Tyll Godes own welbylousyde son was obedient & passyble, —

Euery droppe of his bloode was schede to purge *thin*  
*iniquite.*

I dyscomende & dysalow *this* oftyen mutabylyte ! <sup>1</sup>

To euery creature *thou* art dyspectuose & odyble.

Why art *thou* so on-curtess, so inconsyderatt ? A-lasse,  
who is me !

As *the fane that turnyth with the wynde*, so *thou* art con-  
uertible.

742

In trust ys treson, *this* <sup>2</sup> promes ys not credyble ;

Thys <sup>3</sup> peruersyose ingrattyte I can not rehers ;

To go ouer all *the* holy corte of hewyn, *thou* art despectyble,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *imutabylyte.*

<sup>2</sup> *Qy. thi.*

<sup>3</sup> *Qy. thy.*

As a nobyll versyfyer makyth mencyon in *this* verse :  
 “*Lex et natura, Christus et omnia*<sup>1</sup> *iura*  
*Damnant in-gratum ; lugetur eum fore natum.*” 748

O goode Lady & Mother of Mercy, haue pety & compasyon  
 Of *the* wrechydnes of Mankynde, *that* ys so wanton &  
 so frayll !  
 Lett mercy excede iustice ; dere Mother, a[d]mytt this supply-  
 cacyon, —  
 Equyte<sup>2</sup> to be leyde ouer, pety<sup>3</sup> & mercy to prevayll ! 752

To sensuall lyvyngye ys reprobable, *that* ys now-a-days,  
 As be *the* comprehence of *this* mater yt may be specy-  
 fyede.  
 New Gyse, Now-a-days, Nought, *with ther* allectuose ways  
 They haue *pervertide* Mankynde, my swet sun, I haue  
 well espyede. 756

A ! *with thes* cursyde caytyfs,<sup>4</sup> and I may, he xall not long  
 indur !  
 I, Mercy, hys father gostly, wyll *procede* forth & do my  
 propyrte.  
 Lady, helpe ! *This maner* of lyvyngye ys a detestabull  
 plesure ;  
*Vanitas vanitatum*, all ys but vanyte ! 760

Mercy xall neuer be convicte of hys oncurtes condycyon ;  
 With wepyngye terys, be nyzte & be day, I wyll goo & neuer  
 sease ;  
 Xall I not fynde hym ? Yes, I hope. Now Gode be my  
 protecyon !  
 My predylecte son, wher be ye ? Mankynde, *ubi es* ? 764

Mys. My prepotent fater, *when* 3e sowpe, sowpe owt yower  
 messe.  
 3e are all to-glosyede<sup>5</sup> in yower termys, 3e make many a lesse.

<sup>1</sup> MS. sit oīat ; corr. by Kittredge.

<sup>2</sup> MS. O quyte.

<sup>3</sup> MS. perty ; corr. by Kittredge.

<sup>4</sup> MS. cayftys.

<sup>5</sup> MS. gloryede.

Wyll 3e here? he cryeth ouer Mankynde *vbi es!*

NEW. Hic, hyc, hic, hic, hic, hic, hic, hic!<sup>1</sup>

*That* ys to say, here, here, here, ny<sup>2</sup> dede in the cryke.

Yf 3e wyll haue hym, goo & syke, syke, syke!

Syke not ouer-longe, for losynge of yower mynde! 771

Now. Yf 3e wyll haue Mankynde, how, *domine, domine, domine!*

3e must speke to *the* schryue for a *cape corpus*,<sup>3</sup>

Ellys 3e must be fayn to retorn *with non est inventus*.

How sey 3e, *ser?* My bolte ys schotte.

NOUGHT. I am doynge of my nedynge; be-ware how 3e schott!

Fy, fy, fy! I haue fowll a-rayde my fote!

Be wyse for schottyng *with* yower takylls, for, Gode wott,

My fote ys fowly ouer-schott. 779

Mys. A *parlement!* a *parlement!* Cum forth, Nought, be hynde!

A counsell be-lyue! I am a-ferde Mercy wyll hym fynde.

How sey 3e? & what sey 3e? How xall we do *with* Mankynde?

NEW. Tysche, a flyes weynge! Wyll 3e do well?

He wenyth Mercy were honge for stelynge of a mere;

Myscheff, go sey to hym *that* Mercy sekyth euery-were,—

He wyll honge hym-selff, I wndyrtake, for fere.

Mys. I assent *ther-to*; yt ys wyttyly seyde & well. 787

Now. I! Wyppe yt in *thi* cote, a-non yt wer don!

Now, Sent Gabryelles modyr saue *the* clowtes<sup>4</sup> of *thi* schon!

All *the* bokys in *the* worlde, yf *thei* hade be wndon,

Cowde<sup>5</sup> not a counselde ws bett.

*Hic exit Myscheff.*<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A line rhyming with 771 is needed to complete the stanza.

<sup>2</sup> MS. my; corr. by Kittredge.

<sup>3</sup> MS. cepe coppus, which may be intentional.

<sup>4</sup> MS. clothes.

<sup>5</sup> MS. Howde.

<sup>6</sup> Apparently he returns immediately with Mankynde.

MYS. How, Mankynde ! cum & speke *with* Mercy ! He ys here fast by.

MANK. A roppe ! a rope ! a rope ! I am not worthy.

MYS. A-non, a-non, a-non ! I haue yt here redy ;

*With* a tre also *that* I haue gett.

795

Holde *the* tre, Now-a-days ! Nought, take hede & be wyse !

NEW. Lo ! Mankynde, do as I do ; *this* ys *the*<sup>1</sup> new gyse.

Gyff *the* roppe iust to *thy*<sup>2</sup> neke, *this* ys myn a-vyse.

MYS. Helpe *thi*-sylff, Nought ; lo ! Mercy ys here.

He skaryth ws *with* a balef,<sup>3</sup> we may no lenger tarye.

NEW. Qweke, qweke, qweke ! A-lass, my thrott ! I beschrew yow, mary !

A ! mercy, Crystes copyde curse go *with* yow, — and Sent Dauy. !

A-lasse, my wesant 3e wer sum-what to nere !

803

*Exiant.*

MERCY. A-ryse, my precyose, redempt son ! 3e be to me full dere.

He ys<sup>4</sup> so tymerouse, me semyth hys vytall spryt doth expy[re]

MANK. Alasse ! I haue be so bestyally dysposyde, I dare not a-pere.

To se yower solacyose<sup>5</sup> face I am not worthy to dysyer.

807

MERCY. Yower crymynose compleynt wondyth my hert as a lance.

Dyspose yower-sylff mekly to aske mercy, & I wyll assent.

3elde me nethyr golde nor tresure, but yower humbyll obey-syance,

The voluntary subieccyon of yower hert, & I am content. 811

<sup>1</sup> MS. *thi*.

<sup>4</sup> MS. He ys ys.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *pye*.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *solycyose*.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *bales*.

<sup>1</sup> MANK. What ! Aske mercy 3et onys a-geyn ? Alas yt were a wyld<sup>2</sup> petysyon !<sup>3</sup>

Ewyr to offend & euer to aske mercy, *that* ys a puerilite.  
Yt ys so abhominabyll to rehers my wekit<sup>4</sup> transgresion,  
I am not worthy to haue mercy, be no possibilite. 815

MERCY. O Mankend, my singler solas, *this* is a lamentabyll excuse.

The dolorus feres<sup>5</sup> of my hert, how *thei* begyn to amownte !

O blyssed Ihesu, help *thou this* synfull synner to reduce :<sup>6</sup>  
*Ira hec @ mutaes dextere excelsi veint Impios et non sunt.*<sup>7</sup> 819

A-ryse & aske mercy, Mankend, & be associat to me !

Thy deth schall be my hewynesse ! Alas, tys pety yt schuld be *thus* !

Thy obstinacy wyll exclude [the] fro *the* glorijs per[p]etuite.  
3et, for my lofe ope<sup>8</sup> thy lyppys & sey *miserere mei, Deus* ! 823

MANK. The egall Iustyse of God wyll not permytte sych a synfull wrech

To be reuyu[y]d & restoryd a-geyn ; yt were impossibyll.

MERCY. The Iustice of God wyll as I wyll, as hym-sylfe doth pre-cyse :<sup>9</sup>

*Nolo*<sup>10</sup> *mortem peccatoris, inquit,*<sup>11</sup> yff he wyll [be] reducible. 827

<sup>1</sup> The copyist remarks that the page beginning here seems to be in a different hand from what precedes. The remark probably applies to the whole remaining part of the play ; certainly from here on the spelling is very different.

<sup>2</sup> I take this to be vild (= vile.) <sup>3</sup> MS. pety syn.

<sup>4</sup> MS. appears to have werut, but is almost illegible.

<sup>5</sup> MS. seres.

<sup>6</sup> MS. redeme ; corr. by Kittredge, cf. l. 827.

<sup>7</sup> So MS. ; see Notes, vol. III. <sup>8</sup> MS. ofe.

<sup>9</sup> Precyse does not rhyme ; *qy. preche or, as Kittredge suggests, precysely teche.*

<sup>10</sup> MS. Mole.

<sup>11</sup> MS. apparently inquis.

MANK. *Than*, mercy, good Mercy ! What ys a man wyth-  
owt Mercy ?

Lytyll ys *our* parte of *paradyse* where *Mercy* ne were.  
Good *Mercy*, excuse *the* ineuetabyll obieccion of my gostly  
enmy ;

The prowerbe seyth, *the* trewth tryith *the* sylfe. Alas, I  
haue mech care ! 831

MERCY. God wyll not make 3ow preyuy on-to<sup>1</sup> hys last iuge-  
ment :

Iustyce & Equite xall be fortyfyid, I wyll not denye ;  
Trowthe<sup>2</sup> may not so cruelly procede in hys streyt argument<sup>3</sup>  
But *that* *Mercy* schall rewle *the* mater with-owte con-  
trouersaye. 835

Ryse<sup>4</sup> now & go *with* me in thys deambulatorye.

Incline yowur capacite, my doctrine ys conuenient.<sup>5</sup>  
Synne not in hope of *Mercy* ; That ys a cryme notorie !<sup>6</sup>  
To truste ouermoche in a prince yt ys not expedient, 839

In hope when 3e syn<sup>7</sup> to haue *mercy* ; be-ware of *that* awen-  
ture ;

The<sup>8</sup> good Lord seyde to *the* lecherus woman of Cha-  
nane, —

The holy gospels ys *the* awtorite, as we rede in *Scrypture*, —  
“*Vade et iam amplius<sup>9</sup> noli peccare.*” 843

Cryst preseruyt *this* synfull woman takyn in a-wowtry,  
He seyde to here *theis* wordes : “Go & syn no-more.”

<sup>1</sup> MS. peruyon to.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Growthe.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *apparently* acgmme; *corr.* by Kittredge.

<sup>4</sup> MS. Byse.

<sup>5</sup> MS. My doctrine ys conuenient Incline yowur capacite.

<sup>6</sup> MS. notaries.

<sup>7</sup> MS. 3e thynke *after* syn; *corr.* by Kittredge.

<sup>8</sup> MS. Then.

<sup>9</sup> MS. ism amperhees.

So to yow : Go & syn no-more ; be-ware of weyn *confidens*  
of Mercy ;

Offend not a *prince* on trust of hys *fauour*, as I<sup>1</sup> seyde  
before.

847

Yf ȝe fele *your-sylfe* trappyd in *the* snare of *your* gostly  
enemy,

Aske mercy a-non ; be-ware of *the* *contynuaunce* ;  
Whyll a wond ys fresch yt is *prowyd* curabyll be surgery,  
*That*, yf yt procede ouyrlonge, yt ys cawse of gret grev-  
ance.<sup>2</sup>

851

MANK. To aske mercy & to haue, — *this* ys a lyberall pos-  
sescion !

Schall *this* expedycius<sup>3</sup> petycion euer be a-lowyd, as ȝe  
haue in-syght ?

MERCY. In *this* presente lyfe mercy ys plente tyll deth  
makyth hys dywysion ;

But whan ȝe be go, *usque ad minimum quadrantem*<sup>4</sup> ȝe  
scha[ll] rekyn *this* ryght.

855

Aske mercy & haue, whyll *the* body *with the* sow[l]e hath  
hys annexion ;

Yf ȝe tarye tyll *your* dysesse, ȝe may hap of *your* desyre  
to mysse ;

Be repentant here, trust not *the* ower of deth ; thyneke on *this*  
lessun :

*Ecce*<sup>5</sup> *nunc tempus acceptabile*,<sup>6</sup> *ecce nunc dies salutis* !

859

All *the* werty in the wor[l]d yf ȝe myght comprehend,

*Your* merytes were not premyabyll to *the* blys a-boue,  
Not to *the* holdest<sup>7</sup> ioy of heuyn of *your* proper efforte to  
ascend ;

*With* Mercy ȝe may, — I tell yow no fabyll, Scrypture  
doth prove.<sup>8</sup>

863

<sup>1</sup> MS. he.<sup>5</sup> MS. Este.<sup>2</sup> MS. grewange.<sup>6</sup> MS. aũceptabile.<sup>3</sup> MS. expedicies.<sup>7</sup> Qy. loliest or lest.<sup>4</sup> MS. quadrũte[m].<sup>8</sup> MS. prewe.



MANK. O Mercy, my solatius<sup>1</sup> solas & synguler recreatory,  
 My predilecte specyall, 3e are worthy to haue my lowe ;  
 For, wyth-owte deserte & menys supplicatorie,  
 3e be-com pacient to my inexcusabyll<sup>2</sup> reproue 867

A ! yt siremyth<sup>3</sup> my brest to thynk how on-wysely I haue  
 wrought !  
 Tytiuilly, *that* goth invisibele, hyngē hys nett be-fore my  
 eye,  
 And, by hys fantastical visionys sedulously<sup>4</sup> sowght,  
 He<sup>5</sup> Newgyse, Now-a-days, Nought causyd me to obey. 871

MERCY. Mankend, 3e were obliuyous of my doctrine mary-  
 torye ;  
 I seyde be-fore, Titiuilly wold a-say yow a bronte.<sup>6</sup>  
 Be-ware fro hens-forth of hys fablys delusory,  
 The prowerbe seyth : *Iacula perfectum non ledunt.*<sup>7</sup> 875

3e haue iij aduersarys, — he ys master of [t]hem all, —  
 That ys to sey, the dewell, *the* world,<sup>8</sup> *the* flesch ; & [I]  
*the* tell  
 That<sup>9</sup> Newgyse, Now-a-days & Nought, *the* world we may  
 [t]hem call ;  
 And propy[r]lly Titiuilly syngnyf[ie]th the fend of helle ; 879

The flesch, — *that* ys *the* vnclene concupisens of 3our body ;  
 These be *your* iij gostly enmys in whom 3e haue put *your*  
 confidens ;  
 Thei browt yow to Myscheffe to conclude 3our temperull glory,  
 As yt hath be schewyd *this* worschypfyll<sup>10</sup> audiens. 883

<sup>1</sup> MS. suatius ; corr. by Kittredge, cf. l. 807.

<sup>2</sup> MS. inexcousobyll ; inexorable may be better.

<sup>3</sup> Kittredge suggests sore nyeth (= noieth) ; streinyth would be closer to MS.

<sup>4</sup> MS. sedeculy.

<sup>5</sup> MS. Be.

<sup>6</sup> After bronte is apparently an a.

<sup>7</sup> MS. perfectummus ledictur ; corr. by Kittredge.

<sup>8</sup> MS. would.

<sup>9</sup> MS. The.

<sup>10</sup> MS. worschyppyll.

Remembry how redy I was to help þow ; fro sweche I was  
 not dangerous ;  
 Wherefore, good sunne, abstayne fro syn euer-more after this.  
 Þe may both saue & spyll yower sowle, *that* ys so precyvs  
*Libere velle, libere velle,*<sup>1</sup> God may not deny, i-wys. 887

Beware of Titiuilly *with* hys net & of all hys enmys<sup>2</sup> wyll,  
 Of *þour* synfull delectacion *that* grewyth *þour* gostly  
 substans.  
*Þour* body ys *your* enmy, let hym not haue hys wyll.  
 Take *your* lewe whan þe wyll, God send *þow* good per-  
 seuerans !<sup>3</sup> 891

[MANK.] Syth I schall departe, blyse me, fader her *then* I go.  
 God send ws all plente of hys gret mercy !  
 MERCY. Dominus<sup>4</sup> *custodi[a]t te ab omni malo*<sup>5</sup>  
*In nomine Patris [et] Filii*<sup>6</sup> et *Spiritus Sancti. Amen !* 895  
*Hic exit Mankende.*

Wyrschep[f]yll sofereyns, I haue do my propirte ;  
 Mankynd ys deliuerd by my sunerall<sup>7</sup> patrocynye.  
 God preserue hym fro all wyckyd captiuite  
 And send hym grace hys sensuall condicion to mortifye ! 899

Now, for hys lowe *that* for vs receyuyd hys humanite,  
 Serche<sup>8</sup> *your* condicyons *with* dew examinacion !  
 Thynke & remembry *the* world ys but a wanite,  
 As yt ys *prowyd* daly by diuerse mutacyon. 903

Mankend ys wrechyd, he hath sufficyent prowē ;  
 There-fore God [kepe] þow all, *per suam misericordiam,*  
*That* ye may be pleseres<sup>9</sup> *with* the angell[es] abowe,  
 And hawe to *þour* porcyon *vitam eternam. Amen !* 907

<sup>1</sup> MS. Libere welle leibere welle ; *corr. by Kittredge.*

<sup>2</sup> Possibly enuius.

<sup>6</sup> MS. filii.

<sup>3</sup> MS. perseuernas.

<sup>7</sup> Kittredge suggests special.

<sup>4</sup> MS. Domine.

<sup>8</sup> MS. Serge.

<sup>5</sup> MS. mali.

<sup>9</sup> Perhaps partakers.

## FYNIS.

C . . ūber ſi q<sup>i</sup> cūī . . cōſtu forte queretur  
 h . y . gham quod omtche dices ſup oīa costa.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *This is almost entirely effaced. At the end of Mind, Will and Understanding, the same lines occur in this form:*

O liber, ſiquis cui cōſtās queretur,  
 Hyngham quod monacho dices ſuper omnia cōſti.

*Query:*

O liber, ſi quidem cui conſtes forte queretur,  
 Hyngham quod monacho dices ſuper omnia conſtas.

(Kittredge.)

## MUNDUS ET INFANS.

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Printed from the Roxburghe Club reprint (London, 1817). A collation with the original, in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, shows only two errors in this reprint. The editions of Collier (Coll.) and Hazlitt (Haz.), in Dodsley's "Old Plays," are quoted in the footnotes only for important variants and emendations. Punctuation, capitals, and division into stanzas are mine; other deviations from the Roxburghe reprint (R.) are indicated as they occur.

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### [*Dramatis Personae.*]

MUNDUS, *also called* THE WORLDE.

INFANS, *also called* WANTON, LUST AND LYKYNGE, MANHODE, SHAME,  
*and AGE. And Polyperance.*

CONSCYENCE.

FOLYE.

PERSEUERAUNCE.]

Here begynneth a propre newe Interlude of the worlde and the chylde / otherwyse called [Mundus & Infans]<sup>1</sup> & it sheweth of the estate of Chyldehode and Manhode.<sup>2</sup>

[*Mundus, seated on his throne.*]

MUNDUS. Syrs, seace of your sawes, what-so befall,

And loke ye bow bonerly to my byddynges,

For I am ruler of realmes, I warne you all,

And ouer all fodys<sup>3</sup> I am kynge, —

4

For I am kynge and well knowen in these realmes rounde.

I haue also paleys<sup>4</sup> ypyght ;

<sup>1</sup> These brackets are in R.

<sup>2</sup> Beneath this title R. has a wood-cut representing a crowned king seated on a throne and holding as symbols of his power a sceptre and a ball surmounted by a cross. Above the cut is his name, *Mundus*.

<sup>3</sup> Coll. suggests *folys*.

<sup>4</sup> A word, perhaps princely, has fallen out.

I haue stedes in stable stalworthe and stronge,  
Also stretes and strondes full strongly ydyght ; 8

For all the Worlde<sup>1</sup> wyde, I wote well, is my name ;  
All rychesse, redely, it renneth in me,  
All pleasure worldely, both myrthe and game.  
My-selfe semely in sale I sende with you to be, 12

For I am the Worlde, I warne you all,  
Prynce of powere and of plente.  
He that cometh not whan I do hym call,  
I shall hym smyte with pouerte, 16

For pouerte I parte in many a place  
To them that wyll not obedyent be.  
I am a kynge in euery case ;  
Me thynketh I am a<sup>2</sup> god of grace, 20

The floure of vertu foloweth me.  
Lo ! here I sette semely in se !  
I commaunde you all obedyent be,  
And with fre wyll ye folowe me. 24

[Enter Infans.]

INFANS. Cryst, our kynge, graunte you clerly to know *the*  
case !

To meue of this mater that is in my mynde,  
Clerely [to] declare it Cryst graunte me grace ! 27

Now, semely syrs, beholde on me  
How mankynde doth begynne :  
I am a chylde, as you may se,  
Goten in game and in grete synne. 31

Fourty<sup>4</sup> wekes my moder me founde,  
Flesshe and blode my fode was tho ;

<sup>1</sup> R. storlde.

<sup>2</sup> R. omits a ; *original has it, so also Coll., Haz.*

<sup>3</sup> *A line out?*

<sup>4</sup> R. xl.

Whan I was rype from her to founde,  
In peryll of dethe we stode bothe two. 35

Now<sup>1</sup> to seke dethe I must begyn,  
For to passe that straye passage ;  
For body and soule that shall than twynne  
And make a partynge of that maryage. 39

Fourty wekes I was frely fedde  
Within my moders wombe ;<sup>2</sup>  
Full oft of dethe she was adred  
Whan that I sholde parte her from. 43

Now in to the Worlde she hathe me sent,  
Poore and naked as ye may se ;  
I am not worthely wrapped nor went,  
But powerly prycked in pouerte. 47

Now in to the Worlde wyll I wende,  
Some comforte of hym for to craue.  
[Goes to Mundus.]  
All hayle, comely crowned kyng !  
God, that all made, you se and saue ! 51

MUND.<sup>3</sup> Welcome, fayre chylde ! What is thy name ?

INF. I wote not, syr, withouten blame ;  
But ofte tyme my moder, in her game,  
Called me Dalyaunce.

MUND. Dalyaunce, my swete chylde ?  
It is a name that is ryght wylde,  
For, whan thou waxest olde,  
It is a name of no substaunce. 59

But, my fayre chylde, what woldest thou haue ?

INF. Syr, of some comforte I you craue,  
Mete and clothe my lyfe to saue ;  
And I your true seruaunt shall be.

<sup>1</sup> R. Oow.

<sup>2</sup> R. possessyon.

<sup>3</sup> Here and below R. spells the speakers' names in full.

MUND. Now, fayre chylde, I graunte the thyne askynge ;  
 I wyll the fynde whyle thou art yinge,  
 So thou wylte be obedyent to my byddyng.

These garmentes gaye I gyue to the ; 67

And also I gyue to the a name  
 And clepe the Wanton, in euery game,  
 Tyll xiiij yere be come and gone, —  
 And than come agayne to me.  
 WANTON. Gramercy, Worlde, for myne araye !

For now I purpose me to playe.

MUNDUS. Fare-well, fayre chylde, and haue good-daye !  
 All rychelesnesse is kynde for the. 75

WANTON. A ha ! Wanton is my name !

I can many a quaynte game :

Lo, my toppe I dryue in same, —

Se, it torneth rounde !

I can with my scorge-stycke

My felowe vpon the heed hytte,

And wyghtly from hym make a skyppe,

And blere on hym my tonge. 83

If brother or syster do me chyde,

I wyll scratche and also byte ;

I can crye and also kyke

And mocke them all be rewe.

If fader or moder wyll me smyte,

I wyll wrynge with my lyppe

And lyghtly from hym make a skyppe

And call my dame shrewe. 91

A ha ! a newe game haue I founde !

Se this gynne, it renneth rounde ;

And here another haue I founde ;

And yet mo can I fynde.

I can mowe on a man ;

And make a lesynge well I can,

And mayntayne it ryght well than, —  
 This connynge came me of kynde.

99

Ye, syrs, I can well gelde a snayle ;  
 And catche a cowe by the tayle,<sup>1</sup> —

This is a fayre connynge ;  
 I can daunce and also skyppe ;  
 I can playe at the chery-pytte ;  
 And I can wystell you a fytte,  
 Syres, in a wylowe<sup>2</sup> ryne.

106

Ye, syrs, and euery daye  
 Whan I to scole shall take the waye,  
 Some good mannes gardyn I wyll assaye,  
 Perys and plommes to plucke.  
 I can spye a sparowes nest.  
 I wyll not go to<sup>3</sup> scole but whan me lest,  
 For there begynneth a sory fest  
 Whan the mayster sholde lyfte my docke.

114

But, syrs, whan I was seuen yere of age,  
 I was sent to the Worlde to take wage,  
 And this seuen yere I haue ben his page  
 And kept his commaundement.  
 Now I wyll wende to the Worlde, *that* worthy emperou[r].

[*He approaches Mundus.*]

Hayle, lorde of grete honour !  
 This vij yere I haue serued you in hall *and* in boure  
 With all my trewe entent.

122

MUND. Now, welcome, Wanton, my derlynge dere !  
 A newe name I shall gyue the here :  
 Loue, Lust, Lykyng, in-fere, —  
 These thy names they shall be, —  
 All game and gle and gladnes,  
 All loue-longyng in lewdnes.

<sup>1</sup> *Line missing?*

<sup>2</sup> R. whylowe.

<sup>3</sup> R. fo.



· This seuen yere forsake all sadnes,  
And than come agayne to me. 130

LUST-AND-LYKYNQ. A ha ! now Lust and Lykyng is my  
name !

I am as fresshe as flourys in Maye ;  
I am semely shapen in same,  
And proudly apperelde in garmentes gaye ; 134

My lokes ben full louely to a ladyes eye,  
And in loue-longynge my harte is sore sette ;  
Myght I fynde a fode that were fayre and fre,  
To lye in hell tell domysdaye for loue <sup>1</sup> I wolde not let,  
My loue for to wynne.

All game and gle,

All myrthe and melodye,

All reuell and ribaudye,<sup>2</sup>

And of bost wyll I neuer blynne. 143

· But, syrs, I am now <sup>3</sup> xix wynter olde ; 142

· I-wys, I waxe wonder bolde.

Now I wyll go to the Worlde,

A heygher seyence to assaye.

· For the Worlde wyll me auaunce,

· I wyll kepe his gouernaunce ;

· For he is a kynge in all substaunce,

His plesynge wyll I praye.<sup>4</sup> 151

[*He approaches Mundus.*]

All hayle, mayster, full of myght !

I haue you serued bothe day and nyght ;

Now I come <sup>5</sup> as I you behyght, —

One and twenty wynter is comen and gone.

MUND. Now, welcome, Loue, Lust and Lykyng !

For thou hast ben obedyent to my byddyng,

<sup>1</sup> R. foue ; Kittredge suggests the omission of for loue.

<sup>2</sup> R. ryotte ; Kittredge suggests: All ryotte and reuellrye.

<sup>3</sup> So in original ; R. now am ; Coll., Haz. now I am.

<sup>4</sup> The order of ll. 150, 151 is reversed in R.

<sup>5</sup> R. comen.

I encrease the in all thyng  
 And myghtly I make the a man. 159

Manhode myghty shall be thy name ;  
 Bere the prest in euery game,  
 And wayte well that thou suffre no shame  
 Neyther for londe nor for rente.  
 Yf ony man wolde wayte the with blame,  
 Withstonde hym with thy hole entent ;  
 Full sharpely thou bete hym to shame  
 With doughtynesse of dente !<sup>1</sup> 167

For of one thyng, Manhode, I warne the :  
 I am moost of bounte,  
 For seuen kynges sewen me,  
 Bothe by daye and nyght ;  
 One of them is the kynge of Pryde ;  
 The kynge of Enuy, doughty in dede ;  
 The kynge of Wrathe, that boldely wyll abyde,  
 For mykyll is his myght ; 175

The kynge of Couetous<sup>2</sup> is the fourt[h]e ;  
 The fyfte kynge he hyght Slouthe ;  
 The kynge of Glotony hath no iolyte  
 There pouerte is pyght ;  
 Lechery is the seuenth kynge,  
 All men in hym haue grete delytyng,  
 Therefore worshyp hym aboue all thyng,  
 Manhode, with all thy myght. 183

MANH. Yes, syr kynge, without lesynge  
 It shall be wrought !  
 Had I knowynge of the fyrst kynge,<sup>3</sup>  
 Well ioyen I mought. 187

<sup>1</sup> R. dede.

<sup>2</sup> The author evidently pronounced this Covetyse (cf. ll. 412, 441) ; but, as this spelling occurs many times and Couetys only once, it seems best to retain the spelling of the text.

<sup>3</sup> After kynge, R. repeats without lesynge from l. 184.

MUND. The fyrste kynge hyght Pryde.

MANH. A, lorde ! with hym fayne wolde I byde.

MUND. Ye, but woldest thou serue hym truely in euery tyde?

MANH. Ye, syr ; and therto my trouthe I plyght.

That I shall truely Pryde present

I swere by Saynt Thomas of Kent ;

To serue hym truely is myn entent,

With mayne and all my myght.

195

MUND. Now, Manhode, I wyll araye the newe

In robes ryall, ryght of good hewe ;

And I praye the pryncypally be trewe ;

And here I dubbe the a knyght, —

And haunte alwaye to chyualry !

I gyue the grace and also beaute,

Gold and syluer, gret plente,

Of the wronge to make the ryght.

203

MANH. Gramercy, Worlde and emperour !

Gramercy, Worlde and gouernoure !

Gramercy, comforte in all coloure !<sup>1</sup>

And now I take my leue ; fare-well !

MUND. Farewell, Manhode, my gentyll knyght !

Fare-well, my sone, semely in syght !

I gyue the a swerde<sup>2</sup> *and* also strength and myght,

In batayle boldly to bere the well.

211

MANH. Now I am dubbed a knyght hende,

Wonder wide shall waxe my fame !

To seke aduentures now wyll I wende,

To please the Worlde in gle and game.

215

MUND. Lo, syrs, I am a prynce, peryllous<sup>3</sup> yprovyde,<sup>4</sup>

I-preuyd full peryllous<sup>3</sup> and pethely i-pyght,

As a lorde in eche londe I am belouyd ;

Myne eyen do shyne as lanterne bryght ;

219

<sup>1</sup> Possibly for doloure, but perhaps correct as it stands.

<sup>2</sup> R. aswerde.

<sup>4</sup> R. yprobyde.

<sup>3</sup> Probably pereles, see Notes.

I am a creature comely, out of care ;  
 Emperours and kynges they knele to my kne ;  
 Euery man is a-ferde whan I do on hym stare,  
 For all mery medell-erthe maketh mencyon of me ; 223

Yet all is my<sup>1</sup> hande-werke, both by downe *and* by dale,  
 Bothe the see and the lande<sup>2</sup> and foules that fly ;  
 And I were ones moued, I tell you in tale,  
 There durst no<sup>3</sup> sterre stere, that stondeþ in the sky, 227

For I am lorde and leder so in that londe,  
 All boweth to my byddyng bonerly aboute ;  
 Who *that* styreth *with* ony stryfe or wayteth me with  
 wronge,

I shall myghtly make hym to stamer *and* stowpe,  
 For I am rycheþ in myne araye,  
 I haue knyghtes and toures,  
 I haue ladyes bryghtest in bourys.  
 Now wyll I fare on these flourys ;  
 Lordynges, haue good-daye ! [Exit.] 236

MANH. Peas, now peas, ye felowes all aboute !  
 Peas now, and herken to my sawes !  
 For I am lorde bothe stalworthy and stoute ;  
 All londes are ledde by my lawes. 240

Baron was there neuer borne that so well hym bare,  
 A better ne a bolde[r] nor a bryghter of ble ;  
 For I haue myght *and* mayne ouer countrees fare,  
 And Manhode myghty am I namyd in euery countre ; 244

For Salerne and Samers and Ynde the loys,<sup>4</sup>  
 Caleys, Kente, *and* Cornewayle I haue conquered clene,  
 Pycardye and Pountes and gentyll Artoys,  
 Florence, Flaunders and Fraunce, *and* also Gascoyne, —  
 All I haue conquered as a knyght.

<sup>1</sup> R. is at my.

<sup>2</sup> *Perhaps* Bothe the see and the sande, *the common alliterative phrase.*

<sup>3</sup> R. do ; *corr. by* Collier.

<sup>4</sup> Haz. *reads* Andaluse.

There is no emperour so kene  
 That dare me lyghtly tene,  
 For lyues and lymmes I lene,  
 So mykyll is my myght ;

253

For I haue boldely blode full dyspyteously spyld<sup>1</sup>,  
 There many hath lefte fyngers *and* fete, both heed *and*  
 face.

I haue done harme on hedes *and* knyghtes haue I kyld ;  
 And many a lady for my loue hath sayd 'alas.' 257

Brygaunt ernys<sup>2</sup> I haue beten to backe *and* to bonys,  
 And beten also many a grome to grounde ;  
 Brestplates I haue beten as Steuen was *with* stonys ;  
 So fell a fyghter in felde<sup>3</sup> was there neuer yfounde.

To me no man is makyde ;  
 For Manhode myghty, that is my name,  
 Many a lorde haue I do lame ;  
 Wonder wyde walketh my fame,  
 And many a kynges crowne haue I crakyd. 266

I am worthy and wyght, wytty and wyse,  
 I am ryall arayde to reuen vnder the ryse,  
 I am proudly aparelde in purpure and byse,  
 As golde I glyster in gere ;  
 I am styffe, stronge, stalworthe and stoute,  
 I am the ryallest redely that renneth in this route,  
 There is no knyght so grysly that I drede nor dout,  
 For I am so doughtly dyght ther may no dint me dère.<sup>4</sup> 274

And *the* kyng of Pryde, full prest, *with* all his proude presens,  
 And *the* kyng of Lechery louely his letters hath me sent,  
 And *the* kyng of Wrathe full wordely, *with* all his entent,  
 They wyll me mayntayne *with* mayne *and* all theyr  
 myght ;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> R. pyteously dyspylde.

<sup>2</sup> R. Brygaunt Ernys ; Coll. Brygaunt Ermys ; Haz. Brigand harness.

<sup>3</sup> R. in a felde.

<sup>4</sup> *Qy. after dyght, read no dint may me dère.*

<sup>5</sup> *Qy. with mayne & with myght.*

The kyng of Couetous, and the kyng of Glotony,  
 The kyng of Slouthe, and the kyng of Enuy,  
 All those sende me theyr leuery.

Where is now so worthy a wyght? —

A wyght?

Ye, as a wyght wytty,  
 Here in this sete sytte I;  
 For no loues lette I

Here for to sytte.

287

[*Enter Conscience.*]

CONSC. Cryst, as he is crowned kyng,  
 Saue all this comely company,  
 And graunte you all his dere blessinge,  
 That bonerly bought you on the roode-tree!

291

Now praye you prestly on euery <sup>1</sup> syde  
 To God omnypotent

To set our enemy sharply on-syde, —

That is, the deuyll and his couent, —

295

And all men to haue a clere knowynge  
 Of heuen blysse, that hye toure.

Me thynke it is a nessarye <sup>2</sup> thyng

For yonge and olde, both ryche and pore,

299

Poore Conscience for to knowe;

For Conscience clere it is my name.

Conscience counseyleth both hye and lowe,

And Conscience comenly bereth grete blame, —  
 Blame?

Ye, and oftentimes set in shame.

Wherefore I rede you men, bothe in earnest *and* in game,  
 Conscience that ye knowe.

307

For I knowe all the mysterys of man,  
 They be as symple as they can;

<sup>1</sup> R. enery.

<sup>2</sup> *Probably intentional.*

And in euery company where I come

Conscience is out cast.

All the worlde dothe Conscience hate ;

Mankynde and Conscience ben at debate,

For yf mankynde myght Conscience take

My body wolde they brast, —

Brast?<sup>1</sup>

Ye, and warke me moche wo.

MANHODE. Say, how felowe! who gaue the leue this way  
to go?

What! wenest thou I dare not come the to?

Say, thou harlot! whyder in hast?

320

CONSC. What! let me go, syr ; I knowe you nought !

MANHODE. No, bychyde brothell? Thou shalt be taught!

For I am a knyght, and I were sought ;

The Worlde hath auaunced me,

CONSC. Why, good syr knyght, what is your name?

MANH. Manhode, myghty in myrthe and in game ;

All powere of Pryde haue I tane ;

I am as gentyll as iay on tre.

328

CONSC. Syr, thoughte the Worlde haue you to manhode  
brought,

To mayntayne maner[s] ye were neuer taught :

No ; Conscience clere ye knowe ryght nought,

And this longeth to a knyght.

MANH. Conscience! what the deuyll, man, is he ?

CONSC. Syr a techer of the spyrytualet.

MANH. Spyrytualet! what the deuyll may that be ?

CONSC. Syr, all that be leders in-to lyght.

336

MANH. Lyght? Ye, but herke, felowe, yet! Lyght fayne  
wolde I se.

CONSC. Wyll ye so, syr knyght? Than do after me.

MANH. Ye, and it to Prydes pleasyng be,

I wyll take thy techynge.

<sup>1</sup> In R. this word is in the following line.

CONSC. Nay, syr ; beware of Pryde, and you do well, —  
 For pryde Lucyfer fell in-to hell ;  
 Tyll domysday ther shall he dwell,  
 Withouten any out-comyng :

344

For pride, syr, is but a vayne glorye.  
 MANH. Peas, thou brothell, and lette those wordes be !  
 For the Worlde and Pryde hath auaunced me ;  
 To me men lewte full lowe.  
 CONSC. And to beware of pryde, syr, I wolde you counsayll ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And thynke on Kynge Robert of Cysell,  
 How he for pryde in grete pouerte fell  
 For he wolde not Conscyence knowe.

352

MANH. Ye, Conscyence, go forthe thy waye,  
 For I loue Pryde and wyll go gaye ;  
 All thy techynge is not worthe a straye,  
 For Pryde I clepe my kynge.  
 CONSC. Syr, there is no kynge but God alone,  
 That bodely bought vs with payne and passyon  
 Bycause of mannes soule redempcyon, —  
 In Scrypture thus we fynde.

360

MANH. Saye, Conscyence, syth *thou* woldest haue Pryde  
 fro me,  
 What sayest thou by the kynge of Lechery ?  
 With all mankynde he must be,  
 And with hym I loue to lende.<sup>2</sup>  
 CONSC. Nay, Manhode, that may not be ;  
 From Lechery fast you fle,  
 For in combraunce it wyll brynge the  
 And all that to hym wyll wende.<sup>3</sup>

368

MANH. Saye, Conscyence, of the kynge of Slouthe !  
 He hath behyght me mykell trouthe ;  
 And I may not forsake hym for ruthe,  
 For with hym I thynke to rest.

<sup>1</sup> R. counsayll you.<sup>2</sup> R. lynge.<sup>3</sup> R. lynde.



CONSC. Manhode, in Scrypture thus we fynde,  
That Slouthe is a traytour to heuen kynges ;  
Syr knyght, yf you wyll kepe your kynde, <sup>1</sup>  
Frome <sup>2</sup> Slouthe clene you cast.

376

MANH. Say, Conscience, [of] the kynges of Glotonye !  
He sayth he wyll not for-sake me ;  
And I purpose his saruaunt to be,  
With mayne and all my myght.

CONSC. Thynke, Manhode, on substaunce,  
And put out Glotonye for combraunce,  
And kepe with you Good-Gouernaunce,  
For this longeth to a knyght.

384

MANH. What ! Conscience, frome all my maysters *thou*  
woldest haue me ;  
But I wyll neuer forsake Enuy,  
For he is kynges of company,  
Bothe with more and lasse.

CONSC. Nay, Manhode, that may not be ;  
And ye wyll cherysshe Enuy,  
God wyll not well pleased be  
To comforte you in that case.

392

MANH. Ey, ey ! from fyue kynges thou hast counseyled me ;  
But from the kynges of Wrathe I wyll neuer fle,  
For he is in euery dede doughty,  
For hym dare no man rowte.

CONSC. Nay, Manhode, beware of Wrathe,  
For it is but superfluyte that cometh and goeth ;  
Ye, and all men his company hateth,  
For ofte they stonde in doubte.

400

MANH. Fye on the, fals, flatteryng frere !  
Thou shalte rewe the tyme that thou came here ;  
The deuyll mote set the on a fyre,  
That euer I with the mete !

<sup>1</sup> R. kynges ; *corr. by* Collier.<sup>2</sup> R. Rrome.

For thou counseylest me from all gladnes  
 And wolde me set vnto all sadnes,  
 But, or thou brynge me in this madnes,  
 The deuyll breke thy necke !

408

But, syr frere, — euyll mote thou thye ! —  
 Frome vi kynges thou hast conseyled me ;  
 But that daye shall thou neuer se  
 To counsayll me frome Couetous,<sup>1</sup>  
 CONSC. No, syr, I wyll not you from Couetous brynge,  
 For Couetous I clepe a kynge :  
 Syr, Couetous in good doynge  
 Is good in all wyse.

416

But, syr kynght, wyll ye do after me,  
 And Couetous your kynge shall be ?  
 MANH. Ye, syr, my trouthe I plyght to the  
 That I wyll warke at thy wyll.  
 CONSC. Manhode, wyll ye by this worde stande ?  
 MANH. Ye, Conscyence, here my hande !  
 I wyll neuer from it fonge,<sup>2</sup>  
 Neyther loude ne styll.

424

CONSC. Manhode, ye must loue God aboue all thynges ;  
 His name in ydelnes ye may not mynge ;  
 Kepe your holy daye from worldly doynge ;  
 Your fader and moder worshyppe aye ;  
 Coueyte ye to sle no man ;  
 Ne do no lechery with no woman ;  
 Your neyboures good take not be no waye ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And all false-wytnesse ye must denaye ;

432

Neyther ye must not couete no mannes wyfe,  
 Nor no good that hym be-lythe, —  
 This couetys shall kepe you out of stryfe :  
 These ben the commaundementes ten.  
 Manhode,<sup>4</sup> and ye these commaundementes kepe,

<sup>1</sup> See note on l. 176.<sup>3</sup> Qy. take not than.<sup>2</sup> Qy. wande.<sup>4</sup> R. Mankynde.

Heuen blysse I you behete,  
 For Crystes commaundementes [ben] all <sup>1</sup> full swete  
 And full necessary to all men.

440

MANH. What! Conscience, is this thy Couetous? <sup>2</sup>

CONSC. Ye, Manhode, in all wyse!

And coueyte to Crystes seruyse,

Bothe to matyns and to masse!

Ye must, Manhode, with all your myght

Mayntayne Holy Chyrches ryght,

For this longeth to a knyght,

Playnly in euery place.

448

MANH. What! Conscience, sholde I leue all game and gle?

CONSC. Nay, Manhode, so mote I thye;

All myrthe in measure is good for the,

But, syr, measure is in all thyng.

MANH. Measure, Conscience? what thyng may measure  
 be?

CONSC. Syr, kepe you in charyte,

And from all euyl company

For doubte of foly doyng.

456

MANH. Folye? what thyng callest thou folye?

CONSC. Syr, it is Pryde, Wrathe, and Enuy,

Slouthe, Couetous and Glotonye, —

Lechery the seuenta is :

These seuen synnes I call folye.

MANH. What, thou lyst! <sup>3</sup> To this

Seuen the Worlde delyuered me,

And sayd they were kynges of grete beaute

And most of mayne and myghtes ;

465

But yet I pray the, syr, tell me :

May I not go arayde honestly?

<sup>1</sup> Haz. *emends* all to are.

<sup>2</sup> See note on l. 176.

<sup>3</sup> The stanza is abnormal, it can be reduced to the usual form by omitting, What, thou lyst.

CONSC. Yes, Manhode, hardely,  
In all maner of degre.

MANH. But I must haue sportynge of playe.

CONSC. Sykerly, Manhode, I say not naye,

But good gouernaunce kepe both nyght and daye,

And mayntayne mekenes and all mercy.

473

MANH. All mercy, Conscyence? what may that be?

CONSC. Syr all dyscrecyon that God gaue the.

MANH. Dyscressyon I knowe not, so mote I thè!

CONSC. Syr, it is all the wyttes that God hath you sende.<sup>1</sup>

477

MANH. A, Conscyence, Conscyence! now I knowe and se

Thy cunnyng is moche more than myne;

But yet I pray the, syr, tell me:

What is moost necessary for man in euery tyme?

481

CONSC. Syr, in euery tyme beware of folye, —

Folye is full of false flaterynge;

In what occupacyon that euer ye be,

Alwaye, or ye begyn, thynke on the endynge,

For blame.

Nowe fare-well, Manhode; I must wende.

MANH. Now fare-well, Conscyence, myne owne frende!

CONSC. I pray you, Manhode, have God in mynde

And beware of Folye and Shame.

490

MANH. Yes, yes! Ye, come wynde and rayne,

God let hym neuer come here agayne!

Now he is forwarde,<sup>2</sup> I am ryght fayne,

For in faythe, syr, he had nere counsayled me all amys.

494

[Exit Conscyence.]

A, a! now I haue be-thought me! Yf I shall heuyn wyn,

Conscyence techynge I must begyn,

And clene forsake the kynges of synne,

That the Worlde me taught,

<sup>1</sup> *Qy.* hath sent the.

<sup>2</sup> Kittredge suggests forwarde.

And Conscience seruaunt wyll I be,  
 And beleue, as he hath taught me,  
 Upon one God and persones thre  
 That made all thyng of nought. 502

For Conscience clere I clepe my kynge  
 And [me] his knyght in good doynge,  
 For, ryght of reason as I fynde,  
 Conscience techynge trewe is.<sup>1</sup>  
 The Worlde is full of boost,  
 And sayth he is of myghtes moost ;  
 All his techynge is not worthe a toost,<sup>2</sup>  
 For Conscience he dothe refuse. 510

But yet wyll I hym not forsake,  
 For mankynde he doth mery make.  
 ' Thoughe the Worlde and Conscience be at debate,  
 ' Yet the Worlde wyll I not despyse ;  
 For bothe in chyrche and in chepyng  
 And in other places beyng,  
 The Worlde fyndeth me all thyng  
 And dothe me grete seruyse. 518

Now here full prest  
 I thynke to rest !<sup>3</sup>  
 Now myrthe is best ! 521

[Enter Folye.]

FOLYE. What, hey how, care awaye !  
 My name is Folye ! Am I<sup>4</sup> not gaye ?  
 Is here ony man that wyll saye naye !  
 That renneth in this route !

A, syr, God gyue you good eue !

MANH. Stonde vtter, felowe ! Where doest *thou* thy cur-  
 tesy preue ?

FOLYE. What ! I do but clawe myne ars, syr, be your leue.  
 I praye you, syr, ryue me this cloute. 529

<sup>1</sup> R. is trewe.

<sup>3</sup> R. to ro rest.

<sup>2</sup> R. coost ; *corr.* by Kittredge.

<sup>4</sup> R. I am.

MANH. What, stonde out, thou sayned<sup>1</sup> shrewe!

FOLYE. By my<sup>2</sup> faythe, syr, there the cocke crewe,  
For I take recorde of this rewe

My thedome is nere past.

MANH. Now, trewely, it may well be so.

FOLYE. By God, syr, yet haue I felowes mo, .

For in euery countre where I go

Some man his thryfte hath lost.

537

MANH. But herke, felowe; art thou ony craftes man?

FOLYE. Ye, syr, I can bynde a syue and tynke a pan;  
And, therto, a coryous bukler-player I am.

Aryse, felowe; wyll thou assaye?

MANH. Now, truely, syr, I trow thou canst but lytell skyl  
of playe.

FOLYE. Yes, by Cockes bones, that I can!

I wyll neuer fle for no man

That walketh by the waye.

545

MANH. Felowe, thoughe thou haue kunnyng,

I counsayll the leue thy bostyng,

For here thou may thy felowe fynde,

Whyder thou wylte at longe or shorte.

FOLYE. Come, loke, and thou-darest; aryse and assaye!

MANH. Ye, syr, but yet Conscyence byddeth me naye.

FOLYE. No, syr, thou darest not, in good faye,

For truely thou faylest no false herte.

553

MANH. What sayst thou? haue I a false herte?

FOLYE. Ye, syr, in good faye.

MANH. Manhode wyll not that I saye naye!

Defende the, Folye, yf thou<sup>3</sup> maye,

For, in feythe, I purpose to wete what thou art.

558

[*They fight.*]

How sayste thou now, Folye? hast thou not a touche?

FOLYE. No, ywys, but a lytell on my pouche;

<sup>1</sup> Collier *suggests* fayned.

<sup>2</sup> R. By by.

<sup>3</sup> R. tyou.

On all this meyne I wyll me wouche,

That stondeth here aboute.

MANH. And I take recorde on all this rewe  
Thou hast two touches, though I saye but fewe.

FOLYE. Ye, this place is not without a shrewe,  
I do you all qut of doute.<sup>1</sup>

566

MANH. But herke, felowe ; by thy faythe, where was thou  
bore ?

FOLYE. By my faythe, in Englonde haue I dwelled yore,  
And all myne auncetters me before ;

But, syr, in London is my chefe dwellynge.

MANH. In London ? Where, yf a man the sought ?

FOLYE. Syr, in Holborne I was forthe brought ;

And with the courtiers I am betaught ;

To Westmynster I vsed to wende.

574

MANH. Herke, felowe ! why doost thou to Westminster  
drawe ?

FOLYE. For I am a seruaunt of the lawe ;

Couetous is myne owne felowe, —

We twayne plete for the kypge ;

And poore men that come from vplande,

We wyll take theyr mater in hande, —

Be it ryght or be it wronge,

Theyr thryfte with vs shall wende.

582

MANH. Now here, felowe ! I praye *the* whyder wendest  
*thou than* ?

FOLYE. By my feyth, syr, into London I ran

To the tauernes to drynke the wyne ;

And than to the innes I toke the waye,

And there I was not welcome to the osteler,

But I was welcome to the fayre tapester,

And to all the housholde I was ryght dere,

For I haue dwelled with her<sup>2</sup> many a daye.

590

<sup>1</sup> R. dewe.

<sup>2</sup> *Qy.* for with her, *read* there, *or* with them.

MANH. Now, I praye *the*, whyder toke *thou* the waye  
than? <sup>1</sup>

FOLYE. In feythe, syr, ouer London-brydge I ran,  
And the streyght waye to the stewes I came,  
And toke lodgyng for a nyght;  
And there I founde my brother, Lechery:  
There men and women dyde folye,  
And every man made of me as worthy  
As thoughe I hadde ben a knyght.

598

MANH. I praye the yet tell me mo of thyne aduentures.

FOLYE. In feythe, euen streyght to all the freres,  
And with them I dwelled many yeres;  
And they crowned Folye a kynge.

MANH. I praye the, felowe, whyder wendest thou tho?

FOLYE. Syr, all Englande to and fro,  
In-to abbeyes and in-to nonneryes also;  
And alwaye Folye dothe felowes fynde.

606

MANH. Now, herke, felowe! I praye the, tell me thy name.

FOLYE. I-wys, I hyght bothe Folye and Shame.

MANH. A ha! thou arte he that Conscience dyd blame,  
Whan he me taught.

I praye the, Folye,<sup>2</sup> go hens and folowe not me.

FOLYE. Yes, good syr, let me your seruaunt be!

MANH. Naye, so mote I thye,  
For than a shrewe had I caught!

614

FOLYE. Why, good syr, what is your name?

MANH. Manhode myghty, that bereth no blame.

FOLYE. By *the* roode, and Manhode mystereth in euery  
game

Somdele to cherysshe Folye;  
For Folye is felowe with the Worlde,  
And gretely beloued with many a lorde,  
And yf ye put me out of your warde,  
The Worlde ryght wroth wyll be.

622

<sup>1</sup> R. than the waye.

<sup>2</sup> R. folyc.



MANH. Ye, syr, yet had I leuer the Worlde be wrath  
Than lese the cunnyng that Conscience me gaue.

FOLYE. A cuckowe for Conscience, he is but a daw! 626  
He can not elles but preche.

MANH. Ye; I praye the, leue thy lewde claterynge,  
For Conscience is a counseler for a kynge.

FOLYE. I wolde not gyue a strawe for his techyng,  
He dooth but make men wrothe. 630

But wottest thou what I saye, man?

By that ylke trouthe that God me gaue,  
Had I that bychyde Conscience in this place,  
I sholde so bete hym with my staffe

That all his stownes sholde stynke.

MANH. I praye the, Folye, go hens and folowe not me.

FOLYE. Yes, syr, so mote I thye,

Your seruaunt wyll I be;

I axe but mete and drynke. 639

MANH. Peace, man! I may not haue the for thy name;  
For thou sayst thy name is bothe Folye and Shame.

FOLYE. Syr, here in this cloute I knyt Shame,  
And clype me but Propre Folye.

MANH. Ye, Folye, wyll thou be my trewe seruaunt?

FOYLE. Ye, syr Manhode; here my hande!

MANH. Now let vs drynke at this comnaunt,  
For that is curtesy. 647

FOLYE. Mary, mayster, ye shall haue in hast.

[*Aside*] A ha! syrs, let the catte wynke!

For all ye wote not what I thynke,

I shall drawe hym suche a draught of drynke

That Conscience he shall awaye cast. 652

Haue, mayster, and drynke well,

And let vs make reuell, reuell!

For I swere by the chyrche of Saynt Myghell

I wolde we were at stewes,

For there is nothyng but reuell-route ;  
 And we were there, I haue <sup>1</sup> no doubt  
 I sholde be knowen all aboute,  
 Where Conscience they wolde refuse.

660

MANH. Peas, Folye, my fayre frende !  
 For, by Cryste, I wolde not *that* Conscience sholde me here <sup>2</sup>  
 fynde.

FOLYE. Tusshe, mayster, thereof speke no-thinge,  
 For Conscience cometh no tyme here.<sup>2</sup>

MANH. Peace, Folye ; there is no man that knoweth me.

FOLYE. Syr, here my trouthe I plyght to the,  
 And thou wylt go thyder with me,  
 For knowlege haue thou no care.

668

MANH. Pease ! but it is hens a grete waye.

FOLYE. Parde, syr, we may be there on a daye.

Ye, and we shall be ryght welcome, I dare well saye,  
 In Estchepe for to dyne ;  
 And than we wyll with Lombardes at passage playe,  
 And at the Popes Heed swete wyne assaye ;  
 We shall be lodged well a-fyne.

675

MANH. What sayest thou, Folye ; is this the best ?

FOLYE. Syr, all this is manhode, well thou knowest.

MANH. Now, Foly, go we hens in hast ;

But fayne wolde I chaunge my name,  
 For well I wote yf Conscience mete me in this tyde,  
 Ryght well I wote he wolde me chyde.

FOLYE. Syr, for fere of you his face he shall hyde :  
 I shall clepe you Shame.

683

MANH. Now, gramercy, Folye, my felowe in-fere !  
 Go we hens ; tary no lenger here ;  
 Tyll we be gone me thynke it seuen yere, —  
 I haue golde and good to spende.

<sup>1</sup> R. had.<sup>2</sup> Qy. there.

FOLYE. A ha! mayster, that is good chere.

[*Aside*] And or it be passed halfe a yere,

I shall the shere ryght a lewde frere,

And hyther agayne the sende.

691

MANH. Folye, go before and teche me the waye.

FOLYE. Come after, Shame, I the praye,

And Conscience clere ye cast awaye.

[*Aside*] Lo, syrs, this Folye techeth aye,

For where Conscience cometh with his cunnyng,

Yet Folye full fetely shall make hym blynde :

Folye before and Shame behynde, —

Lo, syrs, thus fareth the worlde alwaye!

699

[*Exit Folye.*]

MANH. [*Sings*]<sup>1</sup> Now I wyll folowe Folye,

For Folye is my man ;

Ye, Folye is my felowe

And hath gyuen me a name :

Conscience called me Manhode,

Folye calleth me Shame.

705

[*Speaks*] Folye wyll me lede to London to lerne reuell ;

Ye, and Conscience is but a flaterynge brothell,

For euer he is carpyng of care.

The Worlde and Folye counseylleth me to all gladnes ;

Ye, and Conscience counseylleth me to all sadnes,<sup>2</sup> —

Ye, to moche sadnes myght bryng me in-to madnes.

And now haue good-daye, syrs; to London to seke

Folye wyll I fare.

712

[*Enter Conscience.*]

CONSC. Saye, Manhode, frende, whyder wyll ye go?

MANH. Nay, syr, in faythe, my name is not so.

Why, frere, what the deuyll hast thou to do

Whyder I go or abyde?

<sup>1</sup> This is not indicated as a song in R., and is printed as three long lines.

<sup>2</sup> R. sadnts.

CONSC. Yes, syr, I will counsell you for the best!

MANH. I wyll none of thy counsell, so haue I rest!

I wyll go whyder me <sup>1</sup> lest,

For thou canst nought elles but chyde.

720

[*Exit Manhode.*]

CONSC. Lo, syrs, a grete ensample you may se :

The freynes of Mankynde,

How oft he falleth in folye

Throughe temptacyon of the fende ;

724

For, whan the fende and the flesshe be at one assent,

Than Conscience clere is clene out cast ;

Men thynke not on the grete iugement

That the sely soule shall haue at the last ;

728

But wolde God, all men wolde haue in mynde

Of the grete daye of dome,

How he shall gyue a grete rekenynge

Of euyll dedes that he hath done.

732

But natheles,<sup>2</sup> syth it is so,

That Manhode is forthe with Folye wende,

To seche Perseueraunce now wyll I go,

With the grace of God Omnipotent.

736

His counseylles ben [with God] in-fere ;

Perseueraunce counsell is moost dere ;

Nexte to hym is Conscience clere

From synnyng.

Now in-to<sup>3</sup> thys presence, to Cryst I praye

To spede me well in my iournaye !

Fare-well, lordynges, and haue good daye ;

To seke Perseueraunce wyll I wende.

744

[*Exit Conscience ; enter Perseueraunce.*]

<sup>1</sup> R. my.

<sup>2</sup> R. nedeles ; Haz. [it is] nedeles.

<sup>3</sup> Qy. in.

PERS. Now Cryst, our comely Creature,<sup>1</sup> clerer than crystal  
clene,

That craftly made euery creature by good recreacyon,  
Saue all this company that is gathered here, bydene,  
And set all your soules in-to good saluacyon ! 748

Now good God, *that* is moost wysest and welde<sup>2</sup> of wyttes,  
This company counsell, comforte and glad,  
And saue all this multytude<sup>3</sup> that semely here syttes !  
Now, good God, for his mercy, that all men made, — 752

Now Mary, Moder, mekest that I mene,  
Shelde all this company from euyll conuersacyon,<sup>4</sup>  
And saue you from our enemy, as she is bryght *and* clene,  
And at *the* last day of dome delyuer you from euerlast-  
ynge dampnac[y]on ! 756

Syrs, Perseueraunce is my name ;  
Conscyence [my] borne broder is ;  
He sente me hyder mankynde to endoctryne,  
That they sholde to no vyces enclyne,  
For ofte mankynde is gouerned amys  
And throughe foly mankynde is set in shame.  
Therefore in this presens to Cryst I praye,  
Or that I hens wende awaye,  
Some good worde that I may saye  
To borowe mannes soul from blame. 766

[Enter Manhode<sup>5</sup> old and broken.]

AGE. Alas, alas, that me is wo !  
My lyfe, my lykyng I haue forlorne ;  
My rentes, my rychesse, it is all ygo ;  
Alas the daye that I was borne ! 770

<sup>1</sup> *This spelling of Creator is too common to change.*

<sup>2</sup> Welde (= weldy) *seems more likely than welder or welle.*

<sup>3</sup> R. symylytude; *apparently a confusion of semely (= assembly) and multitude.*

<sup>4</sup> R. Inuersacyon.

<sup>5</sup> *Henceforth called Age.*

For I was borne Manhode, moost of myght,  
 Styffe, stronge, both stalworthy and stoute ;  
 The Worlde full worthely hath made me a knyght,  
 All bowed to my byddyng bonerly aboute ; 774

Than Conscience clere, comely and kynde,  
 Mekely he met me in sete there I sate,  
 He lerned me a lesson of his techyng,  
 And the vij deedly synnes full lothely he dyde hate : 778

Pryde, Wrathe and Enuy and Couetous in kynde,—  
 The Worlde all these synnes delyuered me vntyll,—  
 Slouthe, Glotony,<sup>1</sup> and Lechery, *that* is full of false flateryng,—  
 All these Conscience reproued both lowde and styl. 782

To Conscience I helde vp my hande  
 To kepe Crystes commaundementes,<sup>2</sup>  
 He warned me of Folye, *that* traytour, *and* bade me beware ;  
 And thus he went his waye.  
 But I haue falsly me forsworne, —  
 Alas the daye that I was borne !  
 For body and soule I haue forlorne,  
 I clynge as a clodde in claye. 790

In London many a daye  
 At the passage I wolde playe,  
 I thought to borowe and neuer paye ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Than was I sought and set in stockes.  
 In Newgate I laye vnder lockes ;  
 If I sayd ought, I caught many knockes, —  
 Alas ! where was Manhode tho ?  
 Alas, my lewdenes hath me lost !  
 Where is my body so proude and prest ?  
 I coughe and rought, my body wyll brest,  
 Age dothe folowe me so.

<sup>1</sup> R. couetous, Glotony *being omitted*.

<sup>2</sup> *Qy.* commaunde.

<sup>3</sup> *Line out ?*

I stare and stacker as I stonde,  
 I grone grysly <sup>1</sup> vpon the grounde ;  
 Alas ! Dethe, why lettest thou me lyue so longe ?

I wander as a wyght in wo

And care.

For I haue done yll,

Now wende I wyll

My-selfe to spyll,

I care not whyder nor where !

810

PERS. Well ymet, syr ! well ymet ! and whyder awaye ?

AGE. Why, good syr, wherby do ye saye ?

PERS. Tell me, syr, I you praye,

And I with you wyll wende.

AGE. Why, good syr, what is your name ?

PERS. Forsothe, syr, Perseueraunce, the same.

AGE. Syr, ye are Conscience brother that me dyd  
 blame,

I may not with you lende.<sup>2</sup>

818

PERS. Yes, yes, Manhode, my frende in-fere.

AGE. Nay, syr, my name is in another maner,

For Folye his owne selfe was here

And hath clepyd me Shame.

PERS. Shame !<sup>3</sup> Nay, Manhode, let hym go,

Folye and his felowes also ;

For they wolde the brynge in-to care and wo,

And all that wyll folowe his game,

826

AGE. Ye, game who-so game,

Folye hath gyuen me a name ;<sup>4</sup>

So where-euer I go

He clypped me Shame.

Now Manhode is gone,<sup>5</sup>

Folye hath folowed me so.

832

<sup>1</sup> R. glysly.

<sup>4</sup> R. aname.

<sup>2</sup> R. lynge.

<sup>5</sup> Qy. go.

<sup>3</sup> R. has Shame in a line by itself.

Whan I fyrst from my moder cam,  
 The Worlde made me a man,  
 And fast in ryches I ran

Tyll I was dubbed a knyght :  
 And than I met with Conscyence clere,  
 And he me set in suche manere  
 Me thought his techynge was full dere  
 Bothe by daye and nyght :

840

And than Folye met me,  
 And sharpely he beset me,  
 And from Conscyence he fet me,  
 He wolde not fro me go ;  
 Many a daye he keped me,  
 And to all folkes he cleped me  
 For<sup>1</sup> Shame,  
 And vnto all synnes he set me.  
 Alas, that me is wo !

849

For I haue falsely me forsworne ;  
 Alas that I was borne !  
 Body and soule I am but lorne ;  
 Me lyketh neyther gle nor game.

853

PERS. Nay, nay, Manhode, saye not so !  
 Be-ware of Wanhope,<sup>2</sup> for he is a fo.  
 A newe name I shall gyue you to,  
 I clepe you Repentaunce ;  
 For, and you here repente your synne,  
 Ye are possyble heuen to wynne,  
 But with grete contrycyon ye must begynne  
 And take you to abstynence.

861

For, thoughe a man had do alone  
 The deedly synnes euerychone,  
 And he with contrycyon make his mone  
 To Cryst our heuyn kynge,

<sup>1</sup> R. Fro.; Coll., Haz. *omit.*

<sup>2</sup> R. Wanhode; *corr. by Kittredge*; Coll., Haz. Manhode.



God is also gladde of hym  
As of the creature that neuer dyde syn.

AGE. Now, good syr, how sholde I contrycyon begyn?

PERS. Syr, in shryfte of mouthe without varyenge ; 869

And another ensample I shall shewe you to :

Thynke on Peter and Poule and other mo,

Thomas, James, and Johan also,

And also Mary Maudeleyn ;

For Poule dyde Crystes people grete vylany,

And Peter at the Passyon forsoke Cryst thry,<sup>1</sup>

And Maudelayne lyued longe in lechery,

And Saynt Thomas byleued not in the Resurreccyon, 877

And yet these to Cryst are derlynges dere,

And now be sayntes in heuen clere ;

And therfore, thoughe ye haue trespassed here,

I hope ye be sory for your synne.

AGE. Ye, Perseuerance, I you plyght,

I am sory for my synne both daye and nyght ;

I wolde fayne lerne with all my myght

How I sholde heuyn wyne. 885

PERS. So<sup>2</sup> to wyne heuyn v nessarye thynges there ben  
That must be knowen to all mankynde ;

The v wyttes doth begynne,

Syr, bodely and sprytually.

AGE. Of the v wyttes I wolde haue knowynge.

PERS. Forsoth, syr, herynge, seyng, and smellynge,

The remenaunte, tastynge and felynge, —

These ben the v wyttes bodely. 893

And, syr, other v wyttes ther ben.

AGE. Syr Perseueraunce, I knowe not them.

PERS. Now, Repentaunce, I shall you ken, —

They are the power of the soule :

<sup>1</sup> R. thryes.

<sup>2</sup> Haz. *emends* to Sir.

Clere in mynde, — there is one, —  
 Imagynacyon and all reason,  
 Understondyng and compassyon, —  
 These belonge vnto Perseueraunce. 901

AGE. Gramercy, Perseueraunce, for your trewe techyng !  
 But, good syr, is there any more behynde  
 That is necessary to all mankynde  
 Frely for to knowe ?

PERS. Ye, Repentaunce, more there be  
 That euery man must on byleue, —  
 The xij artycles of the byleue <sup>1</sup>  
 That mankynde must on trowe : 909

The fyrst, that God is in one substaunce,  
 And also that God is in thre persones,  
 Begynnynge and endyng without varyaunce,  
 And all this worlde made of nought ;  
 The seconde, that the Sone of God, sykerly,  
 Toke flesshe and blode of the Vyr gyn Mary  
 Without touchyng of mannes flesh[l]e <sup>2</sup> companye, —  
 This must be in euery mannes thought ; 917

The thyrde, that that same God Sone,  
 [Was] born of that Holy Vyr gyn,  
 And she after his byrthe mayden as she was beforne  
 And clerer in all kynde ;  
 Also the fourthe, that same Cryst, God and man,  
 He suffred payne and passyon  
 Bycause of mannes soule redempcyon,  
 And on a crosse dyde hyng ; 925

The fyfte artycle I shall you tell, —  
 Than the Spyryte of Godhed went to hell,  
 And bought out the soules that there dyde dwell,  
 By the power of his owne myght ;

<sup>1</sup> R. fayth.<sup>2</sup> *Corr. by Kittredge.*

The vi artycle I shall you saye, —  
 Cryst rose vpon the thyrde daye,  
 Very God and man withouten naye,  
 That all shall deme and dyght ; 933

He sent mannes soule <sup>1</sup> in-to heuen,  
 Alofte all the aungelles euerychone,  
 There is the Fader [and] the Sone,  
 And sothfast Holy Goost ; <sup>2</sup>  
 The eyght artycle we must beleue on, —  
 That same God shall come downe,  
 And deme mannes soule at the daye of dome,  
 And on mércy than must we trust ; 941

The ix artycle, with-outen stryfe, —  
 Euery man, mayden, and wyfe,  
 And all the bodyes that euer bare lyfe  
 And at the daye of dome body and soule shall pere ; <sup>3</sup>  
 Truly the x artycle is, —  
 All they that hath kepyd Goddes seruyce,  
 They shall be crowned in heuen blysse  
 As Crystes seruauentes, to hym full dere ; 949

The xi artycle, the sothe to sayne, —  
 All they that hath falsely to God guyled <sup>4</sup> them,  
 They shall be put in-to hell-payne,  
 There shall be no synne couerynge ;  
 Syr, after the xii we must wyrche,  
 And beleue in all the sacramentes of Holy Chyrche,  
 That they ben necessary to <sup>5</sup> both last and fyrste,  
 To all maner of mankynde. 957

Syr, ye must also here *and* knowe *the* commaundementes x.  
 Lo, syr, this is your beleue and all men ;  
 Do after it and ye shall heuen wyn,  
 Without doubte, I knowe.

<sup>1</sup> R. sonle.

<sup>2</sup> These two lines as one in R.

<sup>3</sup> Qy. omit And and body and soule.

<sup>4</sup> R. gayded.

<sup>5</sup> Qy. omit to.

AGE. Gramercy, Perseueraunce, for your trewe techyng,  
 For in the spyryte of my soule wyll I fynde  
 That it is necessary to all mankynde  
 Truly for to knowe.

965

Now, syrs, take all ensample by me,  
 How I was borne in symple degre ;  
 The Worlde ryall receyued me  
 And dubbed me a knyght ;  
 Than Conscience met me ;  
 So after hym came Folye ;  
 Folye falsely deceyued me,  
 Than Shame my name hyght.

973

PERS. Ye, and now is your name Repentaunce  
 Throughe the grace of God Almyght ;  
 And therefore, withoute ony dystaunce,  
 I take my leue of kyng and knyght ;  
 And I praye to Jhesu whiche [h]as made vs all,  
 Couer you with his mantell perpetuall !

979

Amen !

*Here endeth the Interlude of Mundus et Infans. Imprynted  
 at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the Sonne by me wynkyn  
 de worde. The yere of our Lorde M.CCCCC. and .xxij. The  
 .xvij. daye of July.*

## HYCKESCORNER.

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The basis of the text is a collation of the reprint by Hawkins, "The Origin of the English Drama, Oxford, 1773," I, 69-111, with the original edition by Wynkyn de Worde (indicated in the footnotes by W.). Hawkins interchanged *u* and *v*, to conform to modern usage, and in this I have followed him, as the collation made for me does not go into detail on this particular point. In the footnotes I have tried to record all really important variants in both Hawkins (Haw.) and Hazlitt's Dodsley (Haz.), but no note is made of insignificant variations in spelling.

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### [*Dramatis Personae.*]

HYCKE-SCORNER.

IMAGYNACYON.

FREWYLL.

PYTE.

CONTEMPLACYON.

PERSEVERAUNCE.]

[*Enter Pyte alone.*]

PYTE. Now Ihesu the gentyll, that bought<sup>1</sup> Adam fro hell,  
Save you all, soveraynes, and solas you sende ;  
And, or<sup>2</sup> this mater that I begynne to tell,  
I praye you of audyence tyll I have made an ende ;  
For I saye to you my name is Pyte,  
That ever yet hath ben mannes frende.  
In the bosome of the Seconde Persone in Trynnye  
I sprange as a plante, mannes mysse to amende.

8

You for to helpe I put to my honde, —  
Recorde I take of Mary that wepte teres of blode ;  
I, Pyte, within her herte dyde stonde,  
Whan she sawe her sone on the rode.

<sup>1</sup> So W.; Haw. Haz. brought.

<sup>2</sup> Haz. of.

The swerde of sorowe gave that lady [a] wounde,  
 Whan a spere clave her sones herte a-sondre ;  
 She cryed out and fell to the grounde ;  
 Thoughe she was woo, hyt was lytell wonder. 16

This delycate colour,<sup>1</sup> that goodly lady,  
 Full pale and wanne she sawe her sone, all deed,  
 Splayed on a crosse with the fyve welles of pyte, *Pe . . .*  
 Of purple velvet poudred with roses reed.  
 Lo ! I, Pyte, thus made your erande to be spede,  
 Or elles man for-ever sholde have ben forlore ;<sup>2</sup>  
 A mayden so layde hys life to wedde ;  
 Crowned as a kynge, the thornes prycked hym sore. 24

Charyte and I of true love ledes the double rayne ;  
 Who-so me loveth dampned never shall be.  
 Of some vertuous company I wolde be fayne ;  
 For all that wyll to heven nedes must come by me,  
 Chefe porter I am in that heavenly cyte.  
 And now here wyll I rest me a lytell space,  
 Tyll hyt please Ihesu of his grace  
 Some vertuous felyshyp for to sende. 32

[*Enter Contemplacyon, soliloquizing.*]

CONT. Chryste, that was crystened, crucyfied and crowned,  
 In his bosum true love was gaged with a spere ;  
 His vaynes braste and brosed, and to a pyller bounde,  
 With scourges he was lashed, the knottes the skyn tare ;  
 On his necke to Calvary the grete crosse he bare ;  
 His blode ran to the grounde, as Scrypture doth tel,  
 His burden was so hevy that downe under it he fell. 39

Lo ! I am kyn to the Lorde which is Goddes Sone ;  
 My name is wryten formest in the boke of lyfe ;

<sup>1</sup> Haz. inserts had; *gy. creature; the original reading may, however, be right, and, as Kittredge suggests, possibly ll. 17 and 19 should change places.*

<sup>2</sup> W. forlorne; Haz. forlore.

For I am perfyte Contemplacyon,  
And brother to Holy Chyrche, that is our Lordes wyfe. 43

Johan Baptyst, Anthony, and Jherome, with many mo,  
Folowed me here in holte, hethe, and in wyldernes ;  
I ever with them went where they dyde go,  
Nyght and daye towarde the waye of ryghtwysenes. 47

I am the chefe lanterne of all holynes,  
Of prelates and preestes I am theyr patron ;  
No armure so stronge in no dystresse, —  
Habergyon, helme, ne yet no jeltron. 51

To fyght with Sathan I am<sup>1</sup> the champion  
That dare abyde and manfully stonde ;  
Fendes fle away where they se me come.  
But I wyll shewe you why I came to this londe : 55

For to preche and teche of Goddes soth sawes  
Ayenst vyce, that dothe rebell ayenst hym and hys lawes.  
PYTE. God spede, good brother ! Fro whens came you  
now ?

CONT. Syr, I came frome Perseveraunce to seke you.

PYTE. Why, syr, knowe you me ?

CONT. Ye, syr, and have done longe ; your name is Pyte.

PYTE. Your name fayne wolde I knowe. 62

CONT. In-dede I am called Contemplacyon,  
That useth to lyve solytaryly ;  
In wodes and in wyldernes<sup>2</sup> I walke alone  
Bycause I wolde saye my prayers devoutly.  
I love not with me to have moche company,  
But Perseveraunce ofte with me doth mete  
Whan I thynke on thoughtes that is full hevenly, —  
Thus he and I togyder full swetely doth slepe. 70

<sup>1</sup> W.; Haw. Haz. am I.

<sup>2</sup> W.; Haw. wyldenesse; Haz. wildness.

PYTE. I thanke God that we be mette togyder.

CONT. Syr, I trust that Perseveraunce shortly wyll come hyder.

PYTE. Than I thynke to here some good tydyng.

CONT. I warant you, brother, that he is comyng. 74

*[Perseveraunce enters, and addresses the audience.]*

PERS. The eternal God, that named was Messyas,  
 He gyve you grace to come to his glorie,  
 Wher ever <sup>1</sup> is joye, in the celestyall place,  
 Whan you of Sathan wynneth the vycторыe !  
 Every man ought to be gladde to have [me] in company,  
 For I am named good Perseveraunce,  
 That ever is guyd by vertuous governaunce. 81

I am never varyable, but doth contynue,  
 Styll goyng upwarde the ladder of grace,  
 And lode <sup>2</sup> in me planted is so true,  
 And fro the poore man I wyll never tourne my face. 85

Whan I go by my-selfe, ofte I do remembre  
 The grete kyndnes <sup>3</sup> that God shewed unto man,  
 For to be borne in the moneth of Decembre,  
 Whan the daye waxeth shorte and the nyght longe :  
 Of his goodnesse that Champyon stronge  
 Descended downe fro the Fader of Ryghtwysnes,  
 And rested in Mary, the floure of mekenes. 92

Now to this place hyder come I am  
 To seke Contemplacyon my kynnesman.  
 CONT. What, brother Perseveraunce? Ye be welcome ! 95  
 PERS. And so be you also, Contemplacyon.  
 CONT. Loo ! here is our mayster, Pyte.  
 PERS. Now truly, ye be welcome in-to this countre !  
 PYTE. I thanke you hertely, syr Perseveraunce.

<sup>1</sup> Haz. Wherever.

<sup>2</sup> Qy. love.

<sup>3</sup> W. knyndnes.



PERS. Mayster Pyte, one thyng is com to my remembraunce :

What thynges here you now ?

PYTE. Syr, suche as I can I shall shewe you : 102

I have herde many men complayne pyteously ;

They saye they be smyten with the swerde of poverty

In every place where I do go.

Fewe frendes poverté dooth fynde,

And these ryche men ben unkynde,

For theyr neyghboures they wyll nought do.

Wydowes dooth curse lordes and gentyll-men,

For they constrayne<sup>1</sup> them to mary with theyr men,

Ye, wheder they wyll or no. 111

Men mary for good, and that is dampnable,

Ye, with olde women that is fyfty and beyonde.

The peryll now no man drede wyll, —

All is not Goddes lawe that is used in londe ;

Beware wyll they not tyll Deth in his honde

Taketh his swerde and smyteth asonder the lyfe vayne

And with his mortall stroke cleveþ the herte atwayne. 118

They trust so in Mercy, the lanterne of bryghtnesse,

That no-tyng do they drede Goddes Ryghtwysnes.<sup>2</sup>

PERS. O Ihesu, syr, here is a hevy tydyng !

PYTE. Syr, this is trewe that I do brynge.

CONT. How am I beloved, Mayster Pyte, where ye come?

PYTE. In good faythe, people have now small devocyon ;  
And as for with you, brother Contemplacyon, 125  
There medleth fewe or none.

CONT. Yes, I trust that prestes love me wele.

PYTE. But a fewe, i-wys, and some never a dele.<sup>3</sup>

CONT. Why, syr, without me they maye not lyve clene !

PYTE. Nay, that is the leest thought<sup>4</sup> that they have of  
fyftene, 130

And that maketh me full hevy.

<sup>1</sup> *Misprinted* contrayne in Haw.

<sup>3</sup> W. adele.

<sup>2</sup> *Misprinted* ryghtwysnes in Haw.

<sup>4</sup> W. though : Haw. Haz. thought.

CONT. How, trowe you that there be no remedy?

PYTE. Full harde ; for synne is now so grevous and yll  
That I thyнке that it be growen to an impossyble.  
And yet one thyng maketh me ever mournynge, 135  
That prestes lack utterance to showe theyr cunnynge ;  
And, al the whyle that clerkes do use so grete synne,  
Amonge the lay people loke never for no mendynge.

PERS. Alas ! that is a hevy case  
That so grete synne is used in every place ;  
I praye God hyt<sup>1</sup> amende ! 141

PYTE.<sup>2</sup> Now God, that ever hath ben mannes frende,  
Some better tydynges soone us sende ;

For now I must be gone.  
Fare-well, good bretherne<sup>3</sup> here,  
A grete erande I have elles-where,  
That must nedes be done.  
I trust I wyll not longe tary ;  
Theder wyll I hye me shortely,  
And come agayne whan I have done. 150

PERS. Hyder agayne I trust you wyll come ;  
Therfore God be with you !

PYTE.<sup>2</sup> Syr, nedes I must departe now ;  
Ihesu me spede this daye ! [Exit.]

PERS. Now, brother Contemplacyon, let us go our waye. 155

[Exeunt ; enter Frewyll.]

FREWYLL. Aware, felowes, and stande a-roume !  
How saye you, am not I a goodly persoune ?<sup>4</sup>

I trowe you knowe not suche a geste.  
What ! syrres, I tell you, my name is Frewyll ;  
I may chose wheder I do good or yll,  
But, for all that, I wyll do as me lyst. 161

<sup>1</sup> W. ; Haw. it.

<sup>3</sup> W. ; Haw. brethrene.

<sup>2</sup> These two speeches are assigned to Contemplacyon by W. Haw. and Haz., but see Notes.

<sup>4</sup> W. personue.

My condycyons ye knowe not, perde ;  
 I can fyght, chyde and be mery ;  
 Full soone of my company ye wolde be wery  
 And you<sup>1</sup> knewe all !

What ! fyll the cup and make good chere ;  
 I trowe I have a noble here !  
 Who lente hyt me ? By Cryste, a frere ;  
 And I gave hym a fall !

169

Where be ye, syr ? be ye at home ?

[*Searching his pockets.*]

Kockes passyon, my noble is tourned to a stone !  
 Where laye I last ? Beshrewe your herte, Jone !  
 Now, by these bones, she hath begyled me !  
 Let se ! a peny my souper, a pece of flesshe x pence,  
 My bedde ryght nought : let all this expence —  
 Now, by these bones, I have lost an halfpeny !

176

Who laye there ? My felowe Imagynacyon.  
 He and I had good communycacyon  
 Of syr Johan and Sybbell,

179

How they were spyed in bedde togyder,  
 And he prayed her ofte to come thyder,  
 For to synge lo-le, lo-lowe !  
 They twayne togyder had good sporte ;  
 But at the stewes syde I lost a grote,  
 I trowe I shall never ythe !

185

My felowe promysed me here to mete ;  
 But I trowe the horesone be a-slepe  
 With a wenche some-where.  
 How, Imagynacyon ! come hyder !  
 And you thryve, I lose a feder !  
 Beshrowe your herte, appere !

191

<sup>1</sup> W. ; Haw. Haz. ye.

[Enter Imagynacyon.]

IMAG. What, how, how! who called after me?

FREWYLL. Come nere! Ye shall never i-the!

Where have ye be so longe? 194

IMAG. By God, with me hyt is<sup>1</sup> all wronge,

I have a payre of sore buttockes ;

All in irons was my songe,

Even now I satte gyved in a payre of stockes. 198

FREWYLL. Cockes passyon, and how so?

IMAG. Syr, I wyll tell you what I have do : 200

I mette with a wenche, and she was fayre,

And of love hertely I dyde praye her,

And so promysed her monaye.

Syr, she wynked on me and sayd nought,

But by her loke I knewe her thought ;

Than in-to loves daunce we were brought,

That we played the pyrdewy.

I wote not what we dyde togyder,

But a knave catchpoll nyghed us nere,

And so dyde us aspye. 210

A strype he gave me ; I fled my touche ;

And frome my gyrdle he plucked my pouche, —

By your leve, he lefte me never a peny.

Loo, nought have I but a buckyll,

And<sup>2</sup> yet I can imagen thynges sotyll,

For to get monaye plenty.

In Westminister Hall every terme I am ;

To me is kynne many a grete gentyll-man ;

I am knowen in every countrie. 219

And I were deed, the lawyers thryfte were lost,

For this wyll I do yf men wolde do cost :

<sup>1</sup> W.; *misprinted it in* Haw.

<sup>2</sup> Haw. Ane; *no note in my collation.*

Prove ryght wronge, and all by reason,  
 And make men lese bothe hous and londe ;  
 For all that they can do in a lytell season. 224

Peche men of treason prevyly I can,  
 And, whan me lyst, to hange a trewe man.  
 If they wyll me monaye tell,  
 Theves I can helpe out of pryson ;  
 And into lordes favours I can get me soone,  
 And be of theyr prevy counseyll. 230

But, Frewyll, my dere broder,  
 Sawe you nought<sup>1</sup> of Hyckscorner ?  
 He promysed me to come hyder.

FREWYLL. Why, syr, knowest thou hym ?

IMAG. Ye, ye, man ; he is full nye of my kynne, 235  
 And in Newgate we dwelled togyder,  
 For he and I were bothe shakeled in a fetter.

FREWYLL. Syr, laye you beneth, or on hye on the soller ?<sup>2</sup>

IMAG. Nay, ywys, amonge the thyckest of yemen of the  
 collar.

FREWYLL. By God, than ye were in grete fere ! 240

IMAG. Syr, had I not be, cc had be thrast in an haltere.

FREWYLL. And what lyfe have they there, al that grete  
 sorte ?

IMAG. By God, syr, ones a yere som taw halts of Burporte ;  
 Ye, at Tyburne there stondesth the grete frame,  
 And some take a fall that maketh theyr neck lame. 245

FREWYLL. Ye, but can they than go no more ?

IMAG. O no, man ; the wrest is twyste so sore ;  
 For as soone as they have sayd *in manus tuas* ones,  
 By God, theyr brethe is stopped at ones.

FREWYLL. Why, do they praye in that place there ? 250

IMAG. Ye, syr ; they stonde in grete fere,  
 And so fast tangled in that snare,  
 Hyt falleth to theyr lotte to have the same share.

<sup>1</sup> Haz. ; W. not.

<sup>2</sup> W. Haw. Haz. seller.

FREWYLL. That is a knavisshe syght to se them totter on  
a beme.

IMAG. Syr, the horesones coude not convaye clene ; 255  
For, and they coude have caryed by crafte, as I can,  
In processe of yeres eche of them sholde be a gentyll-man.  
Yet, as for me, I was never thefe.

· If my handes were smyten of, I can stele with my tethe ;  
For ye knowe well there is crafte in daubyng. 260  
· I can loke in a mannes face and pycke his purse ;  
And tell newe tydynges that was never trewe, ywys,  
For my hood is all lyned with lesyng.

FREWYLL. Ye, but wente ye never to Tyburne a pylgrym-  
age ?

· IMAG. No, ywys, nor none of my lynage ;<sup>1</sup> 265  
· For we be clerkes all, and can our necke-verse,  
· And with an oyntment the iuges hawde I can grece  
· That wyll hele sores that be incurable.

FREWYLL. Why, were ye never founde reprovab? 269

IMAG. Yes, ones I stall a hors in the felde,  
And lepte on hym for to have ryden my waye ;  
At the last a bayly me mette and behelde  
● And badde me stonde, — than was I in a fraye. 273

He asked wheder with that horse I wolde gon,  
And than I tolde hym hyt was myne owne ;  
He sayd I hadde stollen hym, and I sayde naye ;  
“This is,” sayd he, “my brothers hacknaye” ;  
For, and I had not scused me without fayle,  
By Our Lady, he wolde have lad me strayte to iayle ;  
And than I tolde hym the horse was lyke myne, 280  
A browne baye, a long mane, and dyde halte behyne, —  
Thus I tolde hym that such an-other hors I dyde lacke,  
And yet I never sawe hym nor came on his backe.  
So I delyvered hym the hors agayne ;  
And whan he was gone, than was I fayne ; 285

<sup>1</sup> W. lygnages ; Haw. lynages ; Haz. lineage.

For, and I had not scused me the better,  
I knowe well I sholde have daunsed in a fetter.

FREWYLL. And sayd he no more to the but so?

IMAG. Yes, he pretended me moche harme to do ;  
But I tolde hym that mornynge was a grete myste, 290

That what horse hyt was I ne wyste ;

Also I sayd that in my heed I had the megryne

That made me dasell so in myne eyen

That I myght not well se :

And thus he departed shortly frome me. 295

FREWYLL. Ye, but where is Hycke-scorner now?

IMAG. Some of these yonge men hath hydde hym in  
Theyr bosomes, I warraunt you,<sup>1</sup>

Let us make a crye, that he may us here!

FREWYLL. How, how!<sup>2</sup> Hycke-scorner appere! 300

I trowe thou be hyde in some cornere.

HYCKE-SCORNER [*without*]. A-le<sup>3</sup> the helme! a-le!<sup>3</sup> vere!  
shot of! vere sayle! vera!

FREWYLL. Cockes body! herke, he is in<sup>4</sup> a shyppe on  
the see!

[*Enter Hycke-scorner.*]

HYCKE. God spede! God spede! Who called after me?

IMAG. What! brother, welcome, by this precyous body! 305  
I am gladde that I you se ;

Hyt was tolde me that ye were hanged.<sup>5</sup>

But out of what cowntre come ye?

HYCKE. Syr,<sup>6</sup> I have ben in many a cowntre ;

As, in Fraunce, Irlonde, and in Spayne, 310

Portyngale, Sevyll, also in Almayne,

Freslonde, Flaunders, and in Burgoyne,

Calabre, Poyle,<sup>7</sup> and Erragoyne,

<sup>1</sup> *These two lines ought perhaps to be printed as one.*

<sup>2</sup> W.; Haw. Haz. How now.

<sup>3</sup> W. Haw. ale; Haz. ale (= heel).

<sup>4</sup> Haw. Haz. omit in.

<sup>5</sup> *Qy.* That ye were hanged hyt was told me.

<sup>6</sup> W.; Haw. Haz. Syrs.

<sup>7</sup> Haz. Pogle.

Brytayne, Byske, and also in Gascoyne,  
 Naples, Grece, and in myddes of Scotlonde,  
 At Cape<sup>1</sup> Saynt Vyncent, and in the Newe-founde Ilonde ; 316

I have ben in Gene and in Cowe,  
 Also in the londe of Rumbelowe,  
     Thre myle out of hell ;  
 At Rodes, Constantyne, and in Babylonde,  
 In Cornewale, and in Northumberlonde,  
     Where men sethe russches in gruell ; 322

Ye, syr, in Caldey, Tartare, and Inde,  
 And in the Londe of Women, that fewe men dothe fynde :  
 In all these countres have I be.  
 FREWYLL. Syr, what tydynges here ye now on the see? 326

HYCKE. We mette of shyppes a grete nave,  
     Full of people that wolde in-to Irlonde,  
 And they came out of this countre ;  
     They wyll never-more come to Englonde. 330

IMAG. Whens were the shyppes of them? Knowest thou  
     none?

HYCKE. Herken, and I wyll shewe you theyr names eche  
     one :

Fyrst was the Røgent with the Myghell, of Brykylse,  
 The George, with the Gabryell and the Anne, of Foye,  
 The Starre of Salte-Asshe, with the Ihesus of Plumoth, 335  
 Also the Hermytage with the Barbara of Darmouth,  
 The Nycolas and the Mary Bellouse of Brystowe,  
 With the Elyn of London and James also.  
 Grete was the people that was in them,  
 All true relygyous and holy women : 340  
 There was Trouthe and his kynnesmen,<sup>2</sup>  
 With Pacyence, Mekenes, and Humylyte,  
 And all true maydens wyth theyr vyrgynyte,  
 Ryall prechers, Sadnes, and Charyte,

<sup>1</sup> Haw. Haz. *comma after* Cape (= Cape of Good Hope).

<sup>2</sup> W. Haw. kynnesman ; Haz. kinsmen.



- Ryght Conscience, and Fayth, with Devocyon, 345  
 And all true monkes that kepe theyr relygyon,<sup>1</sup>  
 True byers and sellers, and almes-dede<sup>2</sup> doers,  
 Pyteous people, that be of synne destroyers,  
 With Just Abstynence and good counseyllers,  
 Mourners for synne, with Lamentacyon, 350  
 And good ryche men that helpeth folke out of pryson,  
 True Wedlocke was there also,  
 With yonge men that ever in prayer dyde go :  
 The shyppes were laden with suche unhappy company ;  
 But at the laste God shope a remedy, 355  
 For they all in the see were drounde,  
 And on a quicke-sonde they strake to grounde, —  
 The see swallowed them everychone,  
 I wote well alye there scaped none.  
 IMAG. Lo! now my herte is gladde and mery ; 360  
 For joye now let us syng " dery, dery ! "  
 HYCKE. Felowes, they shall never more us withstonde,  
 For I se them all dr[o]wned in the Rase of Irlonde.  
 FREWYLL. Ye, but yet herke, Hycke-scorner :  
 What company was in your shyppe that came over? 365  
 HYCKE. Syr, I wyll ayd<sup>3</sup> you to understande ;  
 There were good felawes above fyve thousande,  
 And all they ben kynne to us thre ;  
 There was Falshode, Favell, and Sotylte,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ye, theves and hores, with other good company, 370  
 Lyers, bacbyters, and flaterers the whyle,  
 Brawlers, lyers, getters, and chyders,  
 Walkers by nyght, with grete murderers,  
 Overthwarte gyle[rs],<sup>5</sup> and joly carders,  
 Oppressers of people, with many swerers ; 375  
 There was False Lawe, with Oryble Vengeaunce,

<sup>1</sup> W. Haw. relyon ; Haz. religion.

<sup>2</sup> W. dede ; Haw. dedes ; Haz. deed.

<sup>3</sup> W. Haw. sayd ; *corr. by* Haz.

<sup>4</sup> W. fotylte ; Haw. jolyte ; Haz. jollity.

<sup>5</sup> *Corr. by* Haz.

Froward Obstynacyon, with Myschevous Governaunce,  
 Wanton wenches, and also mychers,  
 With many other of the devylles offycers ;  
 And Haterede, that is so myghty and stronge,  
 Hath made a-vowe for-ever to dwell in Englonde. 380

IMAG. But is that true that thou doste shewe now?

HYCKE. Syr, every worde as I do tell you.

FREWYLL. Of whens is your shyppe? of London?

HYCKE. Ye, ywis, frome thens dyde she come ; 385  
 And she is named the Envy, —

I tell you, a grete vessell and a myghty ;  
 The owner of her is called Yll Wyll,  
 Brother to Jacke Poller of Shoters Hyll.

IMAG. Syr, what offyce in the shyppe bare ye?

HYCKE. Mary, I kepte a fayre shoppe of baudrye : 391

I had thre wenches that were full praty,  
 Jane true, Ann<sup>1</sup> thryftles, and wanton Sybble ;  
 If ye ryde her a journay, she will make you wery,  
 For she is trusty at nede.

If ye wyll hyre her for your pleasure,  
 I warraunt, tere her shall ye never,

She is so sure in dede ;

Ryde and you wyll ten tymes a daye,  
 I warraunt you she wyll never saye naye, —  
 My lyfe I dare lay to wedde. 401

IMAG. Now plucke up your hertes, and make good chere,  
 These tydynges lyketh me wonder wele.

Now vertu shall drawe arere, arere !

Herke, felous, a good sporte I can you tell : 405

At the stues we wyll lye to-nyght,  
 And, by my trouth, yf all go aryght,  
 I wyll begyle some praty wenche  
 To gette me monaye at a pynche.  
 How saye you? shall we go thyder? 410

<sup>1</sup> W. Haw. Haz. and.

Let us kepe company all togyder,  
 And I wolde that we had Goddes curse  
 If we some-where do not get a purse ! 413

Every man bere his dagger naked in his honde,  
 And, if we mete a treue man, make hym stonde,  
 Or elles that he bere a strype !  
 If that he struggle and <sup>1</sup> make ony werke,  
 Lyghtly stryke hym to the herte,  
 And throwe hym into Temmes quyte ! 419

FREWYLL. Naye, thre knaves in a lease is good at nale !  
 But, thou lubber, Imagynacyon,  
 That cukcolde, thy fader, — where is he become ?  
 At Newgate dothe he ly styll at gayle ? 423

IMAG. Avant, horsone ! thou shalt bere me a strype !  
 Sayst thou that my moder was a hore ?  
 FREWYLL. Naye, syr, but the last nyght  
 I sawe syr Johne and she tombled on the flore. 427

IMAG. Now, by Kockes herte, thou shalte lose an arme !  
 HYCKE. Naye, syr, I charge you, do hym no harme.  
 IMAG. And thou make to moche, I wyll breke thy heed,  
 to ! 430

HYCKE. By Saynt Mary, and I wyst that, I wolde be ago !

IMAG. Aware ! aware ! the horsone shall aby !  
 His preest wyll I be, by Cockes body !  
 HYCKE. Kepe pease, lest knaves blode be shedde.  
 FREWYLL. By God, if his was nought, myn was as  
 badde ! 435

IMAG. By Kockes herte, he shall dye on this dager !  
 HYCKE. By Our Lady, than wyll ye be straungled in a  
 halter.

IMAG. The horesone shall ete hym as fer as he shall  
 wade !

HYCKE. Beshrewe your herte ! and put up your blade !

<sup>1</sup> Haw. ond; no note in my collation.

Shethe your whytell! or by Hyz<sup>1</sup> that was never borne 440  
 I wyll rappe you on the costarde with my horne!  
 What! wyll ye playe all the knave?

IMAG. By Kockes herte, and thou a buffet shalte have!

[*Imagynacyon and Hycke-scorner fight.*]

FREWYLL. Lo, syrres, here is a fayre company, God us  
 save!

For, yf any of us thre be mayre of London, 445  
 I-wys, ywys, I wyll ryde to Rome on my thom!  
 Alas! a! se! is not this a<sup>2</sup> grete feres?

I wolde they were in a myll-pole above the eres;  
 And than, I durst warraunt, they wold departe anone.

HYCKE. Helpe! helpe! for the passyon of my soule! 450  
 He hath made a grete hole in my poule,  
 That all my wytte is set to the grounde.  
 Alas, a leche for to helpe my wounde!

IMAG. Naye, ywys, horesone, I wyll bete the or I go!

FREWYLL. Alas, good syr! what have I do? 455

IMAG. Ware! make rome! he shall have a strype, I  
 trowe!

[*Enter Pyte.*]

PYTE. Peas, peas, syrres! I commaunde you!

IMAG. Avaunt, old churle! Whens comest thou?  
 And thou make to moche, I shall breke thy browe  
 And sende the home agayne! 460

PYTE. A! good syr, the peas I wolde have kepte fayne;  
 Myne offyce is to se no man slayne,  
 And, where they do amyse, to gyve them good counseyl  
 Synne to forsake, and Goddes lawe them tell.

IMAG. A! syr, I wende thou haddest ben drowned and  
 gone!  
 But I have spyed that there scaped one. 466

HYCKE. Imagynacyon, do by the counseyll of me:  
 Be a-greed with Frewyll, and let us good felowes be;

<sup>1</sup> Haz. *changes to Jis.*

<sup>2</sup> *Qy.* are not these.

And than, as for this chorle, Pyte,  
Shall curse the tyme that ever he came to londe!

IMAG. Brother Frewyll, give me your honde!

And all myne yll wyll I forgyve the. 472

FREWYLL. Syr, I thanke you hertely.

But what shall we do with this chorle, Pyte?

IMAG. I wyll go to hym, and pyke a quarell, 475

And make hym a thefe and saye he dyde stele

Of myne forty pounde in a bagge.

FREWYLL. By God, that tydynges wyll make hym sadde!

And I wyll go fetch a payre of gyves,

For, in good faythe, he shall be sette fast by the heles. 480

HYCKE. Have ado lyghtly, and be gone,

And let us twayne with hym alone!

FREWYLL. Now, farewell; I beshrewe you everychone!

[Exit.]

HYCKE. Ho, ho! Farewell, you shrewe<sup>1</sup>, and no mo! 484

IMAG. Thou lewde felowe, sayst thou that thy name is

Pite?

Who sente the hyder to controll me?

PYTE. Good syr, hyt is my properte

For to dyspyse synfull lyvyng.

And unto vertu men to brynge

If that they wyll do after me. 490

IMAG. What, syr, art thou so pure holy?

A! se! this caytyfe wolde be praysed, trowe I.<sup>2</sup>

And you thryve this yere, I wyll lose a peny!

Lo! syrres, outwarde he bereth a fayre face,

But, and he mette with a wenche in a prevy place, 495

I trowe he wolde shewe her but lytell grace,

By God, ye maye trust me!

HYCKE. Loo! wyll ye not se this caytyves menyng?

He wolde destroye us all, and all our kynne!

<sup>1</sup> W. Haw. Haz. Frewyll you threwe; *emend.* by Kittredge.

<sup>2</sup> W. Haw. Haz. I trowe.

Yet had I lever se hym hanged by the chynne 500  
Rather than that sholde be brought aboute.

And with this dager thou shalte have a cloute,

Without thou wylte<sup>1</sup> lyghtly be gone!

IMAG. Naye, brother, laye honde on hym soone! 504

For he japed my wyfe and made me cukolde,

And yet the traytour<sup>2</sup> was so bolde

That he stale forty pounce of myne in monaye.

HYCKE. By Saynt Mary, than shall he not scape!

We wyll lede hym streyght to Newgate;

For-ever there shall he lye! 510

[Enter Frewyll.]

FREWYLL. A, se! a, se, syrres, what I have brought!

A medycyne for a payre of sore shynnes.

At the Kynges Benche, syrres, I have you sought;

But, I praye you, who shall were these [rynges]? 514

HYCKE. By God, this felowe that maye not go hence,

I wyll go gyve hym these hose-rynges;

Now, yfaythe, they be worth forty pence,

But to his hondes I lacke two bondes.

IMAG. Holde, horesone, here is an halter!

Bynde hym fast and make hym sure. 520

PYTE. O men, let Trough, that is the trewe man,

Be your guyder, or elles ye be forlore;<sup>3</sup>

Laye no fals wytnes, as nye as ye can,

On none, for afterwarde ye wyll repent hyt full sore. 524

FREWYLL. Naye, naye, I care not therfore!

HYCKE. Ye, whan my soule hangeth on the hedge, cast stones!<sup>4</sup>

For I tell the playnly, by Kockes bones,

Thou shalte be guyded and layd in irons,—

They fared even so.

<sup>1</sup> W. Haw. Haz. *have an unnecessary be here.*

<sup>2</sup> Haw. traytore; *not noticed in collation.*

<sup>3</sup> W. Haw. Haz. *forlorne.*

<sup>4</sup> Haz. *hedge-cast, which is unintelligible to me.*

PYTE. Awaye,<sup>1</sup> syr ! what have I do ?

IMAG. Well, well ; that thou shalte knowe or thou go. 530

PYTE. O syrres, I se hyt can not be amended.

You do me wronge, for I have not offended.

Remembre God, that is our heven Kynge,

For he wyll rewarde you after your deservynge, 534

Whan Deth with his mace dooth you areest ;

We all to hym owe fewte<sup>2</sup> and servyce.

Fro the ladder of lyfe downe he wyll the threste ;

Than maystershyp may not helpe nor grete offyce. 538

FREWYLL. What ! Dethe, and he were here, he sholde syt  
by the !

Trowest thou that he be able to stryve with us thre ?

Nay, nay, nay !

IMAG. Well, felawes, now let us go our waye,

For at<sup>3</sup> Shoters Hyll we have a game to playe. 542

HYCKE. In good fayth, I wyll tary no lenger<sup>4</sup> space.

FREWYLL. Beshrewe hym for me that is last out of this  
place !

[*Exeunt Imagynacyon, Frewyll and Hycke-scorner.*]

PYTE. Lo, lordes, they may curs the tyme they were borne

For the wedes that over-groweth the corne ;

They troubled me gyltelesse, and wote not why ;

For Goddes love, yet wyll I suffre pacyently. 548

We all may say weleaway

For synne that is now-adaye ;<sup>5</sup>

Loo, vertue is vanysshed for ever and aye :<sup>6</sup>

Worse was hyt never !

<sup>1</sup> Haz. *changes* Awaye to Well-a-way.

<sup>2</sup> Haz. *prints* fea'ty.

<sup>3</sup> W. Haz. ; Haw. a.

<sup>4</sup> W. lender ; Haw. Haz. lenger.

<sup>5</sup> *These two lines as one in W. Haw. Haz.*

<sup>6</sup> W. Haz. ; Haw. ever daye.

· We have plente of grete othes  
 · And clothe ynoughe in our clothes,  
 · But charyte many men lothes :  
     Worse was hyt never !  
 · Alas ! now is lechery called love, indede,  
 · And murdure named manhode in every nede ;  
 · Extorsyon is called lawe, so God me <sup>1</sup> spede :  
     Worse was hyt never !

560

Youth walketh by nyght with swerdes and knyves,  
 And, ever amonge, true men leseth theyr lyves ;  
 Lyke heretykes we occupy other mennes wyves  
     Now-a-dayes in Englonde.  
 Baudes be the dystryers of many yonge women,  
 And full lewde counseyll they gyve unto them ;  
 How you do mary, beware, you yonge men,  
     The wyse never taryeth to longe.

568

There be many grete scorers,  
 But for synne there be fewe mourners ;  
 We have but fewe true lovers  
     In no place now-a-dayes.  
 There be many goodly gylte knyves ; <sup>2</sup>  
 And, I trowe, <sup>3</sup> as well <sup>4</sup> apparaylled wyves,  
 Yet many of them be unthryfty of theyr lyves  
     And all set in pryde to go gaye.

576

· Mayers on synne dooth no correccyon,  
 · Gentyll-men <sup>5</sup> bereth trouthe adowne,  
 · Avoutry is suffred in every towne,  
     Amendymment is there none.  
 And Goddes commaundementes we breke them all x ;  
 Devocyon is gone many dayes syn ;  
 Let us amende us, we trewe Crysten men,  
     Or Deth make you grone !

584

<sup>1</sup> W. Haz. ; Haw. we.<sup>3</sup> W. ; Haw. Haz. knowe.<sup>2</sup> W. knyues ; Haw. Haz. knaves.<sup>4</sup> W. ; Haw. Haz. many.<sup>5</sup> W. Haw. With gentyll men ; Haz. *changes* With to While.



Courtyers go gaye and take lytell wages,  
 And many with harlottes at the taverne hauntes,  
 They be yemen of the wrethe that be shakled in gyves,  
 On themselves they have no pyte.

God punyssheth full sore with grete sekenesse,  
 As pokes, pestylence, purple[s] and axes ;  
 Some dyeth sodeynly that deth full peryllous ;  
 Yet was there never so grete poverté.

592

There be some sermones made by noble doctoures,  
 But truly the fende dothe stoppe mennes eres ;  
 For God nor good man some people not feres :

Worse was hyt never !

All trouth is not best sayd,  
 And our prechers now-adayes be halfe afrayde.  
 Whan we do amende, God wolde be well apayde :

Worse was hyt never !

600

[*Enter Contemplacyon and Perseveraunce.*]

CONT. What, mayster Pyte ; how is hyt with you ?

PERS. Syr, we be sory to se you in this case now.

PYTE. Bretherne,<sup>1</sup> here were thre peryllous men,  
 Frewyll, Hycke-scorner and Imagynacyon ;  
 They sayd I was a thefe and layd felony upon me,  
 And bound me in irons as ye maye se.

605

CONT. Where be the traytours become nowe ?

PYTE. In goode faythe, I can not shewe you.

PERS. Brother, let us unbynde hym of his bondes.

CONT. Unlose the fete and <sup>2</sup> the hondes.

610

[*They release Pyte.*]

PYTE. I thanke you for your grete kyndnes  
 That you two shewe in this dystresse ;  
 For they were men without ony mercy,  
 That delyteth all in myschefe and tyranny.

PERS. I thynke they wyll come hyder agayne,  
 Frewyll and Imagynacyon, bothe twayne ;

615

<sup>1</sup> Haw. Brethrene.

<sup>2</sup> *Qy. insert I.*

Them wyll I exorte to vertuous lyvyng  
 And unto vertu them to brynge  
 By the helpe of you, Contemplacyon.

CONT. Do my counseyll, brother Pyte : 620

Go you and seke them throughe the countre,  
 In vyllage, towne, bourghe and cyte,  
 Throughe-out all the realme of Englonde ;  
 Whan you them mete, lyghtly them arest  
 And in pryson put them faste,  
 Bynde them sure in irons stronge,  
 For they be so faste <sup>1</sup> and sotyle  
 That they wyll you begyle  
 And do true men wronge.

629

PERS. Brother Pyte, do as he hath sayd ;  
 In every quarter loke you aspye,  
 And let good watche for them be layde  
 In all the haast that thou can, and that pryvely ;  
 For, and they come hyder, they shall not scape  
 For all the crafte that they can make.

635

PYTE. Well, than wyll I hye me as fast as I maye  
 And travayle throughe every countre ;  
 Good watche shall be layde in every waye  
 That they stele not into sentwary.

639

Now fare-wele, bretherne ; and praye for me,  
 For I must go hens, in-dede.

PERS. Now God be your good spede ! <sup>2</sup>

CONT. And ever you defende, whan you have nede !

PYTE. Now, bretherne <sup>3</sup> bothe, I thanke you. [*Exit.*] 644

[*Enter Frewyll.*]

FREWYLL. Make you rome for a gentylman, syrs, and pease !  
 Duegarde, <sup>4</sup> seygnours, tout le preasse !

<sup>1</sup> *Qy.* false.

<sup>3</sup> Haw. brethrene.

<sup>2</sup> W. spende.

<sup>4</sup> Haz. *prints* Dieu garde.

And of your jangelynge yf ye wyll sease

I wyll tell you where I have be.<sup>1</sup>

Syrres, I was at the taverne and dronke wyne ;

Methought I sawe a pece that was lyke myne,

And, syr[res], all my fyngers were arayed with lyme,

So I convayed <sup>2</sup> a cuppe manerly.

652

And yet, ywys, I played all the fole ;

For there was a scoler of myne own scole,

And, syr[res], the horesone aspyed me.

Than was I rested and brought in pryson ;

For woo than I wyste not what to have done,

And all bycause I lacked monaye.

But a frende in courte is worth a peny in purs ;

For Imagynacyon, myne owne felowe, i-wys,

He dyde helpe me out full craftely :

661

Syrres, he walked thrughe Holborne

Thre houres after the sonne was downe,

And walked up towarde Saynte Gyles in the Felde ;

He hoved styll, and there behelde,

665

But there he coude not spede of his praye ;

And strayght to Ludgate he toke the waye, —

Ye wote well that potycaryes wake <sup>3</sup> very late, —

He came to a dore, and pryvely spake

To a prentes for a peny-worth of uforbyum,

670

And also for a half-peny-worth of alom plomme ;

This good servaunte served hym shortely,

And sayd, “ Is there ought elles that you wolde bye ? ”

Than he asked for a mouthfull of quycke brymstone ;

And, doune in-to the seller whan the servant was gone,

675

Asyde as he kest his eye,

A grete bagge of monaye dyde he spye,

Therin was an hondred pounce.

He trussed hym to his fete and yede his waye rounde ;

He was lodged at Newgate at the Swanne,

680

<sup>1</sup> W. Haw. Haz. bene.

<sup>3</sup> W. Haw. Haz. walke.

<sup>2</sup> Haw ; W. conuayued.

And every man toke hym for a gentyll-man ;  
 So on the morowe he delyvered me  
 Out of Newgate by this polyce ;  
 And now wyll I daunce an[d] make ryall chere !  
 But I wolde Imagynacyon were here, 685  
 For he is pereles at nede.  
 Labour to hym, syrres, yf ye wyl your maters spede.  
 Now wyll I synge and lustely sprynge !  
 But whan my fetters on my leges dyde rynge,  
 I was not gladde, perde ! but now : Hey, trolly, lolly ! 690  
 Let us se who can descaunt on this same.  
 To laughe and gete monaye,<sup>1</sup> hyt were a good<sup>2</sup> game !  
 What ! whome have we here ?  
 A preest, a douctoure, or else a frere ! 694

What, mayster doctour Dotypoll,  
 Can not you preche well in a blacke boll,  
 Or dispute ony dyvynyte ?  
 If ye be cunnyng I wyll put hyt in a prefe :  
 Good syr, why do men ete mustarde with befe ?  
 My<sup>3</sup> questyon can you assoyle me ? 700

PERS. Peas, man ! thou talkest lewdly ;  
 And of thy lyvyng, I reed, amende the !  
 FREWYLL. Avaunt, catyfe ! dost thou thou me ?  
 I am come of good kynne, I tell the :  
 My moder was a lady of the stewes blode borne,  
 And, knyght of the halter, my fader ware an horne ;  
 Therefore I take hyt in full grete scorne  
 That thou sholdest thus cheke me. 708

CONT. Abyde, felowe ; thou ca[n]st<sup>4</sup> lytell curtesye !  
 Thou shalte be charmed or thou hens pase,  
 For thou troubled Pyte and layd on hym felony.  
 Where is Imagynacyon, thy felawe that was ? 712

<sup>1</sup> W. Haw. manaye ; Haz. money.

<sup>3</sup> W. Haw. Haz. By.

<sup>2</sup> *Misprinted goed in W.*

<sup>4</sup> W. Haw. cast ; Haz. hast.

FREWYLL. I defye you bothe ! Wyll you arest me ?

PERS. Naye, naye, thy grete wordes maye not helpe the.  
Fro us thou shalte not escape. 715

FREWYLL. Make rome, syrres, that I maye breke his pate !  
I wyll not be taken for them bothe.

CONT. Thou shalt abyde, whether thou be leve or lothe !

[*Seizes him.*]

Therefore, good sone, lysten unto me,  
And marke these wordes that I do tell the : 720

Thou hast folowed thyne one wyll many a daye  
And lyved in synne without amendement ;  
Therefore in thy conceyte assaye  
To axe God mercy, and kepe his commaundement ;  
Than on the he wyll have pyte  
And brynge the to heven, that ioyfull cyte. 726

FREWYLL. What, horesone, wyll ye have me now a fole ?  
Naye, yet had I lever be capayne of Calays ;  
For, and I sholde do after your scole  
To lerne to pater to<sup>1</sup> make me pevyss[h]e,  
Yet had I lever loke with a face full thevysshe :  
And therfore prate no lenger here  
Leest my knaves fyste hytte you under the yere ! 733

What, ye dawes, wolde ye reed me  
For to lese<sup>2</sup> my pleasure in youth and jolyte,  
To basse and kysse my swete trully mully,  
As Jane, Cate, Besse, and Sybble, [to] ?  
I wolde that hell were full of suche prymmes !  
Than wolde I renne thyder on my pynnes  
As fast as I myght go. 740

PERS. Why, syr, wylte<sup>3</sup> thou not love vertu  
And forsake thy synne for the love of God Almyghty ? 742

<sup>1</sup> *Qy.* wolde.

<sup>3</sup> *Misprinted whylte in Haw.*

<sup>2</sup> *W. Haw.* lesese.

FREWYLL. What, God Almyghty? By Goddesfast at Salysbury, —

And I trowe Eester-day fell on Whytsonday that yere, —  
There were v score save an hondred in my company,

And at Pety Judas we made ryall chere.  
There we had good ale of Myghelmas bruyng,  
There heven-hye lepynge and spryngyng; 748

And thus dyde I  
Lepe out of Burdeaus unto Caunterbury,  
Almost ten myle bytwene! 751

CONT. Frewyll, forsake all this worlde wylfully here  
And change by-tyme! Thou oughtest to stonde in fere,  
For Fortune wyll tourne her whele to<sup>1</sup> swyfte,  
That clene fro thy welthe she wyll the lyfte. 755

FREWYLL. What, lift me? Who? And Imagynacyon  
were here now,

I-wys, with his fyst he wolde all to-cloute you.  
Hens, horesone[s], tary no lenger here,  
For by Saynt Pyntell the apostell I swere  
That I wyll dryve you bothe home, — 760  
And yet I was never wonte to fyght alone;  
Alas, that I had not one to bolde me!  
Than you sholde se me playe the man shamfully.  
Alas, hyt wolde do me good to fyghte!

How saye you, lordes, shall I smyte? 765  
Have amonge you, by this lyght!  
Hens, horesones! and home at ones!

Or with my wepen I shall breke your bones!  
Avaunt, you knave[s], walke, by my counseyll!

PERS. Sone, remembre the grete paynes of hell; 770  
They are so horryble that no tonge can tell;  
Beware lest thou thyder do go!

FREWYLL. Naye, by Saynt Mary, I hope, not so!  
I wyll not go to the devyll whyle I have my lyberte;

<sup>1</sup> W. Haw. to; Haz. so.

He shall take the laboure to fet me and he wyl have me ! 775  
 For he that wyl go to hell by his wyl voluntary,<sup>1</sup>  
 The devyll and the worlewynde go wyth hym !

I wyl you never fro thens tydynges brynge ;  
 Go you before and shewe me the waye,  
 And as to folowe you I wyl not saye naye, 780  
 For, by Goddes body, and you be in ones,  
 By the masse, I wyl shytt the dore at ones,  
 And than be ye taken in a pytfall !

CONT. Now, Ihesus soone defende us frome that hole !  
 For *Qui est in inferno, nulla est redemptio* : 785  
 Holy Job spake these wordes full longe ago.

FREWYLL. Nay, I have done and you lade<sup>2</sup> out Latyn  
 with scopes !<sup>3</sup>  
 But therewith can you cloute me a payre of botes ?  
 By Our Lady, ye sholde have some werke of me ;  
 I wolde have them well underlayd and easely, 790

For I use alwaye to go one<sup>4</sup> the one syde.  
 And trowe ye how ? By God, in the stockes I sate tyde<sup>5</sup>  
 I trowe a thre wekes, and more a lytell stounde ;  
 And there I laboured sore daye by daye,  
 And so I tred my shone inwarde, in good faye.  
 Lo, therefore, methynke, you must soule them rounde ! 796

If you have any newe botes, a payre I wolde by ;  
 But I thynke your pryce be to hye.  
 Syr, ones at Newgate I bought a payre of sterrups,<sup>6</sup>  
 A myghty payre and a stronge ; 800  
 A hole yere I ware them so longe,  
 But they came not fully to my knee,  
 And to cloute them hyt cost not me a peny.  
 Even now, and ye go thyder, ye shall fynde a grete hepe ;  
 And you speke in my name, ye shall have good chepe. 805

<sup>1</sup> W.; Haw. Haz. voluntarily.

<sup>2</sup> Haz. laid.

<sup>3</sup> W.; Haw. Haz. scope.

<sup>4</sup> Haz., of course, on.

<sup>5</sup> W. Haw. tyd(e) ; Haz. till.

<sup>6</sup> W.; Haw. sterrup.

PERS. Syr, we came never there, ne never shall do.

FREWYLL. Mary, I was taken in a trap there, and tyde  
by the to,

That I halted a grete whyle and myght not go.

I wolde ye bothe sate as fast there ; 809

Than sholde ye daunce as a bere,

And all by gangelynge of your chaynes.

CONT. Why, syr, were ye there ?

FREWYLL. Ye, and that is sene by my braynes ; 813

For, or I came there, I was as wyse as a woodcock,

And, I thanke God, as wytte as a haddocke.

Yet I trust to recover, as other dose ;

For, and I had ones as moche wytte as a gose,

I sholde be marchaunt of the banke.

Of golde than I sholde have many a franke ;

For yf I myzt make iii good vyages to Shoters Hyl, 820

And have wynde and weder at my wyll,

Than wolde I never travell the see more.

But hyt is harde to kepe the shyppe fro the shore,

And yf hyt happe to ryse a storme ;

Than throwen in a rase,<sup>1</sup> and so aboute borne, 825

On rockes or brachis for to ronne,

Elles to stryke grounde at Tyborne, —

That were a myschevous case !

For that rocke of Tyborne is so peryllous a place

Yonge galauntes dare not venture into Kente, 830

But whan theyr monaye is gone and spente,

With theyr longe botes<sup>2</sup> they rowe on the baye, —

And ony man-of-warre lye by the waye,

They must take a bote and throwe the helme a-le ;<sup>3</sup>

And full harde hyt is to scape that grete jeopardye, 835

For at Saynt Thomas of Watrynge and they stryke a sayle,

Than must they ryde in the haven of hempe<sup>4</sup> without fayle.

<sup>1</sup> Haz. raft.

<sup>2</sup> Haz. *prints* boots.

<sup>3</sup> W. Haw. Haz. *ale* ; *in spite of the rhyme*, Haz. *explains it as heel*.

<sup>4</sup> Haz. hemp ; W. Haw. hepe.



And were not these two jeopordous place in-dede,  
 Ther is many a marchaunt that thyder wolde spede.  
 But yet we have a sure canell<sup>1</sup> at Westmynster, 840  
 A thousande shyppes of theves therin may ryde sure ;  
 For yf they may have ankerholde and grete spendynge,  
 They may lyve as mery as ony kynge.

PERS. Good<sup>2</sup> wote, syr, there is a pyteous lyvyng !  
 Than ye drede not the grete mayster above ? 845  
 Sone, forsake thy mysse for his love,  
 And than mayst thou come to the blisse also.

FREWYLL. Why, what wolde you that I sholde do ?

CONT. For to go towarde heven.<sup>3</sup>

FREWYLL. Mary, and you wyll me thyder brynge,<sup>4</sup>  
 I wolde do after you.

PERS. I praye you remembre my wordes now : 852

Frewyll, bethynke the that thou shalte dye,  
 And of the houre thou art<sup>5</sup> uncertayne,  
 Yet by thy lyfe thou mayst fynde a remedy ;  
 For, and thou dye in synne, all labour is in vayne, —  
 Than shall thy soule be styll in payne,  
 Loste and dampned for evermore,  
 Helpe is past, thoughe thou wolde fayne,  
 Than thou wylte curse the tyme that thou were bore. 860

FREWYLL. Syr, yf ye wyll undertake that I saved shall  
 be,

I wyll do all the penaunce that you wyll sette me.

CONT. If that thou for thy synnes be sory,  
 Our Lorde wyll forgyve them the.<sup>6</sup> 864

FREWYLL. Now of all my synnes I axe God mercy ;  
 Here I forsake synne and trust to amende ;  
 I beseche Ihesu, that is moost myghty,  
 To forgyve all that I have offende. 868

<sup>1</sup> Haz., *of course*, channel.

<sup>2</sup> Haz. *prints* God.

<sup>3</sup> *Qy.* Towarde heven for to go.

<sup>4</sup> *Qy.* me brynge therto.

<sup>5</sup> Haz. ; W. Haw. are, *which is possible*.

<sup>6</sup> W. Haw. Haz. the them.

PERS. Our Lorde now wyll shewe the his mercy ;

A new name thou nede none have,  
For all that wyll to heven hye,  
By his owne frewyll he must forsake folye, —  
Than is he sure and save.

873

CONT. Holde here a newe garment,

And here-after lyve devoutly,  
And for thy synnes do ever repente, —  
Sorowe for thy synnes is very remedy.

And, Frewyll, ever to Vertue applye ;  
Also to Sadnes gyve ye attendaunce,  
Let hym never out of remembraunce.

FREWYLL. I wyll never frome you, syr Perseveraunce ; 881

With you wyll I abyde bothe daye and nyght,

Of mynde never to be varyable,  
And Goddes commandementes to kepe them ryght  
In deed and worde, and ever full stable.

PERS. Than heven thou shalt have, without fable,  
But loke that thou be stedfaste,  
And let thy mynde with good wyll laste !

888

[Enter Imagynacyon.]

IMAG. Huffe ! huffe ! huffe ! who sent after me ?

I am Imagynacyon, full of jolyte ;

Lorde, that my herte is lyght !

Whan shall I perysshe ? I trowe, never !

By Cryst, I recke not a feder !

Even now I was dubbed a knyght. 894

Where ? At Tyburne. Of the coller.

And of the stewes I am made controller,

Of all the houses of lechery ;

There shall no man playe doccy there,

At the Bell, Hertes Horne, ne elles-where,

Without they have leve of me.

900

But, syrres, wote ye why I am come hyder?

By Our Lady, to gyder<sup>1</sup> good company togyder.

Sawe ye no[ugh]t of my felawe, Frewyll?

I am aferde lest he be serchyng on a hyll;

By God, than one of us is begyled!

905

What felawe is this that in this cote is fyled?

Kockes deth! whome have we here?

What! Frewyll, myn owne fere?

Arte thou out of thy mynde?

FREWYLL. God graunte the waye to heven I maye fynde, 910  
For I forsake thy company.

IMAG. Goddes armes! my company? and why?

FREWYLL. For thou lyvest to synfully.

IMAG. Alas! tell me how hyt is with the!

FREWYLL. Forsake thy synne for the love of me.

915

IMAG. Kockes herte! arte thou waxed made?

FREWYLL. Whan I thynke on my synne, it makes me full  
sade.

IMAG. Goddes woundes! who gave the that counsell?

FREWYLL. Perseveraunce and Contemplacyon, I the tell.

IMAG. A vengeaunce on them! I wolde they were in hell! 920

FREWYLL. Amende, Imagynacyon, and mercy crye!

IMAG. By Goddes sydes, I hadde lever be hanged  
on hye!

Naye, that wolde I not do; I hadde lever dye.

By Goddes passyon, and I hadde a longe knyfe,

I wolde bereve these two horesones of theyr lyfe!

925

How, how! <sup>2</sup> twenty pounde <sup>3</sup> for a dagger!

CONT. Peas, peas, good sone, and speke softer!

And amende or Deth drawe his draught,

For on the he wyll stele full softe, —

He gyveth never no man warnyng,

And ever to the he is comyng:

Therefore remembre the well.

932

<sup>1</sup> W. Haw. togyder; Haz. to gather.

<sup>2</sup> Haz. *modernizes* to how, *not* ho.

<sup>3</sup> W.; Haw. Haz. pounds.

IMAG. A ! horesone, if I were jayler of hell,  
 I-wys, some sorowe sholde thou fele ;  
 For to the devyll I wolde the sell,  
 Than sholde ye have many a sory mele. 936

I wolde never gyve you mete ne drynke ;  
 Ye sholde faste, horesones, tyll ye dyde stynke  
 Even as a roten dogge,—ye, by Saynt Tyburne of  
 Kent !

PERS. Imagynacyon, thynke what God dyd for the :  
 On Good Frydaye he hanged on a tre,  
 And all his precyous blode spent ;<sup>1</sup> 942

A spere dyde ryve his herte a-sonder ;  
 The gates he brake up with a clappe of thunder,  
 And Adam and Eve there delyvered he. 945

IMAG. What devyll, what is that to me ?  
 By Goddes fast, I was ten yere in Newgate,  
 And many more felawes with me sate,  
 Yet he never came there to helpe me ne my company.

CONT. Yes, he holpe the, or thou haddest not ben here  
 now.

IMAG. By the masse, I can not sewe<sup>2</sup> you ; 951

For he and I never dranke togyder,  
 Yet I knowe many an ale-stake ;  
 Neyther at the stues, I wyste<sup>3</sup> hym never come<sup>4</sup> thyder.  
 Gooth he arrayed in whyte or in blacke ? 955

For, and he out of pryson hadde holpe me,  
 I knowe well ones I sholde hym se ;  
 I praye you, what gowne wereth he ?<sup>5</sup>  
 PERS. Syr, he halpe you out by his myght.

<sup>1</sup> W. Haw. Haz. And spent all his precyous blode.

<sup>2</sup> W. Haw. Haz. shewe.

<sup>3</sup> Haz. i-wis.

<sup>4</sup> W. ; Haw. Haz. he never came.

<sup>5</sup> W. Haw. Haz. What gowne wereth he, I praye you ?

IMAG. I can not tell you, by this lyght ! 960  
 But me thought that I laye there to longe ;  
 And the horesone fetters were so stronge  
 That hadde almost brought my necke out of joynt.

PERS. Amende, and thou shalt knowe hym, sone,<sup>1</sup>  
 That delyvered the out of pryson ; 965  
 And, yf thou wylt forsake thy mysse,  
 Surely thou shalt come to the blisse  
 And be inherytoure of heven. 968

IMAG. What, syr, above the mone ?  
 Naye, by the masse ; then sholde I fall soone !  
 Yet I kepe not to clymme so hye ;  
 But to clymme for a byrdes neste,  
 There is none bytwene east and weste  
 • That dare therto ventre better than I ! 974

• But to ventre to heven — what and my fete slyppe ?  
 • I knowe well than I sholde breke my necke,  
 And, by God, than hadde I the worse syde !  
 • Yet had I lever be by the nose tyde  
 • In a wenches ars somewhere  
 • Rather than I wolde stande in that grete fere, 980  
 • For to go up to heven. Naye, I praye you lette be.

FREWYLL. Imagynacyon, wylte thou do by the counseyll  
 of me ?

IMAG. Ye, syr, by my trouthe, what-somever it be.

FREWYLL. Amende yet, for my sake ;  
 Hyt is better be-tyme than to late !  
 • How saye you, wyll you Goddes hestes fulfyll ?

IMAG. I wyll do, syr, even as you wyll. 987

• But, I praye you, let me have a newe cote  
 • Whan I have nede, and in my purse a grote  
 Than wyll I dwell with you styl.

<sup>1</sup> W. Haw. Haz. Amende, sone, and thou shalt knowe hym.

FREWYLL. Beware, for whan thou arte buried in the  
grounde,

Fewe frendes for the wyll be founde :

Remembre this styll ! 993

IMAG. No-thinge drede I so sore as deth ;  
Therefore to amende I thynke hyt be tyme.

Synne have I used all the dayes of my breth,  
With pleasure, lechery and mysusynge, 997

And spent amys my v wyttes ; therfore I am sory.  
Here of all my synnes I axe God mercy.

PERS. Holde ! here is a better clothynge for the. 1000  
And loke that thou forsake thy foly ;  
Be stedfast, loke that thou fall never.

IMAG. Now, here I forsake my synne for-ever.

FREWYLL. Syr, wayte thou now on Perseveraunce,  
For thy name shall be called Good Remembraunce ; 1005  
And I wyll dwell with Contemplacyon,  
And folowe hym where-ever he become.

CONT. Well, are ye so bothe agrede ?

IMAG. Ye, syr, so God me spede ! 1009

PERS. Syr, ye shall wete on me soone,  
And be Goddes servaunt daye and nyght ;  
And in every place where ye become  
Gyve good counseyle to every wyght ; 1013

And men axe your name, tell you Remembraunce,  
That Goddes lawe kepeth truly every daye,  
And loke that ye forget not Repentaunce ;  
Than to heaven ye shall go the nexte waye, 1017

Where ye shall se in the heavenly quere  
The blessyd company of sayntes so holy,  
That lyved devou[t]ly whyle they were here :  
Unto the whiche blysse I beseche God Almyghty

To brynge there your soules that here be present  
And unto vertuous lyvyng that ye maye applye,  
Truly for to kepe his commaundemente.<sup>1</sup> 1024

Of all our myrthes here we make an ending ;<sup>2</sup>  
Unto the blysse of heven Ihesu your soules brynge ! 1026

AMEN.

Enprynted  
by me *Wynkyn de*  
*Worde.*

<sup>1</sup> Haz. commandments.

<sup>2</sup> W. Haw. Haz. ende.

# THE PLAY OF WYT AND SCIENCE.

By JHON REDFORD.

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Printed from the edition by J. O. Halliwell (Shakespeare Society, 1848). In the footnotes, H. indicates this edition. The MS., formerly the property of B. H. Bright, Esq., is now in the British Museum. The play is incomplete at the beginning; a reconstruction of the plot of the missing part will be found in vol. III of this book.

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## [*Dramatis Personae.*

WYT.	STUDY.
SCIENCE.	DYLYGENCE.
REASON.	INSTRUCCION.
EXPERVENCE.	TEDIOUSNES.
CONFYDENCE.	IDELLNES.
HONEST RECREACION,	SHAME.

CUMFORT, QUICKNES, STRENGTH.  
FAME, RYCHES, FAVOR, WOORSHYP.]

. . . . .

REASON. Then in remembrance of Reson hold yee  
A glas of Reson, wherein beholde yee  
Youre-sealfe to youre-selfe. Namely when ye  
Cum neere my dowghter, Science, then see  
That all thynges be cleane and trycke abowte ye,  
Least of sum sloogyshnes she myght dowte ye.  
Thys glas of Reason shall show ye all;  
Whyle ye have that, ye have me, and shall.  
Get ye foorth, now! Instruccion, fare-well!  
INSTR.<sup>1</sup> Syr, God keepe ye!

5

*Heere all go out save Resone.*

<sup>1</sup> H. gives the name of each speaker in full.



REASON.	And ye all from parell !	10
If anye man now marvell that I		
Woolde bestowe my dowghter thus baselye,		
Of truth I, Reson, am of thys mynde :		
Where partyes together be enclynde		
By gyftes of graces to love ech other,		15
There let them joyne the tone wyth the toother.		
Thys Wyt such gyftes of graces hath in hym		
That makth my dowghter to wyshe to wyn hym :		
Yoong, paynefull, tractable and capax, —		
Thes be Wytes gyftes whych Science doth axe.		20
And as for her, as soone as Wyt sees her,		
For all the world he woold not then leese her.		
Wherefore, syns they both be so meete matches		
To love ech other, strawe for the patches		
Of worldly mucke ! Syence hath inowghe		25
For them both to lyve. Yf Wyt be throwhe		
Stryken in love, as he synes hath showde,		
I dowte not my dowghter well bestowde.		
Thende of hys jornay wyll aprove all.		
Yf Wyt hold owte, no more prooffe can fall ;		30
And that the better hold out he <sup>1</sup> may,		
To refresh my soone, Wyt, now by the way		
Sum solas for hym I wyll provyde.		
An honest woman dwellth here besyde		
Whose name is cald Honest Recreation ;		35
As men report, for Wytes consolacion		
She hath no peere ; yf Wyt were halfe deade,		
She cowld revyve hym, — thus is yt sed.		
Wherefore, yf monye or love can hyre her,		
To hye after Wyt I wyll desyre her.		40

[Exit Reason.] *Confidence cumth in with a pecture of Wyt.*

[CONF.] Ah ! syr, what tyme of day yst, who can tell?  
 The day ys not far past, I wot well,  
 For I have gone fast and yet I see

<sup>1</sup> H. ye.

I am far from where as I wold be.  
 Well, I have day inowgh yet, I spye ; 45  
 Wherefore, or I pas hens, now must I  
 See thys same token heere, a playne case,  
 What Wyt hath sent to my ladyes grace.

[*Examines his packet.*]

Now wyll ye see a goodly pycture  
 Of Wyt hymsealfe, hys owne image sure, — 50  
 Face, bodye, armes, legges, both lym and joynt, —  
 As lyke hym as can be, in every poynt ;  
 Yt lakth but lyfe. Well I can hym thanke,  
 Thys token in-deede shall make sum cranke ;  
 For, what wyth thys pycture so well faverde, 55  
 And what wyth those sweete woordes so well saverd  
 Dystylling from the mowth of Confydençe, —  
 Shall not thys apese the hart of Science ?  
 Yes ; I thanke God I am of that nature  
 Able to compas thys matter sure, 60  
 As ye shall see now, who lyst to marke yt,  
 How neatly and feately I shall warke yt.

[*Exit Confydençe.*] *Wyt cumth in without Instruccion, with Study, &c.*

[WYT.] Now, syrs, cum on ; whyche is the way now,  
 Thys way or that way ? Studye, how say you ?

[*Study considers.*]

Speake, Dylygence, whyle he hath bethowghte hym. 65

DYL. That way, belyke ; most usage hath wrowht hym.

STUD. Ye, hold your pesse ! Best we here now stay  
 For Instruccion ; I lyke not that waye.

WYT. Instruccion, Studye ? I weene we have lost hym.

*Instruccion cumth in.*

[INSTR.] Indeade, full gently abowte ye have tost hym ! 70  
 What mene you, Wyt, styll to delyghte  
 Runnyng before thus, styll owt of syghte,  
 And therby out of your way now quyghte ?

What doo ye here excepte ye woold fyghte?  
 Cum back agayne, Wyt, for I must choose ye 75  
 An esyer way then thys, or ells loose ye.

WYT. What ayleth thys way? Parell here is none.

INSTR. But as much as your lyfe standth upon ;  
 Youre enmye, man, lyeth heere before ye, —  
 Tedyousnes, to brayne or to gore ye! 80

WYT. Tedyousnes? Doth that tyrant rest  
 In my way now? Lord, how am I blest  
 That occacion so nere me sturres  
 For my dere hartes sake to wynne my spurres !  
 Ser, woold ye fere me with that fowle theeafe, 85  
 Wyth whome to mete my desyre is cheafe?

INSTR. And what woold ye doo, — you havynge nowghte  
 For your defence? for though ye have cawghte  
 Garmentes of Science upon your backe,  
 Yet wepons of Science ye do lak. 90

WYT. What wepons of Science shuld I have?

INSTR. Such as all lovers of ther looves crave, —  
 A token from Ladye Science wherbye  
 Hope of her favor may spryng, and therbye  
 Comforte, whych is the weapon dowteles 95  
 That must serve youe agaynst Tedyousnes.

WYT. Yf hope or comfort may be my weapen,  
 Then never with Tedyousnes mee threten ;  
 For, as for hope, of my deere hartes faver —  
 And therby comfort — inowghe I gather. 100

INSTR. Wyt, here me ! Tyll I see Confydence  
 Have browght sum token from Ladye Science,  
 That I may feele that she favorth you,  
 Ye pas not thys way, I tell you trew.

WYT. Whych way than?

INSTR. A playner way, I told ye, 105  
 Out of danger from youre foe to hold ye.

WYT. Instruccion, here me ! Or my swete hart  
 Shall here that Wyt from that wreche shall start  
 One foote, thys bodye and all shall cracke !

Foordh I wyll, sure, what-ever I lacke ! 110

DYL. Yf ye lacke weapon, syr, here is one.

WYT. Well sayde, Dyligence, thowe art alone !  
How say ye, syr ; is not here weapon ?

INSTR. Wyth that weapon your enemy never threton,  
For wythowt the returne of Confydençe 115  
Ye may be slayne, sure, for all Dyligence.

DYL. God, syr ! and Dyligence, I tell you playne,  
Wyll play the man or my master be slayne !

INSTR. Ye ; but what ! sayth Studye no wurde to thys ?

WYT. No, syr ; ye knowe Studyes ofyce is 120  
Meete for the chamber, not for the feeld.

But tell me, Studye, wylt thou now yeld ?

STUD. My hed akth sore ; I wold wee returne !

WYT. Thy hed ake now ? I wold it were burne !  
Cum on ; walkyng may hap to ese the. 125

INSTR. And wyll ye be gone, then, wythout mee ?

WYT. Ye, by my fayth ; except ye hy ye after,  
Reson shall know yee are but an hafter.

*Exceat Wyt, Study and Dyligence.*

INSTR. Well, go your way ! Whan your father, Reson,  
Heerth how ye obay me at thys season, 130  
I thynke he wyll thynke hys dowghter now  
May mary another man for you.

When wytes stand so in ther owne conceite,  
Best let them go, tyll pryde at hys heyghte  
Turne and cast them downe hedlong agayne, 135  
As ye shall see provyd by thys Wyt playne.

Yf Reson hap not to cum the rather,  
Hys owne dystruccion he wyll sure gather ;  
Wherefore to Reson wyll I now get me,  
Levyng that charge whereabowt he set mee. 140

*Exceat Instruccion. Tedyousnes cumth in with a vyser over hys hed.*

[TEDY.] Oh the body of me !  
What kaytyves be those

That wyll not once flee  
     From Tediousnes nose,  
 But thus dysese me 145  
     Out of my nest,  
 When I shoold ese mee  
     Thys body to rest !  
 That Wyt, that vylayne,  
     That wrech, — a shame take hym ! — 150  
 Yt is he playne  
     That thus bold doth make hym,  
 Wythowt my lycence  
     To stalke by my doore  
 To that drab, Syence, 155  
     To wed that whore !  
 But I defye her ; <sup>1</sup>  
     And for that drabes sake,  
 Or Wyt cum ny her,  
     The knaves hed shall ake ; 160  
 Thes bones, this mall,  
     Shall bete hym to dust  
 Or that drab shall  
     Once quench that knaves lust !  
 But, hah ! mee thynkes 165  
     I am not halfe lustye ;  
 Thes jo[y]ntes, thes lynkes,  
     Be ruffe and halfe rustye ;  
 I must go shake them,  
     Supple to make them ! 170  
 Stand back, ye wrechys !  
 Beware the fechys  
 Of Tediousnes,  
 Thes kaytyves to bles !  
 Make roome, I say ! 175  
 Rownd evry way,  
 Thys way, that way !  
 What cares <sup>2</sup> what way ?

<sup>1</sup> H. here.<sup>2</sup> *Qy.* What care I or Who cares.

Before me, behynd me,  
 Rownd abowt wynd me! 180  
 Now I begyn  
 To swete in my skin ;  
 Now am I nemble  
 To make them tremble.  
 Pash hed ! pash brayne ! 185  
 The knaves are slayne,  
 All that I hyt !  
 Where art thou, Wyt ?  
 Thow art but deade !  
 Of goth thy hed 190  
 A' the fyrst blow !  
 Ho, ho ! ho, ho !

*Wyt spekyth at the doore.*

[WYT.] Studye !  
 STUD. Here, syr !  
 WYT. How, doth thy hed ake ?  
 STUD. Ye, God wot, syr, much payne I do take !  
 WYT. Dylygens !  
 DYL. Here, syr, here !  
 WYT. How dost thou ? 195  
 Doth thy stomak serve the to fyght now ?  
 DYL. Ye, syr, wyth yonder wrech, — a vengans on  
 hym !  
 That thretneth you thus. Set evyn upon hym !  
 STUD. Upon hym, Dylygence ? Better nay ! <sup>1</sup>  
 DYL. Better nay, Studye ? Why shoold we fray ? <sup>2</sup> 200  
 STUD. For I am wery ; my hed akth sore.  
 DYL. Why, folysh Studye, thou shalt doo no more  
 But ayde my master wyth thy presens.  
 WYT. No more shalt thou nether, Dylygence.  
 Ayde me wyth your presence, both you twayne, 205  
 And for my love myselfe shall take payne !

<sup>1</sup> Lines 199–201 erased in MS.

<sup>2</sup> Kittredge suggests that fray may be a misreading of stay.

STUD. Syr, we be redye to ayde you so.

WYT. I axe no more, Studye. Cum then, goe!

*Tedyiousnes rysyth up.*

[TEDY.] Why, art thou cum?

WYT. Ye, wrech, to thy payne!

TEDI. Then have at the!

WYT. Have at the, agayne! 210

*Here Wyt fallyth downe and dyeth.*

TEDI. Lye thou there! Now have at ye, kaytyves!

Do ye fle, ifayth? A! horeson theves!

By Mahowndes bones, had the wrechtes taryd,

Ther neckes wythowt hedes they showld have caryd!

Ye, by Mahowndes nose, myght I have patted them, 215

In twenty gobbetes I showld have squatted them,

To teche the knaves to cum neere the snowte

Of Tedyousnes! Walke funder abowte

I trow now they wyll. And as for thee,

Thow wylt no-more now troble mee. 220

Yet, lest the knave be not safe inowghe,

The horeson shall bere me another kuffe. [Strikes him.]

Now ly styll, kaytyv, and take thy rest,

Whyle I take myne in myne owne nest. 224

*Exceat Tedy[ousnes].*

*Here cumth in Honest Recreacion, Cumfort, Quychnes, and Strenght,  
and go and knele about Wyt; and at the last verce reysyth hym up upon  
hys feete, and so make an end.*

[While they kneel, they sing this song:]<sup>1</sup>

Gyve place, gyve place to Honest Recreacion;

Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion. 226

When travelles grete in matters thycke

Have duld your wyttes and made them sycke,

<sup>1</sup> The song inserted here occurs in MS. among the songs that follow the play. It clearly belongs here, however, as it has the superscription: "The fyrst song in the play of Science."

What medson than your wyttes to quycke ?  
 Yf ye wyll know, the best phisycke  
     Is to geve place to Honest Recreation ;  
     Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion ! 232

Where is that Wyt that we seeke than ?  
 Alas, he lyeth here pale and wan !  
 Helpe hym at once now, yf we can.  
 O Wyt, how doest thou ? Looke up, man !  
     O Wyt, geve place to Honest Recreation ;  
     Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion ! 238

After place gyvyn, let eare obay ;  
 Gyve an eare, O Wyt, now we the pray ;  
 Gyve eare to that we syng and say ;  
 Gyve an eare, and healp wyll cum strayghteway ;  
     Gyve an eare to Honest Recreation ;  
     Gyve an ere, now, for thy consolacion ! 244

After eare gyvyn, now gyve an eye !  
 Behold thy freendes abowte the lye :  
 Recreation I, and Comfort I,  
 Quicknes am I, and Strength herebye.  
     Gyve an eye to Honest Recreation ;  
     Gyve an eye, now, for thy consolacion ! 250

After eye gyvyn, an hand gyve ye !  
 Gyve an hand, O Wyt, feele that ye see ;  
 Recreation feele, feele Comfort fre,  
 Feele Quicknes here, feale Strength to the !  
     Gyve an hand to Honest Recreation ;  
     Gyve an hand, now, for thy consolacion ! 256

Upon his feete woold God he were !  
 To rayse hym now we neede not fere.  
 Stay you hys handes, whyle we hym<sup>1</sup> bere ;  
 Now all at once upryght him rere !

<sup>1</sup> H. here.



O Wyt, gyve place to Honest Recreation ;  
 Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion ! 262

*And than Honest Recreation sayth as folowyth :<sup>1</sup>*

HON. REC. Now, Wyt, how do ye ? Wyll ye be lustye ?  
 WYT. The lustier for you needes be must I.  
 HON. REC. Be ye all hole yet after your fall ?  
 WYT. As ever I was, thanks to you all.

*Reson cummeth in, and sayth as folowyth :*

[RESON.] Ye myght thanke Reson that sent them to ye ;  
 But syns the[y] have [do] that the[y] shoold do ye,  
 Send them home, soonne, and get ye forwarde.  
 WYT. Oh father Reson, I have had an hard 270  
 Chance synce ye saw me !

RESON.<sup>2</sup> I wot well that.  
 The more to blame ye,<sup>3</sup> when ye wold not  
 Obay Instruccion, as Reson wyld ye.  
 What marvell thowgh Tedyousness had kyld ye ?  
 But let pas now, synce ye ar well agayne. 275  
 Set forward agayne Syence to attayne !

WYT. Good father Reson, be not to hasty ;  
 In honest cumpany no tyme wast I.  
 I shall to youre dowghter all at leyser.  
 RESON. Ye, Wyt, is that the grete love ye rayse her ? 280  
 I say, yf ye love my dowghter Science,  
 Get ye foorth at once, and get ye hence.

*Al go out save Honest.<sup>4</sup>*

*Here Comfort, Quiknes and Strength go out.*

<sup>1</sup> In H. this and the stage direction preceding the song form a single sentence. For the sake of clearness, I have broken the sentence and inserted the song between the parts.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Reson cumth in ; corr. by H.

<sup>3</sup> H. says : " This sentence is repeated in the MS. by mistake, but part of the previous line seems to be wanting " ; but I see no reason for the latter statement.

<sup>4</sup> H. adds [RECREACION]. But it should seem that the scribe began to write : Al go out save Honest Recreation, Reason and Wyt, but halfway through the sentence decided upon another form of expressing the same fact, and then neglected to erase what he had written.

WYT. Nay, by Saynt George, they go not all yet!

RESON. No? wyll ye dysobey Reson, Wyt?

WYT. Father Reson, I pray ye content ye, 285  
For we parte not yet.

RESON. Well, Wyt, I went ye  
Had bene no such man as now I see.

Fare-well!

*Exeat.*

HON. REC. He ys angry.

WYT. Ye, let hym be!

I doo not passe!

Cum now, a basse! 290

HON. REC. Nay, syr, as for bassys,  
From hence none passys

But as in gage

Of mary-age.

WYT. Mary, evyn so. 295

A bargayne, lo!

HON. REC. What, wythout lycence  
Of Ladye Science? 298

WYT. Shall I tell you trothe?

I never lovde her.

HON. REC. The common voyce goth  
That mariage ye movd her. 302

WYT. Promyse hath she none.

Yf we shalbe wone,

Wythout mo wurdes grawnt!

HON. REC. What, upon this soodayne?  
Then myghte ye playne

Byd me avawnt! 308

Nay, let me see

In honeste

What ye can doo

To wyn Recreacion;

Upon that probacion

I grawnt therto. 314

WYT. Small be my dooinges,  
But apt to all thynges  
I am, I trust.

HON. REC. Can ye dawnce than?

WYT. Evyn as I can,  
Prove me ye must. 320

HON. REC. Then for a whyle  
Ye must excyle

This garment cumbryng.<sup>1</sup>

WYT. In-deede, as ye say,  
This cumbrus aray  
Woold make Wyt slumbryng. 326

HON. REC. Yt is gay geere  
Of Science cleere, —

Yt seemth her aray.

WYT. Whose-ever it were,  
Yt lythe now there! [Takes off his gown.]

HON. REC. Go to, my men, play! 332

*Here [the minstrels play and Honest Recreation and Wyt] dawnce,<sup>2</sup>  
and in the mene-whyle Idellnes cumth in and syth downe, and when the  
galyard is doone, Wyt sayth as folowyth, and so falyth downe in Idellnes  
lap.*

WYT. Sweete hart, gramercys!

HON. REC. Why, whether now? Have ye doone, synce?

WYT. Ye, in fayth, with wery bones ye have possest me;  
Among thes damselles now wyll I rest me.

HON. REC. What, there?

WYT. Ye, here; I wylbe so bold.

IDLE. Ye, and wellcum, by hym that God sold!

HON. REC. Yt ys an harlot, may ye not see?

IDLE. As honest a woman as ye be! 340

HON. REC. Her name is Idlenes. Wyt, what mene you?

IDLE. Nay, what meane you to scolde thus, you quene,  
you?

<sup>1</sup> H. cum bryng; but cf. l. 325.

<sup>2</sup> H. *Here they dawnce.*

WYT. Ther, go to ! Lo ! now for the best game !  
 Whille I take my ese, youre toonges now frame !

HON. REC. Ye, Wyt ; by youre fayth, is that youre  
 facion ? 345

Wyll ye leave me, Honest Recreation,  
 For that common strumpet, Idellnes,  
 The verye roote of all vyciousnes ?

WYT. She sayth she is as honest as ye.  
 Declare yourselves both now as ye be ! 350

HON. REC. What wolde ye more for my declaracion  
 Then evyn my name, Honest Recreation ?  
 And what wold ye more her to expres  
 Then evyn her name, to, Idlenes —  
 Dystruccion of all that wyth her tarye ? 355  
 Wherefore cum away, Wyt ; she wyll mar ye !

IDEL. Wyll I mar hym, drabb, thow calat, thow !  
 When thow hast mard hym all-redye now ?  
 Cawlyst thow thysealfe Honest Recreation,  
 Ordryng a poore man after thys fâcion, 360  
 To lame hym thus and make his lymmes fayle  
 Evyn wyth the swyngyng there of thy tayle ?  
 The dyvyll set fyre one the ! for now must I,  
 Idlenes, hele hym agayne, I spye.

I must now lull hym, rock hym, and frame hym 365  
 To hys lust agayne, where thow dydst lame hym.  
 Am I the roote, sayst thow, of vyciousnes ?  
 Nay ; thow art roote of all vyce dowteles !

Thow art occacion, lo ! of more evyll  
 Then I, poore gerle, — nay, more then the dyvyll ! 370  
 The dyvyll and hys dam can not devyse  
 More devlyshnes then by the doth ryse.

Under the name of Honest Recreation,  
 She, lo ! bryngth in her abhominacion !  
 Mark her dawnsyng, her maskyng, and mummyng — 375  
 Where more concupyscence then ther cummyng ?

Her cardyng, her dycyng, dayly and nyghtlye —  
 Where fynd ye more falcehod then there ? Not lyghtly.

Wyth lyeng and sweryng by no poppetes,  
 But teryng God in a thowsand gobbetes. 380  
 As for her syngyng, pypyng and fydlyng,  
 What unthryftynges therin is twydlyng !  
 Serche the tavernes and ye shall here cleere  
 Such bawdry as bestes wold spue to heere.  
 And yet thys is kald Honest Recreation, 385  
 And I, poore Idlenes, abhomynacion !  
 But whych is wurst of us twayne, now judg, Wyt.

WYT. Byrladye, not thow, wench, I judge yet.

HON. REC. No? Ys youre judgment such then that ye  
 Can neyther perseve<sup>1</sup> that best, how she 390  
 Goth abowte to dyceve you, nor yet  
 Remembre how I savyd youre lyfe, Wyt?  
 Thynke you her meete wyth mee to compare  
 By whome so manye wytes curyd are?  
 When wyll she doo such an act as I dyd, 395  
 Savynge your lyfe when I you revyved?  
 And as I savyd you, so save I all  
 That in lyke jeoperdy chance to fall.  
 When Tediousnes to grownd hath smytten them,  
 Honest Recreation up doth quyken them 400  
 Wyth such honest pastymes, sportes or games  
 As unto myne honest nature frames,  
 And not, as she sayth, with pastymes suche  
 As be abusyd lytell or muche, —  
 For where honest pastymes be abusyd, 405  
 Honest Recreation is refused ;  
 Honest Recreation is present never  
 But where honest pastymes be well usyd ever.  
 But in-deede Idlenes, she is cawse  
 Of all such abuses ; she, lo ! drawes 410  
 Her sort to abuse myne honest games,  
 And therby full falsly my name defames.  
 Under the name of Honest Recreation  
 She bryngth in all her abhomynacion,

<sup>1</sup> MS. peseve; *corr. by H.*

Dystroyng all wytes that her imbrace, 415  
 As youre-selfe shall see wythin short space.  
 She wyll bryng you to shamefull end, Wyt,  
 Except the sooner from her ye flyt.

Wherefore cum away, Wyt, out of her pawse!  
 Hence, drabb! let hym go out of thy clawse! 420

IDLE. Wyll ye get ye hence? or, by the mace,  
 Thes clawes shall clawe you by youre drabbes face!

HON. REC. Ye shall not neade; syns Wyt lyethe as wone  
 That neyther heerth nor seeth, I am gone. *Exceat.*

IDLE. Ye, so? fare-well! And well fare thow, toonge! 425  
 Of a short pele this pele was well roong, —  
 To ryng her hence, and hym fast asleepe  
 As full of sloth as the knave can kreepe!  
 How, Wyt! awake! How doth my babye?  
*Neque vox neque sensus*, byr Ladye! 430

A meete man for Idlenes, no dowte.  
 Hark my pygg, how the knave dooth rowte!  
 Well, whyle he sleepth in Idlenes lappe,  
 Idlenes marke on hym shall I clappe.  
 Sum say that Idlenes can not warke; 435  
 But those that so say, now let them marke!  
 I trowe they shall see that Idlenes  
 Can set hersealfe abowt sum busynes;  
 Or, at the lest, ye shall see her tryde,  
 Nother idle nor well occupyde. 440

[*She marks Wyt.*]

Lo! syr, yet ye lak another toye!  
 Wher is my whystell to call my boye?

*Here she whystleth, and Ignorance cumth in.*

[INGN.] I cum! I cum!

IDLE. Coomme on, ye foole!  
 All thys day or ye can cum to scoole?

INGN. Um! mother wyll not let me cum. 445

IDLE. I woold thy mother had kyst thy bum!

She wyll never let the thryve, I trow.  
 Cum on, goose! Now, lo! men shall know  
 That Idlenes can do sumwhat, ye,  
 And play the scoolemystres, to, yf neade bee. 450  
 Mark what doctryne by Idlenes cummes!  
 Say thy lesson,<sup>1</sup> foole.

INGN. Upon my thummes?

IDEL. Ye, upon thy thummes; ys not there thy name?

INGN. Yeas.

IDLE. Go to, than; spell me that same. 454

Where was thou borne?

INGN. Chwas i-bore in Ingland, mother sed.

IDLE. In Ingland?

INGN. Yea.

IDLE. And whats <sup>2</sup> half Ingland?

Heeres ing; and heeres land. Whats tys?

INGN. Whats tys?

IDLE. Whats tys? horeson, whats tys?

Heeres ing; and heeres land. Whats tys? 459

INGN. Tys my thum.

IDLE. Thy thum? Yng, horeson, ing, ing!

INGN. Yng, yng, yng, yng.

IDLE. Foorth! Shall I bete thy narse, now?

INGN. Um-m-m—

IDLE. Shall I not bete thy narse, now?

INGN. Um-um-um—

IDLE. Say “no,” foole, say “no.”

INGN. Noo, noo, noo, noo, noo! 465

IDLE. Go to, put together: yng!

INGN. Yng.

IDLE. No!

INGN. Noo.

IDLE. Forth now! What sayth the dog?

<sup>1</sup> It will aid the reader to follow this exemplification of the syllabic method if he bears in mind from the start that the name of Ignorance is pronounced Ing-no-ran-s-y.

<sup>2</sup> H. prints what's here only.

INGN. Dog barke. Dog barke.  
 IDLE. Dog barke? Dog ran, horeson, dog ran!  
 INGN. Dog ran, horson, dog ran, dog ran.  
 IDEL. Put together : ing!  
 INGN. Yng.  
 IDEL. No!  
 INGN. Noo.  
 IDEL. Ran!  
 INGN. Ran. 470  
 IDLE. Foorth now ; what seyth the goose?  
 INGN. Lag! lag!  
 IDLE. Hys, horson, hys!  
 ING[N]. Hys, hys-s-s-s-s.  
 IDLE. Go to, put together : yng.  
 INGN. Ing.  
 IDEL. No.  
 INGN. Noo.  
 IDEL. Ran.  
 INGN. Ran.  
 IDLE. Hys.  
 ING[N]. Hys-s-s-s-s-s-s.  
 IDLE. No[w], who is a good boy?  
 INGN. I, I, I, I, I, I. 475  
 IDLE. Go to, put together : ing.  
 INGN. Ing.  
 IDEL. No.  
 INGN. Noo.  
 IDEL. Ran.  
 INGN. Ran.  
 IDEL. His.  
 INGN. Hys-s-s-s-s-s-s.  
 IDEL. I.  
 INGN. I.  
 IDEL. Ing-no-ran-his-I.  
 INGN. Ing-no-ran-hys-s-s-s.  
 IDLE. I.  
 INGN. I.



IDEL.           Ing.  
 INGN.                 Ing.  
 IDEL.                         Foorth!  
 INGN.                                 Hys-s-s-s.                         480  
 IDEL.    Ye, no, horeson, no.  
 INGN.                                 Noo, noo, noo, noo.  
 IDLE.   Ing-no.  
 INGN.                 Ing-noo.  
 IDLE.                         Forth now!  
 INGN.                                 Hys-s-s-s-s.  
 IDEL.   Yet agayne ; ran, horeson, ran, ran.  
 INGN.   Ran, horson, ran, ran.  
 IDLE.                                 Ran, say!  
 INGN.   Ran-say.  
 IDLE.   Ran, horson!  
 INGN.                         Ran, horson.  
 IDLE.                                 Ran.  
 INGN.   Ran.                         485  
 IDLE.   Ing-no-ran.  
 INGN.                         Ing-no-ran.  
 IDEL.   Foorth, now! What sayd the goose?  
 INGN.   Dog barke.  
 IDLE.   Dog barke? Hys, horson, hys-s-s-s-s-s,  
 INGN.   Hys-s-s-s-s-s.  
<sup>1</sup> IDLE.   I ; Ing-no-ran-hys-I.                         490  
 INGN.   Ing-no-ran-hys-I-s-s-s.  
 IDLE.   I.  
 INGN.   I.  
 IDLE.   How sayst, now, foole? Is not there thy name?  
 INGN.   Yea.  
 IDLE.                 Well than ; can me that same !  
 What hast thou lernd?

<sup>1</sup> H. has: IDLE I.

INGN. Ing-no-ran-hys-I.

Ing-no-ran-hys-I-s-s-s.

*and says that the whole speech assigned to INGN. "should possibly be given to IDLE., but the MS. is apparently carelessly written in this place."*

INGN. Ich can not tell.

IDLE. "Ich can not tell"? thou sayst evyn very well, 495  
For, yf thou cowldest tell, then had not I well  
Towght the thy lesson which must be tawghte, —  
To tell all when thou canst tell ryghte noght.

INGN. Ich can my lesson.

IDLE. Ye; and therfore  
Shalt have a new cote, by God I swore! 500

INGN. A new cote?

IDLE. Ye, a new cote by-and-by.  
Of wyth thys old cote; "a new cote" crye!

INGN. A new cote, a new cote, a new cote!

IDLE. <sup>1</sup>Pease, horson foole!  
Wylt thou wake hym now? Unbuttun thy cote, foole!  
Canst thou do nothyng?

INGN. I note how choold be.<sup>1</sup> 505

IDLE. "I note how choold be"? A foole betyde the!  
So wysly hyt spekyth; cum on now; whan?  
Put bak thyne arme, foole!

[Takes off Ignorance's coat.]

INGN. Put backe?

IDLE. So, lo! now let me see how thys geere  
Wyll trym this jentle-man that lyeth heere, — 510  
Ah! God save hyt, so sweetly hyt doth sleepe! —  
Whyle on your back thys gay cote can creepe,  
As feete as can be for this one arme.

[Puts Wyl's gown on Ignorance.]

INGN. Oh! cham a-cold.

IDLE. Hold, foole! keepe the warme,  
And cum hyther; hold this hed here; softe now, for wakyng! 515  
Ye shall see wone here browght in such takynge  
That he shall soone scantlye knowe hymsealfe.  
Heere is a cote as fyt for this elfe  
As it had bene made evyn for thys bodye.

[Puts Ignorance's coat on Wyl.]

1-1 As three lines in H., ending, now, nothyng, be.

So! It begynth to looke lyke a noddye! 520

INGN. Um-m-m-m —

IDLE. What aylest now, fōole?

INGN. New cote is gone!

IDLE. And why is it gone?

INGN. 'Twool not byde on.

IDLE. "'Twool not byde on"? 'Twould if it cowlde!

But marvell it were that byde it shoold, —

Sciens garment on Ingnorance bak! — 525

But now lets se, syr; what do ye lak?

Nothyng but evin to bukell heere this throte,

So well this Wyt becumthe a fooles cote!

INGN. He is I now!

IDLE. Ye; how lykste hym now?

Is he not a foole as well as thow? 530

INGN. Yeas.

IDLE. Well, than, won foole keepe another!

Geve me this, and take thow that brother.

INGN. Um-m —

IDLE. Pyke the home, go!

INGN. Chyll go tell my moother! [Exit.]

IDLE. Yea, doo!

But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo! 535

Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo!

And heere agayne! and now this heele

To bles his weake brayne! Now are ye weele,

By vertu of Idellnes blessing toole,

Cunjurd from Wyt unto a starke foole! 540

[Exit Idlenes.]

*Confidence cumth in with a swoord by his syde; and sayth as folowyth:*

[CONF.] I seake and seake, as won on no grownde

Can rest, but lyke a masterles hownde

Wandryng all abowt seakyng his master.

Alas! jentle Wyt, I feare the fasster

That<sup>1</sup> my tru servyce clevth unto thee, 545

<sup>1</sup> H. Thy; *perhaps it would be better to read Thys.*

The slacker thy mynd cleevth unto mee !  
 I have doone thye message in such sorte  
 That I not onlye, for thy comfort,  
 To vanquishe thyne enmy have browght heere  
 A sword of comfort from thy love deere, 550  
 But also, further, I have so enclynd her  
 That upon my wurdes she hath assynd her  
 In her owne parson half-way to meete thee,  
 And hytherward she came for to greeete thee.  
 And sure, except she be turned agayne, 555  
 Hyther wyll she cum or be long, playne,  
 To seake to meate the heere in this cost.  
 But now, alas ! thy-selfe thow hast lost,  
 Or, at the least, thow wylt not be fownd.  
 Alas ! jentle Wyt, how doost thow woonde 560  
 Thy trusty and tru servant, Confydence,  
 To lease my credence to Ladye Science !  
 Thow lesyst me, to ; for yf I can not  
 Fynd the shortly, lenger lyve I ma not,  
 But shortly get me evyn into a corner 565  
 And dye for sorowe throwhe such a scorner !

*Exceat.**Here the[y] cum in with vyols.*

FAME. Cum syrs, let us not dysdayne to do  
 That the World hath apoynted us too.

FAVOR. Syns to serve Science the World hath sent us,  
 As the World wyllth us, let us content us. 570

RYCHES. Content us we may, synce we be assynde  
 To the fayrest lady that lyvth, in my mynde !

WOORSHYP. Then let us not stay here muet and mum,  
 But tast we thes instrumentes tyll she cum. 574

*Here the[y] syng "Excedyng Measure." <sup>1</sup>*

Exceedyng mesure, wyth paynes continewall,  
 Langueshyng in absens, alas ! what shall I doe,  
 Infortunate wretch, devoyde of joyes all,

<sup>1</sup> In MS. this song immediately follows "The fyrst song in the play of Science," and is headed "The ij song."

Syghes upon syghes redoublyng my woe,  
 And teares downe fallyng fro myne eyes toe?  
 Bewty wyth truth so doth me constrayne  
 Ever to serve where I may not attayne ! 581

Truth byndyth me ever to be true,  
 How-so-that fortune faverth my chance.  
 Duryng my lyfe none other but you  
 Of my tru hart shall have the governance !  
 O good swete hart, have you remembrance  
 Now of your owne, whych for no smart  
 Exyle shall yow fro my tru hart ! 588

[While they sing, *Experyence and Science enter.*]

EXPER. Dowghter, what meanyth that ye dyd not syng?  
 SCIENCE. Oh mother, for heere remaynth a thyng !  
 Freendes, we thanke you for thes your plesures,  
 Takyn on us as chance to us measures.  
 WOORSHYPPE. Ladye, thes our plesures, and parsons too,  
 Ar sente to you, you servyce to doo.

FAME. Ladye Science, to set foorth your name 595  
 The World, to wayte on you, hath sent me, — Fame.

FAVOR. Ladye Science, for your vertues most plentye  
 The World, to cherysh you, Favor hath sent ye.

RYCHES. Lady Science, for youre benefytes knowne  
 The World, to mayntayne you, Ryches hath throwne. 600

WOORSHYP. And as the World hath sent you thes three,  
 So he sendth mee, — Woorshypp, — to avawnce your degre.

SCIENCE. I thank the World ; but cheefly God be prayسد,  
 That in the World such love to Science hath raysed !  
 But yet, to tell you playne, ye iiij ar suche 605

As Science lookth for lytell nor muche ;  
 For beyng, as I am, a lone wooman,  
 Neede of your servyce I nether have nor can.  
 But, thankyng the World and you for your payn,  
 I send ye to the World evyn now agayne. 610

WOORSHYPPE. Why, ladye, set ye no more store by  
 mee, —

Woorshypp? Ye set nowght by yourselfe, I se!

FAME. She setthe nowght by Fame; wherby I spye her,  
She carethe not what the World sayth by her.

FAVOR. She setthe nowght by Favor; wherby I trye her, 615  
She caryth not what the World sayth or dooth by her.

RYCHES. She setth nowght by Ryches; whych dooth  
showe  
She careth not for the World. Cum, let us goe!

*[The four go out.]*

SCIENCE. In-deede, smalle cawse gevyn to care for the  
Worldes favering,  
See yng the wyttes of [the] Worlde be so waveryng. 620

EXPER. What is the matter, dowghter, that ye  
Be so sad? Open your mynd to mee.

SCIENCE. My marvell is no les, my good mooother,  
Then my greefe is greate, to see — of all other —  
The prowde scorne of Wyt, soone to Dame Nature, 625  
Who sent me a pycture of hys stature,  
Wyth all the shape of hymselfe there openyng, —  
Hys amorous love therby betokenyng,  
Borne toward me in abundant facion;  
And also, furdre, to make ryght relacion 630  
Of this hys love he put in commyshion  
Such a messenger as no suspicion  
Cowld growe in mee of hym, — Confydence.

EXPER. Um!

SYENCE. Who, I ensure ye, wyth such vehemence  
And faythfull behavoure in hys movyng 635  
Set foorth the pyth of hys masters lovyng  
That no lyvyng creature cowld conjecte  
But that pure love dyd that Wyt dyrect.

EXPER. So?

SCIENCE. Now, this beinge synce the space  
Of three tymes sendyng from place to place 640  
Betwene Wyt and hys man, I here no more  
Nether of Wyt, nor his love so sore.

How thynk you by thys, my nowne deere mother ?

EXPER. Dowghter, in this I can thynke none oother  
 But that it is true — thys proverbe old : 645  
 Hastye love is soone hot and soone cold !  
 Take hede, dowghter, how you put youre trust  
 To lyght lovers, to hot at the furst !  
 For had this love of Wyt bene growndyd  
 And on a sure fowndashyon fowndyd, 650  
 Lytell voyde tyme wold have bene betwene ye  
 But that this Wyt wolde have sent or seene ye.

SCIENCE. I thynke so.

EXPER. Ye ; thynke ye so or no,  
 Youre mother, Experience, prooffe shall showe  
 That Wyt hath set hys love — I dare say 655  
 And make ye warrantyse — another way.

*Wyt cumth before.*

[WYT.] But your warrantyse warrant no trothe !  
 Fayre ladye, I praye you be not wrothe  
 Tyll you here more ; for, deere Ladye Science,  
 Had your lover, Wyt, — ye, or Confydence, 660  
 Hys man, — bene in helth all this tyme spent,  
 Long or this tyme Wyt had cumme or sent ;  
 But the trothe is they have bene both sykke,  
 Wyt and hys man, ye and wyth paynes thycke  
 Bothe stayde by the way, so that your lover 665  
 Could neyther cum<sup>1</sup> nor send by none other.  
 Wherefore, blame not hym, but chance of syknes.

SCIENCE. Who is this ?

EXPER. Ignorance, or his lykenes.

SCIENCE. What, the common foole ?

EXPER. Yt is much lyke hym.

SCIENCE. By my soothe, his toong servth him now trym ! 670  
 What sayst thou, Ignorance ? Speak agayn !

WYT. Nay, ladye, I am not Ignorance, playne,  
 But I am your owne deere lover, Wyt,

<sup>1</sup> MS. cumne ; *corr. by H.*

That hath long lov'd you, and lovth you yet ;  
Wherefore, I pray the now, my nowne swetyng, 675  
Let me have a kys at this our meetyng.

SCIENCE. Ye, so ye shall anone, but not yet.  
Ah, syr, this foole here hath got sum wyt !  
F'all you to kyssyng, syr, now-a-dayes ?  
Your mother shall charme you ; go your wayes ! 680

WYT. What nedth all this, my love of long growne ?  
Wyll ye be so strang to me, your owne ?  
Youre aquayntance to me was thowht esye ;  
But now your woordes make my harte all quesye,  
Youre dartes at me so strangely be shott. 685

SCIENCE. Heere ye what termes this foole here hath got ?

WYT. Well, I perseve my foolyshnes now ;  
Indeede, ladyes no dasterdes alowe ;  
I wyfbe bolde wyth my nowne darlyng !  
Cum now, a bas, my nowne proper sparlyng ! 690

SCIENCE. What wylt thou, arrand foole ?

WYT. Nay, by the mas,  
I wyll have a bas or I hence pas !

SCIENCE. What wylt thou, arrande foole ? Hence, foole,  
I say !

WYT. What ! nothyng but foole and foole all this day ?  
By the mas, madam, ye can no good. 695

SCIENCE. Art a-sweryng, to ? Now, by my hood,  
Youre foolyshe knaves breeche vj strypes shall bere !

WYT. Ye, Godes bones ! foole and knave to ? be ye there ?  
By the mas, call me foole once agayne,  
And thou shalt sure call a blo or twayne.<sup>1</sup> 700

EXPER. Cum away, dowghter, the foole is mad.

WYT. Nay, nor yet nether hence ye shall gad !  
We wyll gre better, or ye pas hence.  
I praye the now, good swete Ladye Science,  
All this strange maner now hyde and cover, 705  
And play the goodfelowe wyth thy lover !

<sup>1</sup> H. says that the scribe here began to write the preceding speech of Science, but erased it.



SCIENCE. What goodfellowshyppe wold ye of me,  
Whome ye knowe not, nether yet I knowe ye?

WYT. Know ye not me?

SCIENCE. No ; how shoold I know ye?

WYT. Dooth not my pycture my parson shoow ye? 710

SCIENCE. Your pycture?

WYT. Ye, my picture, ladye,  
That ye spake of. Who sent it but I?

SCIENCE. Yf that be youre pycture, then shall we  
Soone se how you and your pycture agree.

Lo, here! the pycture that I named is this. 715

WYT. Ye, mary, myne owne lykenes this is.

You havynge this, ladye, and so lothe

To knowe me, whych this so playne showthe?

SCIENCE. Why, you are nothyng lyke, in myne eie.

WYT. No? How say ye? [To Experience.]

EXPER. As she sayth, so say I. 720

WYT. By the mas, than are ye both starke blynde!  
What dyference betwene this and this can ye fynd?

EXPER. Marye, this is fayer, plesant and goodlye,  
And ye are fowle, dysplesant and uglye.

WYT. Mary, avawnt, thow fowle ugly whoore! 725

SCIENCE. So! lo! now I perseve ye more and more.

WYT. What! perseve you me as ye wold make me,  
A naturall foole?

SCIENCE. Nay, ye mystake me ;  
I take ye for no foole naturall,

But I take ye thus, — shall I tell all? 730

WYT. Ye, marye, tell me youre mynd, I pray ye,  
Wherto I shall trust. No more delay ye.

SCIENCE. I take ye for no naturall foole,  
Browght up among the innocentes scoole,  
But for a nawgty vycious foole, 735  
Browght up wyth Idellnes in her scoole.  
Of all arrogant fooles thow art one!

WYT. Ye, Goges bodye!

EXPER. Cum, let us be gone!

[The two go out.]

WYT. My swerd! is yt gone? A vengeance on them!  
 Be they gone, to, and ther hedes upon them? 740  
 But, prowde quenes, the dyvyll go wyth you both!  
 Not one poynt of curtesye in them gothe.  
 A man is well at ease by sute to payne him  
 For such a drab, that so doth dysdayne hym!  
 So mokte, so lowted, so made a sot, 745  
 Never was I erst, synce I was begot!  
 Am I so fowle as those drabes wold make me?  
 Where is my glas that Reson dyd take me?  
 Now shall this glas of Reson soone trye me  
 As fayre as those drabes that so doth belye me. 750  
 Hah! Goges sowle! what have we here? a dyvyll?  
 This glas, I se well, hath bene kept evyll.  
 Goges sowle! a foole, a foole, by the mas!  
 What a very vengeance aylth this glas?  
 Other this glas is shamefully spotted, 755  
 Or els am I to shamefully blotted!  
 Nay, by Goges armes, I am so, no dowte!  
 How loke ther facis heere rownd abowte?  
 All fayre and cleere they, evrychone;  
 And I, by the mas, a foole alone, 760  
 Deckt, by Goges bones, lyke a very asse!  
 Ingnorance cote, hoode, eares, — ye, by the masse,  
 Kokescome and all; I lack but a bable!  
 And as for this face, [it] is abhominable,  
 As black as the devyll! God, for his passion! 765  
 Where have I bene rayde affter this fassyon?  
 This same is Idlenes, — a shame take her!  
 This same is her wurke, — the devill in hell rake her!  
 The whoore hath shamd me for-ever, I trow! —  
 I trow? Nay verely, I knowe! 770  
 Now it is so, the stark foole I playe  
 Before all people; now see it I maye.  
 Evrye man I se lawhe me to scorne;  
 Alas, alas, that ever I was borne!

Yt was not for nowght, now well I se,  
 That those too ladyes dysdayned me. 775  
 Alas ! Ladye Science, of all oother —  
 How have I rayled on her and her moother !  
 Alas ! that lady I have now lost  
 Whome all the world lovth and honoryth most ! 780  
 Alas ! from Reson had I not varyd,  
 Ladye Science or this I had maryd ;  
 And those fower gyftes which the World gave her  
 I had woon, to, had I kept her favor ;  
 Where now, in-stede of that lady bryght 785  
 Wyth all those gallantes seene in my syght, —  
 Favor, Ryches, ye, Worshyp and Fame, —  
 I have woone Hatred, Beggry and Open Shame.

*Shame cumth in wyth a whyppe. [Reason follows him.]*

WYT. Out upon the, Shame ! what doost thowe heere ?  
 RESON. Mary, I, Reason, bad hym heere appeere. 790  
 Upon hym, Shame, wyth stryppes inow smitten,  
 While I reherce his fawtes herein wrytten :  
 Fyrst, he hath broken his promyse formerly  
 Made to me, Reson, my dowghter to marye ;  
 Nexte, he hath broken his promyse promisyd 795  
 To obay Instruccion, and him dyspised ;  
 Thurdlye, my dowghter Science to reprove,  
 Upon Idlenes he hath set his love ;  
 Forthlye, he hath folowed Idellnes scoole  
 Tyll she hath made him a verye stark foole ; 800  
 Lastlye, offendyng both God and man,  
 Sweryng grete othes as any man can,  
 He hath abused himselfe, to the grete shame<sup>1</sup>  
 Of all his kynred and los of his good name.  
 Wherefore, spare him not, Shame ; bete him well there ! 805  
 He hath deservyd more then he can beare.

<sup>1</sup> H. greteshame.

*Wyt knelith downe.*

[WYT.] Oh father Reson, be good unto me !  
Alas, thes strypes of Shame will<sup>1</sup> undo me !

RESON. Be still a while, Shame ! Wyt, what sayst thou?

WYT. Oh syr, forgeve me, I beseech you ! 810

RESON. Yf I forgeve the thy ponyshment,  
Wylt thou than folow thy fyrst entent  
And promyse made, my dowghter to marye?

WYT. Oh syr, I am not woorthy to carye  
The dust out where your dowghter shoold syt. 815

RESON. I wot well that ; but yf I admyt  
The, unwoorthy, agayne to her wooer,  
Wylt thou then folow thy sewte unto her?

WYT. Ye, syr, I promyse you, while lyfe enduryth.

RESON. Cum neere, masters ; heere is wone ensuryth 820

*Here cumth Instruccion, Studye and Diligens in.*

In woordes to becum an honest man !  
Take him, Instruccion ; do what ye can.

INSTR. What, to the purpose he went before?

RESON. Ye, to my dowghter prove him once more.  
Take him, and trym hym in new aparell, 825  
And geve that to Shame there to his farewell.

INSTR. Cum on your way, Wyt ; be of good cheere ;  
After stormy clowdes cumth wether clere !

*Instrucion, Study, Wyt and Dyligens go out.*

RESON. Who lyst to marke now this chance heere doon,  
May se what Wyt is wythout Reson. 830

What was this Wyt better then an asse  
Being from Reson strayde, as he was ?

But let pas now, synce he is well poonyshyd,  
And thereby, I trust, meetely well monyshyd.  
Ye, and I lyke him never the, wurs, I, 835  
Thowgh Shame hath handled hym shamefullye ;  
For, lyke as, yf Wyt had prowldy bent hym

<sup>1</sup> *Written over wold in MS.*

To resyst Shame, to make Shame absent hym,  
 I wold have thowght than that Wyt had bene —  
 As the sayeng is, and daylye seene — 840  
 Past Shame once, and past all amendment :  
 So, contra[r]ye, syns he dyd relent  
 To Shame, when Shame ponysht him evyn yll,  
 I have, I say, good hope in him styll.  
 I thynke, as I thowght, — yf joyne thei can, — 845  
 My dowghter wel bestowd on this man.  
 But all the dowte now is to thynke how  
 My dowghter takth this ; for I may tell yow,  
 I thynk she knew this Wyt evyn as weele  
 As she seemd heere to know him no deele, 850  
 For lak of knoledge in Science there is none ;  
 Wherefore, she knew him, and therupon  
 His mysbehavior perchance evyn strykyng  
 Her hart agaynst him, she — now myslykyng,  
 As women oft-tymes wylbe hard-hartyd — 855  
 Wilbe the stranger to be revertyd.  
 This must I helpe ; Reson must now walke,  
 On Wytes part wyth my Science to talke.  
 A neere way to her know I, wherebye  
 My soonnes cummyng prevent now must I. 860  
 Perchance I may bryng my dowghter hyther ;  
 Yf so, I dowght not to joyne them together.

*Exceat Reson. Confydece cumth in.*

[CONF.] I thanke God, yet at last I have fownd hym ;  
 I was a frayde sum myschance had drownd him,  
 My master, Wyt, wyth whome I have spoken, 865  
 Ye, and deliverd token for token,  
 And have anoother to Science agayne, —  
 A hart of gold, syngnifyeng playne  
 That Science hath wun Wytes hart for-ever,  
 Whereby, I trust, by my good endever 870  
 To that good ladye, so sweete and so sortly,  
 A maryage betwene them ye shall see shortly.

*Confydens exeat. Instruccion cumth in wyth Wyt, Study and Dyligence.*

[INSTR.] Lo ! syr, now ye be entryd agayne  
Toward that passage where dooth remayne  
Tedyousnes, your mortall enemy ; 875  
Now may ye choose whether ye wyll trye  
Your handes agayne on that tyrant stowte,  
Or els walkyng a lytell abowte.

WYT. Nay ; for Godes pashion, syr, let me meete him !  
Ye se I am able now for to greete him. 880  
This sword of cumfort, sent fro my love,  
Upon her enemy needes must I proove !

INSTR. Then foorth there ; and turne on your ryght hand  
Up that mownt before ye shall see stand.  
But heere ye ! Yf your enmye chance to ryse, 885  
Folowe my councell in anye wyse ;  
Let Studye and Dyligence flee ther towche,—  
The stroke of Tediousnes, — and then cowche  
Themselves, as I told ye, — ye wot how.

WYT. Ye, syr, for that how, marke the prooffe now ! 890

INSTR. To mark it, indeede, here wyll I abyde,  
To see what chance of them wyll betyde ;  
For heere cumth the pyth, lo ! of this iornaye,  
That mowntayne before which they must assaye  
Is cald in Laten *Mons Pernassus*, 895  
Which mowntayne, as old auctors dycus,  
Who attaynth ones to sleepe on that mownt,  
Ladye Science his owne he may cownt.  
But, or he cum there, ye shall see fowght  
A fyght with no les polycye wrowght 900  
Then strength, I trow, if that may be prayسد.

TEDI. Oh ! ho ! ho !

INSTR. Hark !

TEDI. [*entering*] Out, ye kaytyves !

INSTR. The feend is raysyd !

TEDI. Out, ye vilaynes ! be ye cum agayne ?  
Have at ye, wretches !

WYT. Fle, syrs, ye twayne!  
 TEDI. Thei fle not far hens! 905  
 DYLI. Turne agayne, Studye!  
 STUDYE. Now, Dyligence!  
 INSTR. Well sayde! Hold fast now!  
 STUDYE. He fleeth!  
 DYLI. Then folowe!  
 INSTR. Wyth his owne weapon now wurke him sorow!  
 Wyt lyth at resepte!  
 TEDI. (*dyeth*) Oh! ho! ho!  
 INSTR. Hark! he dyeth!  
 Where strength lakth, policye ssupplieth. 910

*Heere Wyt cumth in and bryngth in the hed upon his swoorde, and sayth as folowyth:*

WYT. I can ye thanke, syrs; this was well doone!  
 STUDYE. Nay, yours is the deede!  
 DYLI. To you is the thank!<sup>1</sup>  
 INSTR. I can ye thank, all; this was well doone!  
 WYT. How say ye, man? Is this feelde well woonne?

*Confydence cumth running in.*

[CONF.] Ye, by my fayth, so sayth your deere hart. 915  
 WYT. Why where is she, that here now thow art?  
 CONF. Upon yonder mowntayne, on hye,  
 She saw ye strike that hed from the bodye;  
 Wherby ye have woonne her, bodye and all;  
 In token whereof reseve heere ye shall 920  
 A gowne of knoledge, wherin you must  
 Reseve her here strayght.  
 WYT. But sayst thow just?  
 [CONF.]<sup>2</sup> So just I say that, except ye hye ye,  
 Or ye be redye, she wylbe by ye.  
 WYT. Holde! Present unto her this hed heere, 925  
 And gyve me warning when she cumth nere.

[*Exit Confydence.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Qy. insert alone after thank.*

<sup>2</sup> *Supplied by H.*

Instruccion, wyll ye helpe to devyse  
To trim this geere now in the best wyse?

INSTR. Geve me that gowne, and cum wyth me, all!

DYLI. Oh, how this gere to the purpose dooth fall! 930

*Confidens cumth running in.*

[CONF.] How, master, master! Where be ye now?

WYT. Here, Confydence; what tydynges bryngst thow?

CONF. My ladye at hand heere dooth abyde ye;

Byd her wellcum! What, do ye hide ye? 934

*Here Wyt, Instruccion, Studye, and Diligence syng "Wellcum, my nowne," and Syence, Experience, Reson and Confidence cum in at L[eft], and answer evre second verse:<sup>1</sup>*

Wellcum, myne owne!

Wellcum, myne owne! 936

WYT and his Cumpanye.

O ladye deere,

Be ye so neere

To be knowne?

My hart yow cheere

Your voyce to here;

Wellcum, myne owne! 942

SCIENCE and hir Cumpanye.

As ye rejoyse

To here my voyce

Fro me thus blowne,

So in my choyce

I show my voyce

To be your owne. 948

WYT and his Cumpanye.

Then drawe we neere

To see and heere

My love long growne!

Where is my deere?

Here I apeere

To see myne owne. 954

<sup>1</sup> Here as before I have removed the song from the latter part of the volume and inserted it in the middle of the stage direction. The song is headed: "The thyrd Song."



- SCIENCE *and hir Cumpanye.* To se and try  
 Your love truly  
 Till deth be flowne,  
 Lo! here am I,  
 That ye may spie  
 I am your owne. 960
- WYT *and his Cumpanye.* Then let us meete,  
 My love so sweete,  
 Halfe-way heere throwne !
- SIENS *and hir Cumpanye.* I wyll not sleete  
 My love to greete.  
 Wellcum, myne owne ! 966
- WYT *and his Cumpanye.* Wellcum, myne owne!
- ALL *sing :* Wellcum, myne owne ! 968

*And when the song is doone, Reson sendyth Instruccion, Studye, and Dyligence, and Confidens out ; and then, standyng in the myddell of the place, Wyt sayth as folowyth :*

- WYT. Wellcum, myne owne, wyth all my hole harte,  
 Whych shalbe your owne till deth us depart !  
 I trust, ladye, this knot evyn syns knyt.
- SCIENCE. I trust the same ; for syns ye have smitt  
 Downe my grete enmye, Tedyousnes,  
 Ye have woon me for-ever, dowghtles, —  
 Althowgh ye have woon a clogg wyth-all ! 975
- WYT. A clogg, sweete hart ? what ?
- SCIENCE. Such as doth fall  
 To all men that joyne themselves in mariage, —  
 In kepyng ther wyves ; a carefull cariage !
- WYT. Careful ? Nay, ladye, that care shall imploye  
 No clogg, but a key of my most joye. 980
- To kepe you, swete hart, as shall be fyt,  
 Shalbe no care, but most joy to Wyt !
- SCIENCE. Well, yet I say, — marke well what I saye ! —  
 My presence bryngth you a clogg, no naye,  
 Not in the kepynge of me onelye, 985
- But in the use of Science cheeflye ;

For I, Science, am, in this degree,  
 As all, or most part, of woomen bee :  
 Yf ye use me well, in a good sorte,  
 Then shall I be youre joy and comfort ; 990  
 But yf ye use me not well, then dowt me,  
 For, sure, ye were better then wythout me !

WYT. Why, ladye, thinke you me such a wyt,  
 As being avansyd by you, and yet  
 Wold mysuse ye? Nay, yf ye dowt that, 995  
 Heere is wone lovth thee more then sumwhat, —  
 Yf Wyt mysuse ye at any season,  
 Correct me then your owne father, Reson.

RESON. Ho, dowghter, can ye desyre any more?  
 What neede thes dowtes? Avoyde them therfore ! 1000

EXPER. Byrlakyn, syr, but, under your favor,  
 This dowgt our dowghter doth well to gather  
 For a good warnyng now at begynnyng  
 What Wyt in the end shall looke for in wyning,  
 Whych shalbe this, syr : yf Science here, 1005  
 Whych is Godes gyft, be usyd meere  
 Unto Godes honor, and profyt both  
 Of you and your neybowre, whych goth  
 In her, of kynd, to do good to all, —  
 This seene to, Experience, I, shall 1010  
 Set you forth, Wyt, by her to imploye  
 Doble encrece to your doble joye ;  
 But yf you use her contrarywyse  
 To her good nature, and so devyse  
 To evyll effectes to wrest and to wry her, 1015  
 Ye, and cast her of and set nowght by her,  
 Be sure I, Experience, shall than  
 Declare you so before God and man  
 That thys talent from you shalbe taken  
 And you ponysht for your gayne forsaken. 1020

WYT. "Once warne[d], half-armd," folk say, namely whan  
 Experience shall warne a man, than  
 Tyme to take heede. Mother Experience,

Towchyng youre dowghter, my deere hart, Siens,  
 As I am sertayne that to abuse her 1025  
 I brede myne owne sorow, and well to use her  
 I encrece my joy, and so to make yt  
 Godes grace is redye yf I wyll take yt:  
 Then, but ye cownt me no wyt at all,  
 Let never thes dowtes into your hed fall; 1030  
 But, as yourself, Experience, cleryng  
 All dowtes at lenght, so, tyll tyme aperyng,  
 Trust ye wyth me in God; and, swete hart,  
 Whyle your father, Reson, takth wyth parte,  
 To reseve Godes grace as God shall send it, 1035  
 Dowte ye not our joy, tyll lyves<sup>1</sup> end yt!

SCIENCE. Well, than, for the end of all dowtes past  
 And to that end whiche ye spake of last,  
 Among our weddyng matters heere rendryng,  
 Thend of our lyves wold be in remembryng; 1040  
 Which remembrance, Wyt, shall sure defend ye  
 From the mysuse of Science and send ye<sup>2</sup>  
 The gayne my mother to mynd did call,  
 Joy wythout end, — that wyshe I to all! 1044

RESON. Well sayd! and as ye, dowghter, wyshe it,  
 That joy to 'all folke in generall,  
 So wyshe I, Reson, the same; but yet  
 Fyrst in this lyfe wyshe I here to fall  
 To our most noble Kyng and Quene in especiall,  
 To ther honorable Cowncell, and then to all the rest,  
 Such joy as long may rejoyse them all best! 1051

*All say Amen.*

*Heere cumth in foure wyth viores and syng, "Remembre me,"<sup>3</sup> and at  
 the last quere all make cur[re]nsye, and so goe forth syngyng.*

*Thus endyth the Play of Wyt and Science, made by Master  
 Jhon Redford.*

<sup>1</sup> *Qy. insert end (noun).*    <sup>2</sup> *H. you.*    <sup>3</sup> *This song is not given in MS.*

# A PREATY INTERLUDE CALLED, NICE WANTON.

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Wherein ye may see  
Three braunc[h]es of an yll tree:  
The mother and her chyldren three,  
Twoo naught, and one godlye.  
  
Early sharpe that wyll be thorne;  
Soone yll that wyll be naught;  
To be naught, better vnborne;  
Better vnfed than naughtely taught.

Ut magnum magnos, pueros puerilia <sup>1</sup> decent.<sup>2</sup>

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## *Personages.*

### THE MESSENGER.

BARNABAS.	INIQUITIE.
ISMAEL.	BAILY ERRAND. <sup>3</sup>
DALILA.	XANTIFE.
EULALIA.	WORLDLY SHAME.

DANIEL, THE IUDGE.

Anno Domini,  
M.D.LX.

<sup>1</sup> K. puerllia.

<sup>2</sup> K. deocus; *emend.* by Kittredge; Haz. *prints doctus, with no note.*

<sup>3</sup> *This and INIQUITE on the same line in K.*

Printed from the copy in the British Museum. Whether Hazlitt, in his edition of Dodsley's "Old Plays," printed from this copy or from that belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, I do not know. If he printed from the latter, the variations between his reading of the original and that of my copyist may perhaps be accounted for; but if so, both copies have been trimmed too close. In some instances I have omitted to point out that Hazlitt has silently corrected spellings and restored dropped letters; but I believe I have neglected nothing important in his text or his notes. His edition is indicated by Haz.; the old edition by K. In K. the names of the speakers are always spelled in full; the abbreviations are mine.

This play was licensed to the printer, John Kyng, in 1560; but the last stanza shows that it was written before the death of Edward VI.

## [NICE WANTON.]

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### THE PROLOGUE.

- THE MESSENGER. The prudent prince, Salomon, doth say,  
· "He that spareth the rod, the chyld doth hate";  
· He wold youth shuld be kept in awe alway  
· By correction in tyme at reasonable rate, 4
- To be taught to fear God and theyr parents obey,  
To get learning and qualities, thereby to maintain  
An honest quiet lyfe, correspondent alway  
To Gods law and the kynges ; for it is certayne 8
- If chyldren be noseled in idlenes and yll  
· And brought vp therin, it is hard to restrayne  
· And draw them from naturall wont euyll,  
· As here in thys interlude ye shall se playne 12
- By two chyldren brought vp wantonly in play,  
· Whom ~~the~~ mother doth excuse when she should chastise :  
· They delyte in daliaunce and mischief alway ;  
· At last they ende theyr lyues in miserable wyse. 16
- The mother, perswaded by Worldly Shame  
· That she was the cause of theyr wretched lyfe,  
· So pensife, so sorowfull for theyr death she became,  
· That in despaire she would slea her-self with a knife. 20
- Then her sonne, Barnabas, — by interpretacyon,  
· The sonne of comfort, — her yll<sup>1</sup> purpose do<sup>2</sup> stay,

<sup>1</sup> K. all ; Haz. ill.

<sup>2</sup> Haz. do[th] ; *perhaps a mistake for to.*

By the Scriptures he geueth her godly consolation ;  
 And so concludeth. All these partes wyll we <sup>1</sup> playe. 24

[*Exit.*]

*Barnabas commeth.*

BARN. My mayster in my lesson yester-day  
 Dyd recite this text of Ecclesiasticus :  
 " Man is prone to euil from hys youth," did he say ;  
 Which sentence may wel be verified in vs, — 28

My-selfe, my brother, and sister Dalila,  
 Whom our parentes to theyr cost to scoole do fynde.  
 I tary for them here ; time passeth away,  
 I loose my learnyng ; they ever loyter behynde. 32

If I go before, they do me threate  
 To complayne to my mother ; she for theyr sake,  
 Being her tender tidlynges, wyll me beate.  
 Lorde, in thys perplexitye, what way shall I take ? 36

What wyl become of them ? Grace God them sende  
 To apply their learnyng and theyr maners amend !

*Ismael & Dalila come in syngyng :*

Here we comen ! and here we louen ! <sup>2</sup>  
 And here we will abide, abyde ay ! <sup>3</sup> 40

BARN. Fye, brother, fye ! *and* specyally you, sister Dalila !  
 Sobrenes becommeth maydes alway.

DAL. What, ye dolt ! Ye be euer in one songe !

ISM. Yea, sir, it shall cost you blowes ere it be longe !

BARN. Be ye not ashamed the treauandes to play, 45  
 Losing your time *and* learning, *and* that euery day ?

Lernyng bringeth knowledge of God *and* honest liuing to get.

DAL. Yea, mary, I warrant you, Master Hodypeke !

BARN. Learne a-pace, syster, and after to spyn and sowe,  
 And other honest huswifely poyntes to knowe. 50

<sup>1</sup> K. me ; Haz. we.

<sup>2</sup> Haz. lonen.

<sup>3</sup> Haz. abide-a.

ISM. Spyn, quod ha? Yea, by *the masse, and with youre*  
heles vp-wynd,

For a good mouse-hunt is cat after kynd.<sup>1</sup>

BARN. "Lewd spekyng corrupteth good maners," S. Paule  
doeth sai.

· Come, let vs go, if ye wil to scole thys day.

· I shal be shent for taryng so longe.

55

*Barnabas goeth oute.*

· ISM. Go, get the hence, thy mouth full of horse-donge!

Now, prety syster, what sport shall we deuyse?

Thus paltyng to scole, I thynke vs vnwyse;

· In sommer dye for thyrst, in wynter for colde,

· And styl to liue in feare of a churle, — who would?

DAL. Not I, by the masse! I had rather he hanged were  
Then I would syt quakyng like a mome for feare.

62

· I am sonne-burned in sommer, in winter the colde

Maketh my limmes grosse and my beauty decay.

If I should vse it as they would I should,

I should neuer be fayre woman, I dare say.

66

· ISM. No, syster, no! but I can tell

Where we shal haue good chiere,

· Lusty companyons two or three,

At good wyne, ale and biere.

70

DAL. Oh good brother, let vs go ;

I wyl neuer go more to <sup>2</sup> scoole.

Shall I neuer knowe

What pastyme meaneth?

Yes, I wyll not be suche a foole.

ISM. Haue with the, Dalila!

76

<sup>1</sup> Haz. *prints* after Saint Kind, and says "Old copy, Kyng"; my  
*copyist* gives the reading of the old edition as, after kyng.

<sup>2</sup> K. *repeats* to; Haz. *prints* to-to.



[*They sing :*]

Fare-well our scoole!  
Away with boke and all!

[*T*hey caste [*aw*]aye their [*bo*]kes.<sup>1</sup>

I wyll set my heart  
On a mery pynne,  
What-euer shall be-fall!

81

[*They go out singing. Enter Eulalia.*]

EUL. Lorde, what folly is in youth!  
Howe vnhappy be chyldren now-a-dayes!  
And, the more pitye, to say the truth,  
Theyr parentes mainteyn them in euyll wayes,  
Which is a great cause that the world decayes,  
For chyldren brought vp in ydlenes and play  
Unthrifty and desobedient continue alway.

88

A neighbour of myne hath chyldren here-by,  
Ydle, desobedyent, proude, wanton and nyce.  
As they come by, they do shrewed turnes daily;  
Their parentes so to suffer them, surely be not wise.  
They laugh me to scorne when I tel them mine aduise;  
I wil speake to their elders *and* warne them neighborly.  
Neuer in better tyme! — their mother is here-by.

95

[*Enter Xantippe.*]

[EUL.] God saue you, gossyp! I am very fayne  
That you chaunce now to come thys way;  
I longe to talke with you a word or twayne,  
I pray you take it frendly that I shall say.  
Ismael, your sonne, and your daughter, Dalila,  
Do me shrewde turnes, dayly more and more,  
Chide and beat my chylren, — it greueth me sore.

102

They sweare, curse *and* scold, as they go by *the* way,  
Giuyng other yll ensample to do the same,

<sup>1</sup> The letters in brackets were cut off by the binder.

To Gods displeasure, and theyr hurt an-other day.

Chastyce them for it, or els ye be to blame! 106

XANT. Tusshe ! tusshe ! If ye haue no more than that to  
saye,

· Ye maye holde your tonge and get ye awaye.

· Alas ! poore soules, they sit a' scoole all day

· In feare of a churle ; *and* yf a lytle they play, 110

· He beateth them lyke a deuyl. When they come home,

· Your mestresship would haue me lay on.

· If I should beate them so oft as men complayne,

· By *the* masse ! *with*-in this month I shuld make them lame. 114

EUL. Be not offended, I pray you ; I must say more :

· Your sonne is suspect lyght-fyngered to be ;

· Your daughter hath nyce trickes three or foure ;

See to it in tyme, leaste worse ye do see.

He that spareth the rod, hateth the chyld truely ;

· Yet Salomon sobre correction doth meane,

· Not to beate and bounce them to make them lame. 121

XANT. God thanke you, mestres, I am well at ease !

[*Aside*] Such a foole to teache me, preaching as she please !

Dame, ye belye them deadly ; I know playne,

Because they go handsomly, ye disdayne.

EUL. Then on the other as well would I complayne ;

· But your other sonne is good, and no thank to you !

These wyl ye make naught, by swete Iesu ! 128

XANT. Eulalia,<sup>1</sup> my chyldren naught ? Ye lye !

By your malyce they shal not set a flye.<sup>2</sup>

I haue but one mome, in comparison of hys brother, —

Him the foole prayseth, and despiseth the other.

· EUL. Well, Xantippe, better in time then to late !

· Seing ye take it so, here my leaue I take. *Exit.* 134

<sup>1</sup> K. Eupliade ; Haz. *gives* Gupliade *as reading* of K. and *prints* Gup  
liar.

<sup>2</sup> K. ffye.

XANT. Mary, good leaue haue ye, the gret God be with  
you!

My chyl dren or I be curst, I thinke;  
They be complayned on where-euer they go,  
That for theyr pleasure they might drynke;  
Nay, by thys the poor soules be come from scole<sup>1</sup> wery,  
I will go get them meate to make them mery.<sup>2</sup> [Exit.] 140

*Iniquitie, Ismael, and Dalila come in together, [singing:]*

INIQ. Lo ! lo ! here I bryng her.<sup>3</sup>  
ISM. What is she, nowe ye haue her?  
DAL. I,<sup>4</sup> lusty mynyon loue?<sup>5</sup>  
INIQ. For no golde wyll I gyue her.  
*All together.* Welcome my hony ay. 145

*Here he speaketh:*

INIQ. Oh my heart!  
Thys wenche can synge  
And play her parte.  
DAL. I am yours (and you mine),<sup>6</sup> with all my heart. 149

INIQ. By the masse, it is well songe!  
Were ye not sory ye were a mayd so longe?  
DAL. Fye, Maister Iniquitie ! fye ! I am a mayd yet.  
ISM. No, sister, no ; your maidenhead is sicke.  
INIQ. That knaue, your brother, wyl be a blabbe styl.  
I-wisse, Dalila, ye can say as muche by him, if ye wil ! 155  
DAL. By him, quod ha ? He hath whores two or  
three.

But iche tell your minion Doll, by Gogs body, —  
It skylleth not, she doth holde you as muche.  
ISM. Ye lye falsly, she wyll play me no suche touche.  
DAL. Not she ! Yes, to do your heart good ! 160  
I could tell you who putteth a bone in your hood.

<sup>1</sup> K. foules be come frō ferle.

<sup>4</sup> Haz. A.

<sup>2</sup> K. mercy.

<sup>5</sup> Haz. reads loner.

<sup>3</sup> K. brynger ; Haz. bring a.

<sup>6</sup> This is perhaps spoken aside.

ISM. Peace, whore ! or ye beare me a boxe <sup>1</sup> on theare. <sup>2</sup>

DAL. Here is mine eare, knaue, stryke and thou dare !

[*He strikes her.*]

[DAL. (*to Iniq.*)] To suffer him thus ye be no man!

If ye wyl not reuenge me, I wyl fynd one! 165

To set so litle by me ye were not wont.

Well, it is no matter! Though ye do, *ceteri nolunt*.<sup>3</sup>

INIQ. Peace, Dalila! Speake ye Laten, poore foolé?

DAL. No, no, but a prouerbe I learned at scoole.

ISM. Yea, syster, you went to scole til ye were past grace. 170

DAL. Yea, so dydst thou, by thy knaues face!

INIQ. Well, no more a-do; let all thys go.

We kinsfolke must be frendes; it must be so.

Come on! come on! come on!

Here they be that wyl do vs al good. 175

*He casteth dice on the bord.*

ISM. If ye vse it long, your hear wil grow throught <sup>4</sup>  
your [hood].<sup>5</sup>

INIQ. Come on, knaue, with Christes curse !

I must haue some of the mony

Thou hast pickt out of thy fathers purse.

DAL. He, by the masse, if he can get his purse 180

Now and then, he maketh it by halfe the worse.

ISM. I defie you both, whore and knaue !

INIQ. What, ye pryncockes, begin ye to raue?

Come on !

DAL. Mayster Iniquitie, by your leaue,

I wyll play a crowne or two here by your sleue. 185

ISM. Then be ye seruauant to a worshypful mon ;

Mayster Iniquitie, — a right name, by Saint John !

<sup>1</sup> In K. the x of this word is broken and looks like r; Haz. of course prints box.

<sup>2</sup> K. has an theare (= on the ear); Haz. reads on there.

<sup>3</sup> As two lines in K. and Haz.

<sup>4</sup> Haz. through.

<sup>5</sup> Supplied by Haz. who, however, does not mention that it is missing in K.

DAL. What can ye say by Mayster Iniquitie?

I loue hym and his name most hertely.

INIQ. God a mercy, Dalila, good lucke, I warrant the! 190

*1{H}e kisseth 1{h}er.*

I wil shryue you both by-and-by.

ISM. Come on, but fyrst let vs haue a songe.

DAL. I am content, so that it be not longe. 193

*Iniquitie and Dalila singe:*

INIQ. Golde lockes,  
She must haue knockes,  
Or els I do her wronge.

DAL. When ye haue your wyl,  
Ye were best lye styll,  
The winter nightes be longe. 199

INIQ. When I ne may  
An-other assay,  
I wyl take it for no wronge.

DAL. Then, by the roode,  
A bone in your hoode  
I shall put ere it be longe. 205

ISM. She macheth you, sira!

INIQ. By Gogs bloud, she is the best whore in England!

DAL. It is knauishly praysed, gyue me your hand.

INIQ. I woud thou haddes suche an-other.<sup>2</sup>

ISM. By the masse, rather then xl pound, brother. 210

INIQ. Here, sirs, come on; seuen!

*They set him.*

A-leauen at all!

ISM. Do ye nycke vs? be-knaue your noly!<sup>3</sup>

INIQ. Ten myne!

ISM. Syxe<sup>4</sup> myne!

*Casteth d[ice].<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Cut away in K.

<sup>2</sup> K. in other.

<sup>3</sup> Noll (=noddle) would give a sort of rhyme to all.

<sup>4</sup> In K. the x is broken.

Haue at it, and it were for all my fathers kyne!

It is lost, by His woundes ! and ten to one ! 215

INIQ. Take the dice, Dalila ; cast on!

DAL. Come on ; fyve !

*She casteth, and they set.<sup>1</sup>*

Thryue at fayrest!

ISM. Gup, whore ! and I at rest. *He loseth.*

Bi Gogs bloud, I wene God *and* the deuyll be agenst me!

INIQ. If thone forsake the, thother wyll take the. 220

ISM. Then is he a good felow ; I would not passe,

So that I myght beare a rule in hell, by the masse,

To tosse fierbrandes at these penyfathers pates.

I would be porter and receiue them at the gates.

In boyling lead *and* brimston I wold sethe them ech-one. 225

The knaues haue al *the* mony, good felows haue none!

DAL. Play, brother ; haue ye lost all your money now?

ISM. Yea, I thanke that knaue and suche a whore as yow !

Tis no matter ; <sup>2</sup> I wyll haue money, or I wyll swete.

By Gogs bloud, I wyll robbe the next I mete ! 230

Yea, and it be my father!

*He goeth out.*

INIQ. Thou boy! by the masse, ye wyl clyme the ladder!

Ah, sira, I loue a wenche that can be wylye :

She perceyued my mind with a twinke of myne eie.

If we two play booty <sup>3</sup> on any man, 235

We wyll make him as bare as Iob anone.

Wel, Dalila, let se what ye haue won!

DAL. Sir, I had x shillinges when I begon,

And here is all, euery fart[h]yng.

*They tell it.<sup>4</sup>*

INIQ. Ye lye lyke a whoore! ye haue won a pound. 240

DAL. Then the deuyll stryke me to the grounde!

<sup>1</sup> K. fet.

<sup>2</sup> K. marter.

<sup>3</sup> K. booby ; Haz. boody, *without note.*

<sup>4</sup> Haz. *omits it ; the t is missing in K.*

INIQ. I will fele your pocket, by your leaue, mestres!

DAL. A-way knaue; not mine, by the masse!

INIQ. Yes, bi God, and geue you this to boot! 244

*He geweth her a box.*

DAL. Out, horeson knaue, I beshrew thy hert-root!  
Wilt thou rob me and beat<sup>1</sup> me, to?

INIQ. In the way of correction, but a blowe or twoo:

DAL. Correct thy dogges! thou shalt not beate me!  
I wyl make your knaues flesshe cut, I warrant the. 250  
Ye thynke I haue no frendes? Yes, I haue in store

A good felow or two, — perc[h]aunce more.

Yea, by the masse, they shall boxe<sup>2</sup> you for this geare!

A knaue I found the; a knaue I leaue the here!

*She goeth oute.*

INIQ. Gup, whore! Do ye heare this iade?  
Louing when [she]<sup>3</sup> is pleased; 255

When she is angry, thus shrewd.

Thief brother, syster whore, —

Two graffes of an yll tree!

I wyl tary no longer here;

Fare-well, God be with ye! 260

*He goeth out.*

[*A long interval.*]

*Dalila commeth in ragged, her face hid or disfigured, halting on a staffe.*

DAL. Alas, wretched wretche that I am!

Most miserable caitife that euer was borne!

Full of payne and sorow, croked and lame,<sup>4</sup>

Stuft with diseases, in this world forlorne! 264

My senowes be shronken, my flesh eaten with pocks,

My bones ful of ache[s] and great payne;

<sup>1</sup> K. breat.

<sup>3</sup> Supplied by Haz. without note.

<sup>2</sup> The x is broken in K.

<sup>4</sup> K. lome; H. lorn.

My head is bald, that bare yelowē lockes;  
Croked I crepe to the earth agayne; 268

Mine eie-sight<sup>1</sup> is dimme; my hands tremble *and* shake;  
My stomake abhorreth all kynd of meate;  
For lacke of clothes great colde I take;  
When appetite<sup>2</sup> serueth I can get no meate; 272

Where I was fayre and amiable of face,  
Now am I foule and horrible to se:  
Al this I haue<sup>3</sup> deserued for lacke of grace,  
Iustly for my sinnes God doth plague me. 276

My parentes did tidle me, — they were to blame, —  
In-steade of correction, in yll did me maintain.  
I fell to<sup>4</sup> naught, and shall dye with shame!  
Yet all thys is not halfe of my greife and payne: 280

The worme of my conscience, *that* shall neuer dye,  
Accuseth me dayly more and more.  
So oft haue I sinned wilfully  
That I feare to be damned for-euermore. 284

[Enter Barnabas.]

BARN. What wofull wight art thou, tell me,  
That here most greuously doest lament?  
Confesse the truth, and I wil comfort the  
By the word of God Omnipotent.  
Although your tyme ye haue mispent,  
Repent and amend while ye haue space,  
And God wyll restore you to health<sup>5</sup> and grace. 291

DAL. To tell you who I am, I dare not for shame;  
But my filthy liuing hath brought me in this case.  
Full oft for my wantonnes you dyd me blame,  
Yet to take your counsell I had not the grace. 295

<sup>1</sup> K. sigh.

<sup>3</sup> K. I haue I.

<sup>5</sup> K. heatlh.

<sup>2</sup> K. appetite.

<sup>4</sup> K. no; *corr. by Haz.*



To be restored to health, alas, it is past,  
Disease hath brought me into suche decay!

Helpe me with your almose while my lyfe doth laste,  
That, like a wretche as I am, I may go my way.

BARN. Shewe me your name, sister, I you pray,  
And I wil helpe you now at your nede:  
Both body and soule wyl I fede.

302

DAL. You<sup>1</sup> haue named me already, if I durst be so bold.  
Your<sup>1</sup> sister Dalila, that wreche I am.

My wanton, nice toyes ye knew of olde, —

Alas, brother, they haue brought me to thys shame!

306

When you went to scole, my brother *and* I wold play,  
Sweare, chide and scolde<sup>2</sup> with man and woman;

To do shrewde turnes our delyte was alwaye;

Yet were we tidled, and you beaten now *and* than.

310

Thus our parentes let vs do what we woulde,

And you, by correction, they kept<sup>3</sup> vnder awe;

When we grewe bigge, we were sturdye and bolde,

By father and mother we set not a strawe.

314

Small matter for me, I am past!

But your brother and mine is in great<sup>4</sup> ieoperdy,

In daunger to come to shame at the last,

He frameth hys liuyng so wyckedly.

318

BARN. Well, siker,<sup>5</sup> I euer feared ye would be nought,

Your lewde behaiours sore greue[d]<sup>6</sup> my hart.

To trayn you to goodnes al meanes haue I sought,

But in vaine; yet wyl I play a brotherly part,

322

For the<sup>7</sup> soul is more precyous, most derely bought

With the bloud of Christe dying therfore,

<sup>1</sup> Haz. says that K. interchanges You and Your; my copyist wrote Your for You, but scratched out r.

<sup>2</sup> K. scodle.

<sup>3</sup> K. kepthe; possibly for kept the, which Haz. prints without note.

<sup>4</sup> K. gread.

<sup>5</sup> Haz. changes to sister.

<sup>6</sup> Corr. by Haz.

<sup>7</sup> K. For y<sup>e</sup> the; Haz. no note.

To saue it fyrst a meane must be sought  
At Gods hand by Chryste, mannes onely Sauior. 326

Consider, Dalila, Goddes fatherly godnes,  
Which for your good hath brought you in thys case,  
Scourged you with hys rod, of pure loue doubtles,  
That ones knowing your-self, ye might cal for grace. 330

Ye seme to repent, but I doubt what[h]er<sup>1</sup>  
For your sinnes or for the misery ye be in.  
Earnestly repent for your synne rather,  
For these plagues be but the reward of sinne. 334

But so repent that ye sinne no more,  
And then beleue with stedfast faith  
That God wyll forgeue you for-euermore  
For Chrystes sake, as the Scripture sayth. 338

As for your bodye, if it be curable,  
I wyll cause to be healed, or<sup>2</sup> duryng your life  
I wyl clothe you and fede<sup>3</sup> you as I am able.  
Come, sister, go with me ; ye haue nede of relief. 342

*Thei goo.*

*The iuge [Daniel], Iniquitie, Bayly [Errand] come in ; t[he] iudge sitteth down.<sup>4</sup>*

DANIEL. As a iudge of the countrey here am I come,  
Sent by the Kynges Maiestye iustyce to do,  
Chiefly to procede in iudgement of a felon ;  
I tary for the verdite of the quest ere I go.  
Go, baily ; know whether they be all a-greed or no ;  
If they be so, byd them come a-way,  
And bring their prisoner ; I wold hear what they say. 349

<sup>1</sup> K. whater ; Haz. whether.

<sup>2</sup> Haz. *wrongly changes to and.*

<sup>3</sup> K. fete ; H. feed, *with no note.*

<sup>4</sup> Haz. *gives this after l. 347 in this form: Iniquity, Baily errand, comes in ; the judge sitteth down. In K. it is in the margin opposite ll. 344-347 ; the words in brackets were cut away.*

[BAILY.] I go, my lord, I go, to soone for one,  
 He is lyke to play a cast wil breake his necke-bone.  
 I beseche your lor[d]shyp be good to hym;  
 The man is come of good kynne.

*He telleth[h]<sup>1</sup> hym in hy[s]<sup>1</sup> eare, that<sup>2</sup> a[u]<sup>1</sup> may heare.<sup>3</sup>*

If your lordshyp would be so good to me  
 As for my sake to set hym free, 355  
 I could haue xx pound<sup>4</sup> in a purse;  
 Yea, and your lordshyp a right faire horse,  
 Well worth ten pound.

DAN.<sup>5</sup> Get the a-way, thou hell-hound!  
 If ye were well examined and tried, 360  
 Perchaunce a false knaue ye would be spyed.

*Iniquitye goeth oute; the iudge sp[e]keth<sup>1</sup> styll.*

Brybes, saith Salomon, blind *the* wise mans sight,<sup>6</sup>  
 That he can not se to geue iudgement right.  
 Should I be a bribar? Nay; he shall haue the law,  
 As I owe to God and the kyng obedience and awe. 365

*They bring Ismael in, bound lyke a prysoner. [The jury comes also.  
 Iniquitie whispers to Ismael.]*

INIQ. Ye be tyed fayre ynough for runnyng away;  
 If ye do not after me, ye wyll be hanged, I dare say.  
 If thou tell no tales, but holde thy tounge,  
 I wyl set the at lybertye ere it be longe,  
 Though thou be iudged to dye anon. 370

[IU]DGE.<sup>1</sup> Come on, sirs, I pray you, come on.  
 Be you all agreed in one?

*One of them speketh for the quest.*

[JUROR.] Yea, my lord, euery-chone. 373

<sup>1</sup> Cut away.

<sup>4</sup> K. pount.

<sup>2</sup> K. the.

<sup>5</sup> K. Daniel th[e] iudge.

<sup>6</sup> Haz. He telleth him in his ear the rest may not hear, *which cannot have stood in the British Museum copy, as may be seen by arranging in lines.*

<sup>6</sup> K. light; Haz. sight.

[I]UDGE.<sup>1</sup> Where Ismael was indited<sup>2</sup> by xij men  
 Of felony, burglary and murdre,  
 As thinditement declareth how, where, and when, —  
 Ye heard it read to you lately, in ordre, —  
 You, with the rest, — I trust, ðll true men, —  
 Be charged vpon your othes to gyue verdyte directly  
 Whether Ismael therof be guilty or not guilty. 380

[On]e for the [qu]est.<sup>3</sup>

[JUROR.]<sup>4</sup> Guilty, my lord, and most guilty.  
 [I]NIQ.<sup>5</sup> [to Ismael] Wilt thou hange, horeson noddy?<sup>6</sup>  
 [I]UDGE. [to Ismael] The Lorde haue mercy vpon the!  
 [I]NIQ. [to Ismael] Tusshe, holde thy tonge, and I warrant  
 the! • 384

[I]UDGE. [to Ismael] Thou shalt go to the place thou camst  
 fro,  
 Tyl to-morow ix of the clocke there to remain;  
 To the place of execution then shalt thou go,  
 There be hanged to death; and after, again,  
 Being dead, for ensample to be hanged in a chain.  
 Take hym away, and se it be done,  
 At your perill, that may fall thereupon! 391

[I]SM. Though I be iudged to dye, I require respite,  
 For the kings aduantage in<sup>7</sup> thinges I can recite.  
 [I]NIQ. A-way with him, he wyll speake but of spyte.  
 [I]UDGE. Well, we will heare you say what you can; 395

<sup>1</sup> Cut away.

<sup>2</sup> K. intided; corr. by Haz.

<sup>3</sup> Haz. rest; letters cut away.

<sup>4</sup> The assignment of the speeches here is confused in K.; One for the quest is opposite l. 381; Iniquitie opp. 382, Iudge opp. 383, Iniquitie opp. 384, and Iudge opp. 385. Haz. assigns 381-383 as I do, but assigns all after to the Judge, and transposes 384 and 385. My assignment merely supposes that, like the first, all the names were put one line too high.

<sup>5</sup> The first letter of the next ten speakers is cut away.

<sup>6</sup> Haz. Wilt thou hang, my lord, [this] whoreson noddy; K. has my Lord, but I regard it as an intrusion from the preceding line.

<sup>7</sup> Haz. emends to some.

But se that ye wrongfully accuse no man.

[I]SM. I wyll be-lye no man, but thys I may say :  
Here standeth he that brought me to thys waye.

[I]NIQ. My lorde, he lyeth like a dampned knaue ;  
The feare of death doth make hym raue. 400

[I]SM. His naughtye company and playe at dice  
Dyd me first to stealyng entice ;  
He was *with* me at roberies, I say it to his face ;  
Yet can I say more in tyme and place.<sup>1</sup>

INIQ. [*aside*] Thou hast said to much, I beshrew thi hor-  
sons face! — 405

Hange him, my lord, out of the way ;  
The thief careth not what he doth say.  
[*Aside*] Let me be hangman, I wil teache <sup>2</sup> him a sleight ;  
For feare of talkyng I wil strangle him streight. —  
Tary here that lyst, for I wyl go. 410

*He would go.*

IUDG[E].<sup>3</sup> No, no, my frend, not so !  
I thought alwayes ye should not be good,  
And now it wil proue, I se, by the rood !  
Take him and lay him in yrons stronge.  
We wil talke with you more ere it be longe. 415

*They ta[ke] him in a h[al]ter ; he fig[h]teth with the[m].<sup>3</sup>*

INIQ. He that layeth handes on me in this place,  
Iche lay my brawlyng-yrone on his face !  
By Gogs bloud, I defye thy worst !  
If thou shouldest hange me, I were a-curst.  
I haue bene at as low an ebbe as this, 420  
And quyckely a-loft again, by Gisse!  
I haue mo frendes then ye thynke I haue ;  
I am entertained of all men lyke no slaue.  
Yea, within this moneth, I may say to you,  
I wyl be your seruauant, and your maister, to, — 425

<sup>1</sup> K. space.

<sup>2</sup> K. teathe.

<sup>3</sup> The letters in brackets are cut away.

· Ye, crepe into your brest! Wyl ye haue it so?

· IUDGE. A-way with them both! leade them away!

· At his death, tell me what he doth say;

For then, be-lyke, he wyll not lye.

INIQ. I care not for you both; no, not a fly! 430

*They lead them out.*

· IUDGE. If no man haue here more matter to say,

· I must go hence some other way.

*He goeth out.*

*[Enter Worldly Shame.]*

· WORLDLY SHAME. Hah ha! though I come in rudely, be  
not agast!

I must worke a feate in al the hast.

· I haue caught two byrdes: I wyll set for the dame; 435

· If I catche her in my clutche, I wyl her tame!

Of all thys while know ye not my name?

· I am right worshipfull Maister Wor[l]dly Shame.

The matter that I come now about

Is euen thys, I put you out of dought: 440

· There is one<sup>1</sup> Xantippe, a curst shrew, —

I thinke al the world doth her knowe, —

· Suche a iade she is and so curst a quene

· She would out-scolde the deuils dame, I wene.

Sirs, thys fine woman had babes three: 445

· Twayne the derest darlinges that might be, —

· Ismael and faire Dalila, these two;

· With the loute Barnabas I haue nothing to do.

Al was good that these tidlynges do might, —

· Sweare, lye, steale, scolde, or fight, 450

Carde,<sup>2</sup> dyce, kysse, clippe, and so furth:

All this our Mammy would take in good worth.

· Now, sir[s], Dalila, my daughter, is dead of *the* pockes,

· And my son hanged<sup>3</sup> in chaynes and waueth his locks.

<sup>1</sup> K. none; *corr.* by Haz.

<sup>3</sup> Haz. *emends* to hangeth.

<sup>2</sup> K. Cardes.

These newes wil I tel her, and the matter so frame 455  
 That she shal be thyne owne, Mayster Worldly Shame.  
 Hah ha ha!

*Xantippe commeth in.*

Peace, peace! she commeth hereby.  
 I spoke no word of her, no, not I! 458  
 Oh Mestres Xantippe, I can tell you newes:<sup>1</sup>  
 The fayre wenche, your dere daughter Dalila,  
 Is dead of the pockes, taken at the stewes;  
 And thy sonne Ismael, that preaty boy,  
 Whom, I dare say, you loued very well,  
 Is hanged in chaynes, euer[y]<sup>2</sup> man can tell. 464

Euery man saith thy daughter was a strong whore,  
 And thy sonne a strong thief *and* a murderer, to;  
 It must nedes greue you wonderous sore<sup>3</sup>  
 That they died so shamefully, both two.  
 Men wyl taunt you and mock you, for they say now  
 The cause of their death was euen verye you. 470

XANT. I the cause of their death!

*She wold sowne.*

WORLDLY SHAME. Will ye sowne? the deuyl stop thy  
 breath! 472

Thou shalt die, I trow, with more shame;  
 I wyl get me hence out of the way;  
 If the whore should dye, men would me blame,—  
 That I killed her, knaues should say. *Exit.* 476

XANT. Alas, alas, and weale-away!  
 I may curse the time that I was borne!  
 Neuer woman had suche fortune, I dare say;  
 Alas, two of my chyldren be forlorne! 480

<sup>1</sup> K. nedes; *corr. by Haz., who gives reading of K. as neder.*

<sup>2</sup> *Corr. by Haz.*

<sup>3</sup> K. sors.

My faire daughter Dalila is dead of the pockes ;  
 My dere sonne Ismael hanged vp in chaynes, —  
 Alas, the wynd waueth his yelow lockes!  
 It sleaeth my heart and breaketh my braynes!

484

Why should God punish and plague me so sore,  
 To se my children dye so shamefully?  
 I wil neuer eate bread in this world more ;  
 With this knife wyl I sley my-self by-and-by!

488

*She wold stick herselfe with a knife.*

[Enter Barnabas.]

BARN. Beware what ye do! fye, mother, fye!  
 Wyl ye spyl your-selfe for your own offence,  
 And seme for-euer to exclude Gods mercy?  
 God doth punysh you for your negligence ;  
 Wherefore take his correction with pacience  
 And thanke him hertely that, of his godnes,  
 He bringeth you in knowledge of your trespass.

495

For when my brother *and* sister were of yonge age,  
 You saw they were geuen to ydlenes and play,  
 Would apply no learnyng but liue in outrage,  
 And men complayned on them euery day ;  
 Ye winked at theyr faultes and tidled them alway ;  
 By maintenaunce they grew to mischief and yll ;  
 So, at last, Gods iustice did them both spill.

502

In that God preserued<sup>1</sup> me, small thanke to you!  
 If God had not geuen me speciall grace  
 To auoyd euil and do good, — this is true —  
 I had liued and dyed in as wretched case  
 As they did, for I had both suffraunce and space ;  
 But it is an olde prouerbe,<sup>2</sup> — you haue herd it, I think, —  
 That God wyl haue se, shall not wyne.

509

Yet in this we may al take comfort :  
 They toke great repentaunce, I heard say ;

<sup>1</sup> K. preseruerued.

<sup>2</sup> K. prouerke.



And, as for my sister, I am able to report  
 She lamented for her sinnes to her dy[i]ng-day.  
 To repent and beleue I exhorted<sup>1</sup> her alway.  
 Before her death she beleued that God, of his mercy,  
 For Christes sake, would saue her eternally.

516

If you do euen so, ye nede not despaire,  
 For God will frely remitte your sinnes all.  
 Christe hath payed the raunsom; why shuld ye fear?  
 To beleue this and do well, to God for grace call;  
 All worldly cares let passe and fall;  
 And thus comfort my father, I pray you hertely!  
 I haue a lytle to say, I wyl come by-and-by.

523

*Xantippe goeth out.*

Right gentle audience, by thys interlude ye may se  
 How daungerous it is for the frailtye of youth,  
 Without good gouernaunce, to lyue at libertye.  
 Suche chaunces as these oft happen, of truth;  
 Many miscary, it is the more ruth,  
 By negligence of their elders *and* not taking payne  
 In tyme good learnyng *and* qualities to attayne.

530

Therefore exhort I<sup>2</sup> al parentes to be diligent  
 In bringing vp their children, yea,<sup>3</sup> to be circumspect;  
 Least they fall to euill, be not negligent,  
 But chastice them before they be sore infect;  
 Accept their well-doing, in yll them reiect.  
 A yonge plant ye may platte *and* bowe as ye wyll;  
 Where it groweth strong, there wyll it abyde styll:

537

Euen so by chyldren, — in theyr tender age  
 Ye may worke them like waxe<sup>4</sup> to your own entent;  
 But if ye suffer them longe to liue in outrage,  
 They wil be sturdy and stiffe, and will not relent.  
 O ye chyldren, let your tyme be well spent;

<sup>1</sup> K. exorthed; *the x broken.*

<sup>3</sup> Haz. *emends to aye.*

<sup>2</sup> K. exhortyng; *corr. by Haz.*

<sup>4</sup> *The x is broken.*

Applye your learnyng and your elders obey:  
It wil be your profit an-other day.

544

*He knele[th]<sup>1</sup> downe.*

Now for the Quenes<sup>2</sup> Royal Maiestie let vs pray,  
That God, in whose handes is *the* hert of al quenes,<sup>3</sup>  
Maye endue Her<sup>2</sup> Highnes *with* godly puissance alwaye,  
That Her<sup>2</sup> Grace may long raign and prosper in al things,  
In Gods word *and* iustice may giue light to al quenes.<sup>3</sup>  
Let vs pray for the Honorable Councel *and* Nobilitie,  
That they may alwayes counsel in wisdom *with* tranquility.  
God saue the Quene, the Realme, and Cominaltie!

552

*He mak[eth]<sup>1</sup> curtesy an[d]<sup>1</sup> goeth out.*

FINIS.

T. R.

A SONG.

v [He]re fyng<sup>3</sup>  
[ech a]s answear-  
[rin]g other,  
[tha]t alwaies  
[the] iiii<sup>5</sup> staffe  
[the]y fying<sup>6</sup> to-  
[ge]ther.<sup>7</sup>

It is good to be mery.  
But who can be<sup>4</sup> mery?  
He that hath a pure conscience,  
He may well be mery.

4

<sup>1</sup> Cut away by binder.

<sup>2</sup> It is clear from the rhymes that this play was originally composed for production before a king.

<sup>3</sup> K. refyng.

<sup>4</sup> K. cam me.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps this should be iiii, but I take the last two lines to be meant by the third stave.

<sup>6</sup> K. yfing.

<sup>7</sup> I supply letters cut off by the binder. The alignment is that given by my copyist; Haz. prints some of the words in italics, and so aligns the edges as to give a different idea of the amount missing; thus:

resyng,  
answer-  
ing . other  
t alwayes  
staff  
, ysing to  
other.

Who hath a pure conscience? tel me!  
 No man, of him-self, I ensure the.  
 Then must it folow of necessitie  
     That no man can be mery. 8

Puritie it-selfe may purenes geue;  
 You must aske it of God in true beleue.  
 Then wyl he geue it, and none repreue;  
     And so we may be mery. 12

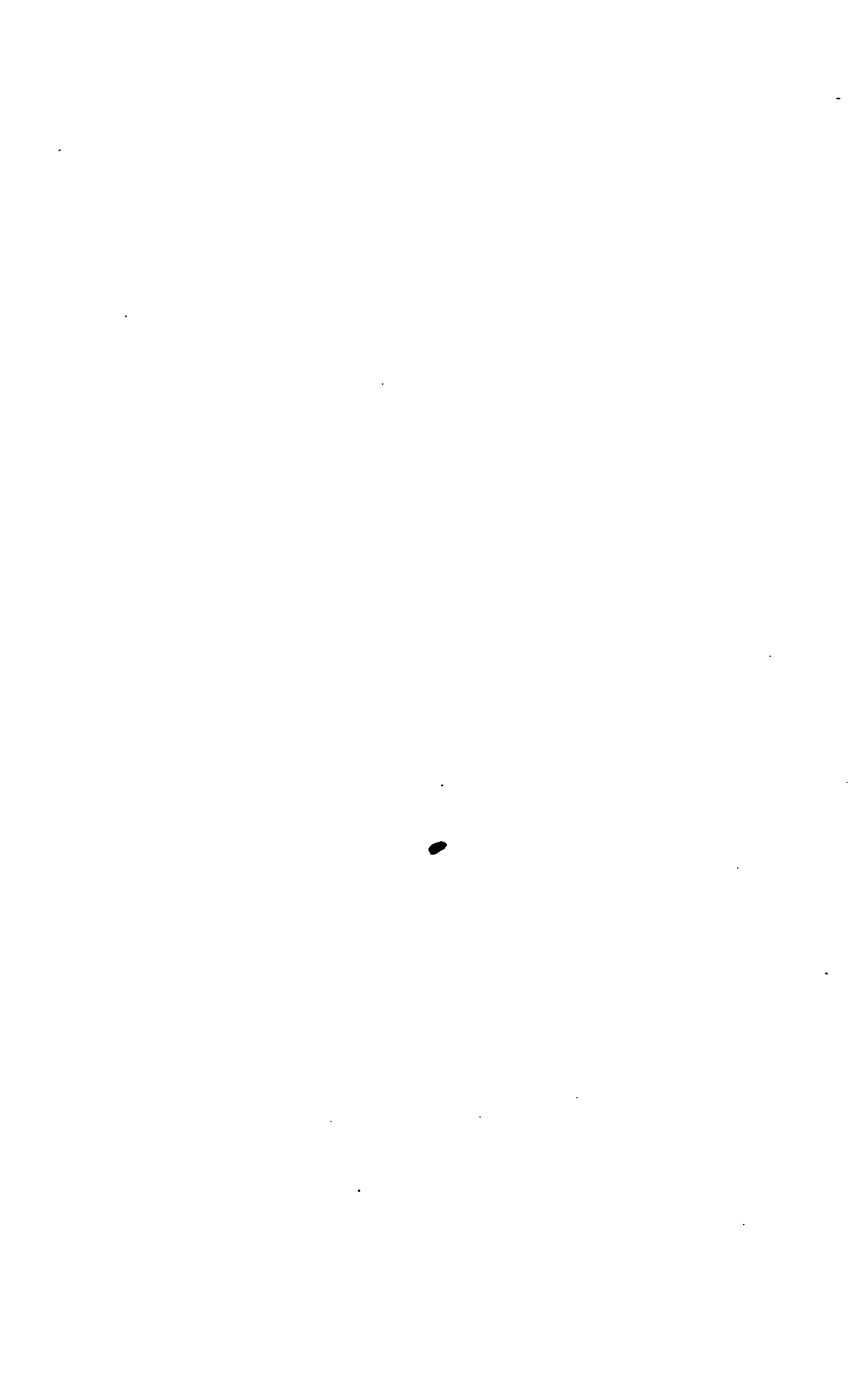
What is the practice of a conscience pure?  
 To loue and feare God, and other allure;  
 And, for his sake, to helpe hys neighbour, —  
     Then may he well be mery. 16

What shall he haue that can and wil do this?  
 After this life euerlasting blisse:  
 Yet not by desert, but by gyft, y-wisse.  
     There God make vs all mery! 20

FINIS.

*Imprinted at London, in Paules  
 Churche yearde at the Sygne of  
 the Swane by John Kyng.*

## PART V.



## THE FOURE PP.

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Printed from the first edition (by Wyllyam Myddylton, London, n. d. [before 1547]). In the footnotes M. indicates this edition; A. indicates the third edition (by John Alde, London, 1569); Coll. indicates the edition by Collier, in Dodsley's "Old Plays" (London, 1825). For the readings of A. I have had to rely upon Collier, who, it must be admitted, is inaccurate. I have not pointed out the numerous instances in which his text differs from mine in final *e*'s. Hazlitt's edition seems, so far as the textual notes are concerned, mainly a reprint of Collier's; I have usually disregarded it.

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### *The playe called the foure PP.*

A newe and a very mery enterlude of

A PALMER.

A PARDONER.

A POTYCARY.

A PEDLER.

Made by John Heewood.

[Enter Palmer.]

PALMER. Nowe God be here, who kepeth this place!

Now, by my fayth, I crye you mercy;  
Of reason I must sew for grace,  
My rewdnes sheweth me no[w]<sup>1</sup> so homely.

Wherof your pardon axt and wonne,  
I sew you,<sup>2</sup> as curtesy doth me bynde,  
To tell thys whiche shalbe begonne

In order as may come beste in mynde.<sup>3</sup>

8

<sup>1</sup> A. not; Coll. *rejects* no.

<sup>2</sup> A. sue now.

<sup>3</sup> M. myndy.

I am a palmer, as ye <sup>1</sup> se,  
     Whiche of my lyfe much part hath <sup>2</sup> spent  
 In many a fayre and farre <sup>3</sup> countre,  
     As pylgrymes do of good intent. 12  
 At Hierusalem <sup>4</sup> haue I bene  
     Before Chrystes blessed sepulture ;  
 The Mount of Caluery haue I <sup>5</sup> sene,  
     A holy place, ye may be sure ; 16  
 To Iosophat and Olyuete  
     On fote, God wote, I wente ryght bare, —  
 Many a salt tere dyde I swete  
     Before thys carkes coulede <sup>6</sup> come there ; 20  
 Yet haue I bene at Rome also,  
     And gone the stacions all arow,  
 Saynt Peters Shryne and many mo  
     Then, yf I tolde, all ye do know, — 24  
 Except that there be any suche  
     That hath ben there and diligently  
 Hath taken hede and marked muche,  
     Then can they speke as muche as I. 28  
 Then at the Rodes also I was ;  
 And rounde about to Amyas ;  
 At Saynt Toncomber ; and Saynt Tronion ;  
 At Saynt Bothulph ; and Saynt Anne of Buckston ;  
 On the Hylles of Armony, where I see <sup>7</sup> Noes arke ; 33  
 With holy Iob ; and Saynt George in Suthwarke ;  
 At Waltam ; and at Walsyngam ;  
 And at the good Rood of Dagnam ;  
 At Saynt Cornelys ; at Saynt Iames in Gales ;  
 And at Saynt Wynefrydes Well in Walles ; 38  
 At Our Lady of Boston ; at Saynt Edmundes-byry ;  
 And streyght to Saynt Patrykes Purgatory ;  
 At Rydybone ; and at the Blood of Hayles,

<sup>1</sup> A. you, *so regularly*.<sup>5</sup> A. I have.<sup>2</sup> Coll. A. have.<sup>6</sup> A. would.<sup>3</sup> A. far and faire.<sup>7</sup> A. saw.<sup>4</sup> A. Jerusalem.

Where pylgrymes paynes ryght muche auayles ;  
 At Saynt Dauys ; and at Saynt Denis ; 43  
 At Saynt Mathew ; and Saynt Marke in Venis ;  
 At Mayster Iohan Shorne ; at Canterbury ;  
 The Graet God of Katewade ; at Kynge Henry ;<sup>1</sup>  
 At Saynt Sauyours ; at Our Lady of Southwell ;  
 At Crome ; at Wylsdome ; and at Muswell ; 48  
 At Saynt Rycharde ; and at Saynt Roke ;  
 And at Our Lady that standeth in the Oke :  
 To these with other many one  
 Deuoutly haue I prayed and gone,  
 Prayeng to them to pray for me 53  
 Unto the Blessed Trynyte ;  
 By whose prayers and my dayly payne  
 I truste the soner to obtay[n]e<sup>2</sup>  
 For my saluacyon grace and mercy,  
 For be ye sure I thynke surely<sup>3</sup> 58  
 Who seketh sayntes for Cryste's sake—  
 And namely suche as payne do take  
 On fote to punyshe their<sup>4</sup> frayle body—  
 Shall therby meryte more hyely  
 Then by any-thinge done by man. 63

[*The Pardoner has entered while the Palmer is speaking.*]

PARDONER. And when ye haue gone as farre as ye can,  
 For all your labour and gostely entente  
 Yet welcome<sup>5</sup> home as wyse as ye wente!

PALMER. Why, sir, dyspyse ye pylgrymage?

PARDONER. Nay, for<sup>6</sup> God, syr, then dyd I rage! 68  
 I thynke ye ryght well occupied  
 To seke these sayntes on euery syde.  
 Also your payne<sup>7</sup> I nat dispraise it,

<sup>1</sup> A. Herry.

<sup>5</sup> A. Ye will come.

<sup>2</sup> *Corr. by Coll. from A.*

<sup>6</sup> Coll. A. fore.

<sup>3</sup> A. assuredly; *here and in several other instances Coll. calls A. the second ed.; Haz. usually follows him.*

<sup>7</sup> A. paynes.

<sup>4</sup> So Coll. from A; M. has thy, *perhaps* for thys.



But yet I discomende your wit,  
 And, or <sup>1</sup> we go, euen so shall ye, 73  
 If ye in this wyl answere me :  
 I pray you, shew what the cause is  
 Ye wente al these pylgrymages.

PALMER. Forsoth this lyfe I dyd begyn  
 To rydde the bondage of my syn, 78  
 For whiche these sayntes rehersed or this  
 I haue both sought and sene, i-wys,  
 Besechynge them to be <sup>2</sup> recorde  
 Of all my payne vnto the Lorde,  
 That gyueth all remysseyon 83  
 Upon eche mans contricyon ;  
 And by theyr good mediacyon,  
 Upon myne <sup>3</sup> humble submyssion,  
 I trust to haue in very dede  
 For my soule helth the better spede. 88

PARDONAR. Nowe is your ownie confessyon lyckely  
 To make your-selfe <sup>4</sup> a fole quykely,  
 For I perceyue ye wolde ohtayne  
 No nother <sup>5</sup> thyng for all your payne  
 But onely grace your soule to saue. 93  
 Nowe marke in this what wyt ye haue  
 To seke so farre, and helpe so nye :  
 Euen here at home is remedy,  
 For at your dore my-selfe doth dwell,  
 Who coude haue saued your soule as well 98  
 As all your wyde wandrynge shall do,  
 Though ye wente thryes to Iericho.  
 Nowe, syns ye myght haue spedde at home,  
 What haue ye wone by ronnyng <sup>6</sup> at Rome?

PALMER. If this be true that ye haue moued, 103  
 Then is my wyt in-dede repressed ;  
 But let vs here fyrste what ye are.

<sup>1</sup> A. ere ; *so regularly.*

<sup>3</sup> A. my.

<sup>5</sup> Coll. A. other.

<sup>2</sup> Coll. bear, *no note.*

<sup>4</sup> A. you.

<sup>6</sup> *So my copyist ; Coll. gives ronnyng as reading of this edition.*

PARDONAR. Truly I am a pardoner.

PALMER. Truly a pardoner, — that may be true;  
But a true pardoner doth nat ensue!

Ryght selde is it sene or neuer

That treuth and pardoners dwell together;

For, be your pardons neuer so great,

Yet them to enlarge ye wyll nat let

With suche lyes that oftymes, Cryste wot,

Ye seme to haue that ye haue nat.

Wherfore I went my-selfe to the selfe thyng

In every place, and, without faynyng,

Had as muche pardon there assuredly

As ye can promyse me here doutefully.

Howe-be-it I thynke ye do but scoffe;<sup>1</sup>

But yf ye hadde all the pardon ye speke<sup>2</sup> of,

And no whyt of pardon graunted

In any place where I haue haunted,

Yet of my labour I nothyng repent.

God hathe respect how eche tyme is spent,

And, as in his knowledge all is regarded,

So by his goodnes all is rewarded.

PARDONAR. By the<sup>3</sup> fyrste parte of this laste tale

It semeth you come late<sup>4</sup> from the ale;

For reason on your syde so farre doth fayle

That ye leue [re]sonyng<sup>5</sup> and begyn to rayle;

Wherin ye forget your owne parte clerely,

For ye be as vntrue as I;

And in one poynte ye are beyonde me,

For ye may lye by aucthoryte, —

And all that hath<sup>6</sup> wandred so farre

That no man can be theyr controller.

And, where ye esteme your labour so muche,

I say yet agayne my pardons be<sup>7</sup> suche

<sup>1</sup> Coll. gives scofte as reading of M.; my copyist wrote scofte, but changed the t to f.

<sup>2</sup> So Coll. from A.; M. has kepe.

<sup>3</sup> A. this.

<sup>4</sup> Coll. A. ye came of late.

<sup>5</sup> Corr. by Coll. from A.

<sup>6</sup> Coll. A. have.

<sup>7</sup> Coll. A. are; so usually.

That, yf there were a thousande soules on a hepe,  
 I wolde brynge them all to heuen as good chepe  
 As ye haue brought your-selfe on pylgrymage  
 In the leste quarter of your vyage,  
 Which is <sup>1</sup> farre a thys side heuen, by God! 143  
 There your labour and pardon is od,  
 With smale cost and without any payne  
 These pardons bryngeth <sup>2</sup> them to heuen playne :  
 Geue me but a peny or two pens,  
 And as sone as the soule departeth hens, 148  
 In halfe an hour, or thre quarters at moste,  
 The soule is in heuen with the Holy Ghost.

*[The Potycary has entered during the last speech.]*

POTYCARY. Sende ye any soules to heuen by water?  
 PARDONER. If we dyd,<sup>3</sup> syr, what is the mater?  
 POTYCARY. By God, I haue a drye soule shulde thyther! 153  
 I praye you let our soules go to heuen togyther.  
 So bysy you twayne be in soules helth,  
 May nat a potycary come in by stelth?  
 Yes, that I <sup>4</sup> wyll, by Saynt Antony!  
 And, by the leue of thys company, 158  
 Proue ye false knaues bothe, or we goo,  
 In parte of your sayenges, as thys, lo : <sup>5</sup>  
 Thou by thy trauayle thynkest heuen to gete ;  
 And thou by pardons and relyques countest no lete  
 To sende thyne owne soule to heuen sure, 163  
 And all other whome thou lyste to procure :  
 If I toke an accyon, then were they blanke ;  
 For lyke theues the knaues rob <sup>6</sup> away my thanke.  
 All soules in heuen hauynge relefe,  
 Shall they thanke your craftes? nay, thanke myn chefe! 168  
 No soule, ye knowe, entreth heuen gate  
 Tyll from the bodye he be separate ;

<sup>1</sup> Coll. gives reading of this ed. as as. <sup>4</sup> A. we.

<sup>2</sup> Coll. A. bring.

<sup>5</sup> So Coll., without note ; M. has so.

<sup>3</sup> Coll. A. doo.

<sup>6</sup> A. they rob.

- And whome haue ye knowen dye ho[ne]stlye <sup>1</sup>  
 Without helpe of the potycary?  
 Nay, all that commeth to our handlynge, — 173  
 Except ye happe to come to hangynge:  
 That way, perchaunce, ye shall nat myster  
 To go to heuen without a glyster!  
 But, be ye sure, I wolde be wo  
 If <sup>2</sup> ye shulde chaunce <sup>3</sup> to begyle me so. 178  
 As good to lye with me a-nyght  
 As hange abrode in the mone lyght!  
 There is no choyse to fle my hande  
 But, as I sayd, into the bande.  
 Syns of our soules the multitude 183  
 I sende to heuen, when all is vewed,  
 Who shulde but I then all-together  
 Haue thanke of all theyr commynge thyther?  
 PARDONER. If ye kylde a thousande in an houre  
 space,  
 When come they to heuen, dyenge from state of grace? <sup>4</sup> 188  
 POTYCARY. If a thousande pardons about your <sup>5</sup> neckes  
 were teyd,  
 When come they to heuen yf they neuer dyed?  
 PALMER. Longe lyfe after good workes in-dede  
 Doth hynder mannes receyt of mede,  
 And deth before one dewty done 193  
 May make vs thynke we dye to sone;  
 Yet better tary a thyng, then haue it,  
 Then go to sone and vaynly craue it.  
 PARDONER. The longer ye dwell in communicacion,  
 The lesse shall you lyke thys ymagynacyon; 198  
 For ye may perceyue euen at the fyrst chop  
 Your tale is trapt in such a stop  
 That, at the leste, ye seme worse then we.  
 POTYCARY. By the masse, I holde vs nought all thre!

<sup>1</sup> *Corr. by Coll. from A.*<sup>4</sup> Coll. A. dyenge out of grace.<sup>2</sup> A. That.<sup>5</sup> *Qy.* their.<sup>3</sup> M. chaunge; Coll. chaunce, *without note.*

[*The Pedler has entered in time to hear the last speech.*]

PEDLER. By Our Lady, then haue I gone wronge ; 203  
And yet to be here I thought longe!

POTYCARY. Brother, ye haue gone wronge no w[h]yt  
I prayse your fortune and your wyt,  
That can dyrecte you so discretely  
To plante you in this company : 208  
Thou [a]<sup>1</sup> palmer, and thou a pardoner,  
I a potycary.

PEDLER. And I a pedler.

POTYCARY. Nowe on my fayth full well watched!<sup>2</sup>  
Were<sup>3</sup> the deuyll were we foure hatched?

PEDLER. That maketh no mater, syns we be matched. 213  
I coulede be mery yf that I catchyd  
Some money for parte of the ware in my packe.

POTYCARY. What the deuyll hast thou there at thy backe?

PEDLER. Why, dost thou nat knowe that every pedler<sup>4</sup>  
In euery tryfull<sup>5</sup> must be a medler? 218  
Specyally in womens tryflynges, —  
Those vse we chefe<sup>6</sup> aboue all thynges.  
Whiche thynges to se yf ye be disposed,  
Beholde what ware here is disclosed.

Thys gere sheweth it-selfe in suche bewte 223  
That eche man thynketh<sup>7</sup> it sayth: come, bye me!  
Loke, were<sup>8</sup> your-selfe can lyke to be chooser,  
Your-selfe shall make pryce though I be looser!  
Is here<sup>9</sup> nothyng for my father Palmer?

Haue ye nat a wanton in a corner 228  
For<sup>10</sup> your walkyng to holy places?  
By Cryste, I haue herde of as straunge cases!  
Who lyueth in loue or loue wolde wynne,  
Euen at this packe he must begynne,

<sup>1</sup> *Inserted by Coll., without note.*

<sup>2</sup> *Qy. matched.*

<sup>3</sup> *Coll. Where, without note.*

<sup>4</sup> *M. pedled; corr. silently by Coll.*

<sup>5</sup> *Coll. A. In all kind of trifles.*

<sup>6</sup> *Coll. A. cheefly.*

<sup>7</sup> *A. thinks.*

<sup>8</sup> *Coll. where, without note.*

<sup>9</sup> *A. there.*

<sup>10</sup> *Coll. For all, without note.*

Where <sup>1</sup> is ryght many a proper token, 233  
 Of whiche by name parte shall be spoken :  
 Gloues, pynnes, combes, glasses vnsportyd,  
 Pomanders, hookes, and lasses knotted,<sup>2</sup>  
 Broches, rynges, and all maner bedes,  
 Lace,<sup>3</sup> rounde and flat, for womens hedes, 238  
 Nedyls, threde, thymbell[s],<sup>4</sup> shers, and all suche knackes, —  
 Where louers be, no suche thynges lackes, —  
 Sypers, swathbondes, rybandes, and sleue-laces,  
 Gyrdyls, knyues, purses, and pyncases.

POTYCARY. Do women bye theyr pyncases of you? 243

PEDLER. Ye, that they do, I make God a-vow!

POTYCARY. So mot I thryue, then for my parte,  
 I be-shrewe thy knaues nakyd herte  
 For makynge my wyfeys pyncase so wyde!  
 The pynnes fall out, they can nat abyde. 248  
 Great pynnes must she haue, one or other ;  
 Yf she lese one, she wyll fynde an-other, —  
 Wherin I fynde cause to complayne, —  
 New pynnes to her pleasure and my payne!

PARDONER. Syr, ye seme well sene in womens causes : 253  
 I praye you, tell me what causeth this,  
 That women, after theyr arysynge,<sup>5</sup>  
 Be so longe in theyr apparelynge?

PEDLER. Forsoth, women haue many lettes,  
 And they be masked<sup>6</sup> in many nettes : <sup>7</sup> 258  
 As, frontlettes, fyllettes, par[t]lettes<sup>8</sup> and barcelettes ;  
 And then theyr bonettes, and theyr poynettes.  
 By these lettes and nettes the lette is suche  
 That spede is small whan haste is muche.

POTYCARY. An-other cause why they come nat forwarde, 263

<sup>1</sup> Coll. A. Wherin.

<sup>3</sup> Coll. A. Laces.

<sup>2</sup> A. unknotted.

<sup>4</sup> A. has the plural.

<sup>5</sup> A. uprising.

<sup>6</sup> So Coll., without note; the word now looks like maiked.

<sup>7</sup> So Coll., without note; the word now looks like frettes, but the line is at the top of the page and the upper half of long letters has been trimmed away.

<sup>8</sup> Coll. partlettes, without note.

Whiche maketh them dayly to drawe backwarde,  
 And yet<sup>1</sup> is a thyng they can nat forbere :  
 The trymmyng and pynnyng vp theyr gere,  
 Specyally theyr fydyng with the tayle-pyn,—  
 And when they wolde haue it prycke<sup>2</sup> in, 268  
 If it chaunce to double in the clothe  
 Then be they<sup>3</sup> wode and swereth<sup>4</sup> an othe.  
 Tyll it stande ryght, they wyll nat forsake it.  
 Thus, though it may nat, yet wolde they make it.  
 But be ye sure they do but defarre it, 273  
 For, when they wolde make it, ofte tymes marre it.  
 But prycke them and pynne them as myche<sup>5</sup> as ye wyll,  
 And yet wyll they loke for pynnyng stylle ;  
 So that I durste holde you a ioynt<sup>6</sup>  
 Ye shall neuer haue them at a full<sup>7</sup> poynt. 278

PEDLER. Let womens maters passe, and marke myne!  
 What-euer theyr poyntes be, these poyntes be fyne.  
 Wherefore, yf ye be wyllinge to bye,  
 Ley downe money! come of quykely!

PALMER. Nay, by my trouthe, we be lyke fryers : 283  
 We are but beggers, we be no byers.

PARDONER. Syr, ye maye showe your ware for your  
 mynde,

But I thynke ye shall no profyte fynde.

PEDLER. Well, though thys iourney<sup>8</sup> acqute no coste,  
 Yet thynke I nat my labour loste ; 288  
 For, by the fayth of my body,  
 I lyke full well thys company.  
 Up shall this packe, for it is playne  
 I came not hyther al for gayne.  
 Who may nat play one day in a weke, 293

<sup>1</sup> A. it.

<sup>3</sup> A. they be.

<sup>2</sup> Coll. A. prickt.

<sup>4</sup> Coll. A. swere.

<sup>5</sup> M. nyche ; A. nie ; Coll. *suggested much as the meaning* ; Haz. *emends*  
 to nice.

<sup>6</sup> M. toynt ; Coll. with you a joynt, *without note*.

<sup>7</sup> Coll. A. ful(l) ; M. fall, *which is possible*.

<sup>8</sup> M. your ney ; Coll. journey, *without note*.

May thynke hys thryfte is farre to seke!  
 Deuyse what pastyme ye thynke beste,  
 And make ye sure to fynde me prest.

POTYCARY. Why, be ye so vnyuersall  
 That you can do what-so-euer ye shall? 298

PEDLER. Syr, yf ye lyste to appose<sup>1</sup> me,  
 What I can do then shall ye se.

POTYCARY. Then tell me thys: be ye perfytt in drynkyng?

PEDLER. Perfytt in drynkyng as may be wysht by thynkyng!

POTYCARY. Then after your drynkyng how fall ye to wynkyng? 303

PEDLER. Syr, after drynkyng, whyle the shot is tynkyng,

Some hedes be swynking,<sup>2</sup> but myne wyl be synkyng,  
 And vpon drynkyng myne eyse wyl be pynkyng,  
 For wynkyng to drynkyng is alway lynkyng.

POTYCARY. Then drynke and slepe ye can well do. 308  
 But, yf ye were desyred therto,

I pray you, tell me, can you synge?

PEDLER. Syr, I haue some syght in syngyng.

POTYCARY. But is your brest any-thing swete?

PEDLER. What-euer my breste be, my voyce is mete. 313

POTYCARY. That answer sheweth you a ryght syngyng man.

Now what is your wyl, good father, than?

PALMER. What helpeth wyl where is no skyll?

PARDONER. And what helpeth skyll where is no wyl?<sup>3</sup>

POTYCARY. For wyl or skyll, what helpeth it 318  
 Where frowarde knaues be lackyng wyt?<sup>4</sup>

Leue of thys curyosytie;

And who that lyste, synge after me!

<sup>1</sup> Coll. oppose, *without note*.

<sup>2</sup> A.; Coll. M. swymmyng.

<sup>3</sup> Coll. A. wil; M. wyt; *see next note*.

<sup>4</sup> Coll. A. wit; M. wyl; *see preceding note*.



*Here they synge.<sup>1</sup>*

PEDLER. Thys lyketh me well, so mot I the!

PARDONER. So helpe me God, it lyketh nat me! 323

Where company is met and well agreed,

Good pastyme doth ryght well in-dede;

But who can syt<sup>2</sup> in dalyaunceMen syt<sup>3</sup> in suche a variaunce

As we were set or ye came in? 328

Whiche stryfe thys man dyd fyrst begynne,

Allegynge that suche men as vse

For loue of God, and nat<sup>4</sup> refuse,

On fot to goo from place to place

A pylgrymage, callynge for grace, 333

Shall in that payne with penitence

Obtayne discharge of conscyence, —

Comparynge that lyfe for the beste

Enduccyon to our endles reste.

Upon these wordes our mater grewe; 338

For, yf he coulde auow them true,

As good to be a gardener

As for to be a pardoner.

But, when I harde hym so farre wyde,

I then aproched and replied; 343

Sayenge this: that this<sup>5</sup> indulgence,

Hauyng the forsayd penitence,

Dyschargeth man of all offence

With mucche more profyt then this pretence.

I aske but two pens at the moste, — 348

I-wys, this is nat very great coste, —

And from<sup>6</sup> all payne, without dyspayre, —My soule for his, — kepe euen his chayre,<sup>7</sup>

And when he dyeth he may be sure

To come to heuen, euen at pleasure. 353

<sup>1</sup> *The song is not given.*<sup>2</sup> *Qy. fet.*<sup>3</sup> *Qy. set.*<sup>4</sup> *M. nat and; Coll. A. and not.*<sup>5</sup> *A. his, which would be very appropriate in l. 347.*<sup>6</sup> *A. for.*<sup>7</sup> *A. for to keep even in his chair.*

And more then heuen he can<sup>1</sup> nat get,  
 How farre so-euer he lyste to iet.  
 Then is hys payne more then hys wit  
 To wa[l]ke<sup>2</sup> to heuen, syns he may syt !  
 Syr, as we were in this contencion, 358  
 In came thys daw with hys inuencyon,  
 Reuelynge vs, hym-selfe auauntynge,  
 That all the soules to heuen assendynge  
 Are most bounde to the potycary,  
 Bycause he helpeth most men to dye ; 363  
 Before whiche deth he sayeth, in-dede,  
 No soule in heuen can haue hys mede.

PEDLER. Why, do potycaries kyll men?

POTYCARY. By God, men say so now and then !

PEDLER. And I thought ye wolde nat haue myst 368  
 To make men<sup>3</sup> lyue as longe as ye lyste.

POTYCARY. As longe as we lyste? nay, longe<sup>4</sup> as they  
 can !

PEDLER. So myght we lyue without you than.

POTYCARY. Ye, but yet it is<sup>5</sup> necessary  
 For to haue a potycary ; 373  
 For when ye fele your conscyens redy,  
 I can sende you to heuen<sup>6</sup> quykly.  
 Wherefore, concernynge our mater here,  
 Aboue these twayne I am best, clere ;  
 And, yf ye<sup>7</sup> lyste to take me so, 378  
 I am content you and no mo  
 Shall be our iudge as in thys case,  
 Whiche of vs thre shall take the best place.

PEDLER. I neyther wyll iudge the beste nor worste ;  
 For, be ye bleste or be ye curste, 383  
 Ye know it is no whyt my sleyght<sup>8</sup>  
 To be a iudge in maters of weyght.

<sup>1</sup> A. may.

<sup>2</sup> M. wake ; Coll. A. walke.

<sup>3</sup> Coll. them, *without note*.

<sup>4</sup> Coll. as longe, *without note*.

<sup>5</sup> A. but it is very.

<sup>6</sup> A. *inserts* very.

<sup>7</sup> So Coll. A. ; M. he.

<sup>8</sup> M. fleyght ; *corr. silently* by Coll.

It behoueth no pedlers nor proctours  
 To take on them iudgemente as doctours.  
 But, yf your myndes be onely set 388  
 To worke for soule helthe, ye be well met;  
 For eche of you somewhat doth showe  
 That soules towarde heuen by you do growe;  
 Then, yf ye can so well agree  
 To contynue togyther all thre 393  
 And all you thre obey on<sup>1</sup> wyll,  
 Then all your myndes ye may fulfyll:  
 As, yf ye came all to one man  
 Who shulde goo<sup>2</sup> pylgrymage more then he can,  
 [To Palmer] In that ye, palmer, as debite, 398  
 May clerely dyscharge<sup>3</sup> hym, parde;  
 [To Pardoner] And for all other syns, ones had contrysyon,  
 Your pardons geueth hym full remysyon;  
 [To Potycary] And then ye, mayster potycary,  
 May sende hym to heuen by-and-by. 403  
 POTYCARY. Yf he taste this boxe nye aboute the  
 pryme,  
 By the masse, he is in heuen or euensonge tyme!  
 My craft is suche that I can ryght well  
 Sende my fryndes to heuen and my-selfe to hell.  
 But, syrs, marke this man, for he is wyse 408  
 How<sup>4</sup> coulde deuyse suche a deuyce;  
 For yf we thre may be as one,  
 Then be we<sup>5</sup> lordes euerychone, —  
 Betwene vs all coulde nat be myste  
 To saue the soules of whome we lyste. 413  
 But, for good order, at a worde,  
 Twayne of vs must wayte on the thyrd; e  
 And vnto that I do agree,  
 For bothe you twayne shall wayt on me.

<sup>1</sup> Coll. *silently corrects to one.*

<sup>2</sup> A. *inserts on.*

<sup>3</sup> M. *dyscharde*; so Coll., *without note.*

<sup>4</sup> Coll. *gives reading of M. as Howe, and corrects the spelling to who.*

<sup>5</sup> A. *were we as.*

PARDONER. What chaunce is this that suche an elfe<sup>1</sup> 418  
Commaund two knaues, besyde hym-selfe?

Nay, nay, my frende, that wyll nat be ;  
I am to good to wayt on the !

PALMER. By Our Lady, and I wolde be loth  
To wayt on the better on<sup>2</sup> you both ! 423

PEDLER. Yet be ye sewer, for all thys dout,  
Thys waytynge must be brought about.  
Men can nat prosper, wyfully ledde ;  
All thyng decayeth<sup>3</sup> where is no hedde.  
Wherefore, doutlesse, marke what I say : 428

To one of you thre twayne must obey ;  
And, synnes ye can nat agree in voyce  
Who shall be hed, there is no choyse  
But to deuyse some maner thyng  
Wherin ye all be lyke connyng ; 433

And in the same who can do beste,  
The other twayne to make them preste  
In euery thyng of hys entente  
Holly<sup>4</sup> to be at commaundement.  
And now haue I founde one mastry 438

That ye can do in-dyfferently,  
And is nother sellyng nor byenge,  
But eyn only very lyenge ;  
And all ye thre can lye as well  
As can the falsest deuyll in hell. 443

And, though afore ye harde me grudge  
In greater maters to be your iudge,  
Yet in lyeng I can some skyll,  
And, yf I shall be iudge, I wyll ;  
And, be ye sure, without flatery, 448

<sup>1</sup> Both M. and A. assign ll. 418, 419 to the Potycary, and have 419 :  
Commaunded two knaues be, besyde hym selfe ; the present text appeared  
in the first edition of Dodsley ; Collier thinks M. A. may be correct.

<sup>2</sup> Coll. silently changes to of.

<sup>3</sup> M. decayed ; Coll. A. decay.

<sup>4</sup> For some occult reason Coll. changes this to Holy.

Where my consciens fyndeth the mastrye,  
 Ther shall my iudgement strait be founde,  
 Though I myght wyne a thousande pounce.

PALMER. Syr, for lyeng, though I can do it,  
 Yet am I loth for to goo to it. 453

PEDLER. [*to Palmer*] Ye haue nat<sup>1</sup> cause to feare to be  
 bolde,<sup>2</sup>

For ye may be here<sup>3</sup> vncontrolled.

[*To Pardoner*] And ye in this haue good auauntage,  
 For lyeng is your comen vsage.

[*To Potycary*] And you in lyenge be well spedde, 458  
 For all your craft doth stande in falshed.

Ye nede nat care who shall begyn,

For eche of you may hope to wyn.

Now speke, all thre, euyn as ye fynde :

Be ye agreed to folowe my mynde? 463

PALMER. Ye, by my trouth, I am content.

PARDONER. Now, in good fayth, and I assente.

POTYCARY. If I denyed, I were a nody,  
 For all is myne, by Goddes body !

*Here the Potycary hoppeth.*

PALMER. Here were a hopper to hop for the ryng ! 468  
 But, syr,<sup>4</sup> thys gere goth nat by hoppynge.

POTYCARY. Syr, in this hopynge I wyll hop so well  
 That my tonge shall hop as well as<sup>5</sup> my hele ;  
 Upon whiche hoppynge I hope, and nat doute it,  
 To hope<sup>6</sup> so that ye shall hope<sup>6</sup> without it.<sup>7</sup> 473

PALMER. Syr, I wyll neyther boste ne bawll,<sup>8</sup>  
 But take suche fortune as may fall ;  
 And, yf ye wyne this maystry,  
 I wyll obaye you quietly.

<sup>1</sup> Coll. A. no.

<sup>5</sup> M. aswell as ; Coll. A. better than.

<sup>2</sup> A. beholde.

<sup>6</sup> Coll. A. hop.

<sup>3</sup> Coll. *gives reading of M. as may here, and that of A. as may lie ; he prints may here lie.*

<sup>7</sup> M. omits it.

<sup>4</sup> A. sirs.

<sup>8</sup> M. drawll ; *corr. silently by Coll.*

And sure I thynke that quietnesse 478  
 In any man is great rychesse,  
 In any maner company,  
 To rule or <sup>1</sup> be ruled indifferently.

PARDONER. By that bost thou semest a begger in-dede.  
 What can thy quyettesse helpe vs at nede? 483

Yf we shulde starue, thou hast nat, I thynke,  
 One peny to bye vs one potte of drynke.  
 Nay, yf rychesse mygh[t]<sup>2</sup> rule the roste,  
 Beholde what cause I haue to boste!  
 Lo, here be <sup>3</sup> pardons halfe a dosyn! 488

For gostely ryches they haue no cosyn;  
 And, more-ouer, to me they brynge  
 Sufficient succour for my lyuynge.  
 And here be <sup>3</sup> relykes of suche a kynde  
 As in this worlde no man can <sup>4</sup> fynde. 493

Knele downe, all thre, and, when ye leue kyssynge,  
 Who lyst to offer shall haue my blyssynge!  
 Frendes, here shall ye se euyn anone  
 Of All-Hallows the blessyd iaw-bone, —  
 Kys it hardely, with good deuocion! 498

POTYCARY. This kysse shall brynge vs muche promo-  
 cyon. —

Fogh! by Saynt Sauyour, I neuer kyst a wars!  
 Ye were as good kysse All-Hallows ars!  
 For, by All-Halows, me thynketh  
 That All-Halows breth stynkith. 503

PALMER. Ye iudge All-Halows breth vnknownen;  
 Yf any breth stynke, it is your owne.

POTYCARY. I knowe myne owne breth from All-Halows,  
 Or els it were tyme to kysse the galows.

PARDONER. Nay, syrs, beholde, here may ye se 508  
 The great-toe of the Trinite:  
 Who to thys toe any money voweth,  
 And ones may role it in his moueth,

<sup>1</sup> A. *inserts* to.

<sup>2</sup> M. *myghe*; *corr. silently* by Coll.

<sup>3</sup> A. *are*.

<sup>4</sup> A. *may*.

All hys lyfe after, I vndertake,  
He shall be ryd of<sup>1</sup> the toth-ake.

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POTYCARY. I praye you torne that relyke aboute !  
Other<sup>2</sup> the Trinite had the goute,  
Or elles, bycause it is iii toes in one,  
God made it muche as<sup>3</sup> thre toes alone.

PARDONER.<sup>4</sup> Well, lette that passe, and loke vpon  
thys ; —

518

Here is a relyke that doth nat mys  
To helpe the leste as well<sup>5</sup> as the moste :  
This is a buttocke-bone of Pentecoste.

POTYCARY. By Chryste, and yet, for all your boste,  
Thys relyke hath be-shyten the roste !

523

PARDONER. Marke well thys relyke, — here is a whipper !  
My friendes<sup>6</sup> vnfayned, here<sup>7</sup> is a slypper  
Of one of the Seuen Slepers, be sure.  
Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure,  
For all these two dayes it shall so ease you  
That none other sauours shall displease you.

528

POTYCARY. All these two dayes ! nay, all thys<sup>8</sup> two yere !  
For all the sauours that may come here  
Can be no worse ; for, at a worde,  
One of the Seuen Slepers trode in a torde.

533

PEDLER. Syr, me thynketh your deuocion is but smal.

PARDONER. Small ? mary, me thynketh he hath none at  
all !

POTYCARY. What the deuyll care I what ye thynke?  
Shall I prayse relykes when they stynke ?

PARDONER. Here is an eye-toth of the Great Turke :  
Whose eyes be ones sette on thys pece of worke  
May happely lese parte of his eye-syght,  
But nat all<sup>9</sup> tyll he be blynde out-ryght.

538

<sup>1</sup> Coll. A. shall never be vext with.

<sup>6</sup> A. freend.

<sup>2</sup> Coll. A. either.

<sup>7</sup> A. this.

<sup>3</sup> Coll. A. as much(e) as.

<sup>8</sup> Coll. A. these.

<sup>4</sup> M. Potycary.

<sup>9</sup> Coll. *omits* all, *without note*.

<sup>5</sup> M. aswell.

POTYCARY. What-so-euer any other man seeth,  
 I haue no deuocion<sup>1</sup> to<sup>2</sup> Turkes teeth ;  
 For, all-though I neuer sawe a greter,  
 Yet me thynketh I haue sene many better.

543

PARDONER. Here is a box full of humble-bees  
 That stonge Eue as she sat on her knees  
 Tastyng the frute to her forbydden :  
 Who kysseth the bees within this hydden  
 Shall haue as muche pardon, of ryght,  
 As for any relyke he kyst thys nyght.

548 ✓

PALMER. Syr, I wyll kysse them, with all my herte.

POTYCARY. Kysse them agayne, and take my parte,  
 For I am nat worthy, — nay, lette be,  
 Those bees that stonge Eue shall nat styng me !

553 ✓

PARDONER. Good frendes, I haue ye[s]t[e] here in<sup>3</sup> thys glas,  
 Whiche on the drynke at the weddyng was

Of Adam and Eue vndoutedly ;

558

If ye honor this relyke deuoutly,  
 All-though ye thurste no whyt the lesse,  
 Yet shall ye drynke the more doutlesse, —  
 After whiche drynkyng ye shall be as mete  
 To stande on your hede as on your fete.

563

POTYCARY. Ye, mary, now I can<sup>4</sup> ye<sup>5</sup> thanke ;  
 In presents of thys the reste be blanke.

Wolde God this relyke had come rather !

Kysse that relyke well, good father !

Suche is the payne that ye palmers take  
 To kysse the pardon-bowle for the drynke sake.

568

O holy yeste, that loketh full sowe and stale,  
 For Goddes body helpe me to a cuppe of ale !

The more I be-holde<sup>6</sup> the, the more I thurste ;

The oftener I kysse the, more lyke to burste !

573

But syns I kysse the so deuoutely,

Hyre me, and helpe me with drynke till I dye !

<sup>1</sup> M. devacion ; Coll. devocyon, *without note*.

<sup>2</sup> Coll. A. unto.

<sup>4</sup> Coll. A. con.

<sup>6</sup> A. see.

<sup>3</sup> A. omits here.

<sup>5</sup> Coll. you, *without note*.



What, so much prayenge and so lytell spede?

PARDONER. Ye, for God knoweth when it is nede  
To sende folkes drynke; but, by Saynt Antony, 578  
I wene he hath sent you to muche all-redy.

POTYCARY. If I haue neuer the more for the,  
Then be the relykes no ryches to me,  
Nor to thy-selfe, excepte they be  
More benefycyall then I can se. 583

Rycher is one boxe of [t]his<sup>1</sup> tryacle  
Then all thy relykes that do no myrakell.  
If thou haddest prayed but halfe so muche to me  
As I haue prayed to thy relykes and the,  
Nothyng concernynge myne occupacion 588  
But streyght shulde haue wrought in<sup>2</sup> operacyon.  
And, as in value, I pas you an ace.

Here<sup>3</sup> lyeth muche rychesse in lytell space, —  
I haue a boxe of rebarb here,  
Whiche is as deynty as it is dere. 593

So<sup>4</sup> helpe me God and hollydam,  
Of this I wolde nat geue a dram<sup>5</sup>  
To the beste frende I haue in Englandes grounde  
Though he wolde geue me xx pounce;  
For, though the stomake do it abhor, 598  
It pourget[h] you clene from the color,  
And maketh your stomake sore to walter,  
That ye shall neuer come to the halter.

PEDLER. Then is that medycyn a souerayn thyng  
To preserue a man from hangynge. 603

POTYCARY. If ye wyll taste but thys crome that ye se,  
If euer ye be hanged, neuer truste me!

<sup>1</sup> M. his; Coll. this, *without note*.

<sup>2</sup> Coll. A. one.

<sup>3</sup> Coll. So here, *without note*, cf. l. 594.

<sup>4</sup> In Coll. So is marked as "addition," upon which Collier himself remarks that his predecessors are mistaken, as the word is found in both the old copies; of course, it is really l. 591 to which so was added (in consequence of failure to understand the construction).

<sup>5</sup> M. deam; corr. silently by Coll.

Here haue I diapompholicus, —  
 A speciall oyntement, as doctours discuse, —  
 For a fistela or a <sup>1</sup> canker 608  
 Thys oyntement is euen shot-anker,  
 For this medecyn <sup>2</sup> helpeth one and other,  
 Or bryngeth them in case that they nede no other.  
 Here is <sup>3</sup> syrapus de Byzansis, —  
 A lytell thyng is i-nough of this, 613  
 For euen the weyght of one scryppull <sup>4</sup>  
 Shall <sup>5</sup> make you stronge as <sup>6</sup> a cryppull.  
 Here be <sup>7</sup> other: as, diosfialios,  
 Diagalanga, and sticados,  
 Blanka manna, diospoliticon, 618  
 Mercury sublyme, and metridaticon,  
 Pelitory,<sup>8</sup> and arsefetita,  
 Cassy, and colloquintita.  
 These be <sup>9</sup> the thynges that breke all stryfe  
 Betwene mannes sycknes and his lyfe;  
 From all payne these shall you deleuer,  
 And set you euen at reste for-euer.  
 Here is a medecyn — no mo lyke the same! —  
 Whiche comenly is called thus by name :  
 Alikakabus or alkakengy, — 628  
 A goodly thyng for dogges that be <sup>10</sup> mangy.  
 Suche be these medycyns that I can  
 Helpe a dogge as well as a man.  
 Nat one thyng here partycularly  
 But worketh vniuersally, 633  
 For it doth me as muche good when I sell it  
 As all the byers that taste it or smell it.  
 Now, syns my medycyns be so specyall,  
 And in <sup>11</sup> operacion so generall,

<sup>1</sup> Coll. or for a, *without note*.<sup>2</sup> A. oyntment.<sup>3</sup> Coll. is a, *without note*.<sup>4</sup> Coll. scryppall.<sup>5</sup> A. Wil.<sup>6</sup> Coll. as stronge as, *without note*.<sup>7</sup> Coll. are, *without note*.<sup>8</sup> Coll. Pellitory, *without note*.<sup>9</sup> A. are. <sup>10</sup> A. are.<sup>11</sup> Coll. in one, *without note*.

And redy to worke when-so-euer they shall, 638  
 So that in ryches I am principall,  
 If any rewarde may entreat ye,

I besech your mashyp<sup>1</sup> be good to<sup>2</sup> me,  
 And ye shall haue a boxe of marmelade  
 So fyne that ye may dyg it with a spade. 643

PEDLER. Syr, I thanke you, but your rewarde  
 Is nat the thyng that I regarde;  
 I muste and wyll be indifferent:  
 Wherefore procede in your intente.

POTYCARY. Nowe, yf I wyst thys wysch no synne, 648  
 I wolde to God I myght begynne!

PARDONER. ¶ I am content that thou lye fyrste.

PALMER. Euen so am I; and<sup>3</sup> say thy worste!  
 Now let vs here of all thy lyes

The greatest lye thou mayst deuyse, 653  
 And in the fewyst wordes thou can.

POTYCARY. Forsoth, ye be<sup>4</sup> an honest man.

PALMER.<sup>5</sup> There sayde ye muche, but yet no lye.

PARDONER. Now lye ye bothe, by Our Lady!  
 Thou lyest in bost of hys honestie, 658  
 And he hath lyed in affyrmynge the.

POTYCARY. Yf we both lye and ye say true,  
 Then of these lyes your parte adew!

And yf ye wyn, make none auant;  
 For ye<sup>6</sup> are sure of one yll seruaunte. 663

[To Palmer] Ye<sup>6</sup> may perceyue by the wordes he gaue

He taketh your mashyp but for a knaue. —

But who tolde true<sup>7</sup> or lyed in-dede,

That wyll I knowe or<sup>8</sup> we procede:

Syr, after that I fyrste began 668

To prayse you for an honest man,

<sup>1</sup> Coll. masshyp.

<sup>8</sup> Coll. A. now.

<sup>2</sup> A. unto.

<sup>4</sup> A. you are.

<sup>5</sup> Coll., followed by Haz., silently transfers this speech to the Pedler; but  
 ll. 669–674 confirm M.

<sup>7</sup> Coll. A. truthe.

<sup>6</sup> Coll. you, without note.

<sup>8</sup> A. ere.

When ye affyrmed it for no lye, —<sup>1</sup>

Now, by our<sup>2</sup> fayth, speke euen truely, —

Thought ye your affyrmacion true?

PALMER. Ye, mary, I!<sup>3</sup> for I wolde ye knewe 673  
I thynke my-selfe an honest man.

POTYCARY. What thought ye in the contrary than?

PARDONER. In that I sayde the contrary,  
I thynke from trouth I dyd nat vary.

POTYCARY. And what of my wordes?

PARDONER. I thought ye lyed. 678

POTYCARY. And so thought I, by God that dyed!

Nowe haue you twayne eche for hym-selfe layde

That none<sup>4</sup> hath lyed ou[gh]t<sup>5</sup> but both truesayd;

And of vs twayne none hath denyed,

But both affyrmed, that I haue lyed : 683

Now syns [ye] both your<sup>6</sup> trouth confes,

And that we both my lye so witnes

That twayne of vs thre in one agree, —<sup>7</sup>

And that the lyer the wynner must be, —

Who coude prouyde suche euydens 688

As I haue done in this pretens?

Me thynketh this mater sufficient

To cause you to gyue iudgement

And to giue me the mastrye,

For ye perceyue these knaues can nat lye. 693

PALMER. Though nother<sup>8</sup> of vs as yet had lyed,

Yet what we can do is vntried;

For yet<sup>9</sup> we haue deuysed nothyng,

<sup>1</sup> Collier's note is confused, but I infer that A. has for to lye.

<sup>2</sup> Coll. A. your; but our is possible.

<sup>3</sup> Coll. omits I, without note.

<sup>4</sup> A. one.

<sup>5</sup> M. out, which is silently omitted by Coll.

<sup>6</sup> Coll. A. ye the.

<sup>7</sup> Coll. A. (apparently through failure to follow the argument):

How that I lyed, doo bear witnes.

That twain of us may soon agree,

<sup>8</sup> Coll. A. neyther.

<sup>9</sup> Coll. For as yet, without note.

But answered you and geuen <sup>1</sup> hyrynge.

PEDLER. Therfore I haue deuysed one waye

698

Wherby all thre your myndes may saye :

For eche of you one tale shall tell,

And whiche of you telleth most meruell

And most vnlyke <sup>2</sup> to be true,

Shall most preuayle, what-euer ensew.

703

POTYCARY. If ye be set in <sup>3</sup> mervalynges,

Then shall ye here a meruaylouse thynges,

And though, in-dede, all be nat true,

Yet suer the most parte shall be new.

I dyd a cure no lenger <sup>4</sup> a-go

708

But <sup>5</sup> *Anno Domini millesimo*

On a woman yonge and so fayre

That neuer haue I sene a gayre.

God saue all women from <sup>6</sup> that lyknes!

This wanton had the fallen-syknes, —

713

Whiche by dissent came lynally,

For her mother had it naturally;

Wherfore, this woman to recure

It was more harde ye may be sure.

But, though I boste my crafte is suche

718

That in suche thynges I can do muche,

How ofte she fell were muche to reporte;

But her hed so gydy and her helys so shorte

That, with the twynglynges of an eye,

Downe wolde she falle eyn by-and-by.

723

But, or <sup>7</sup> she wolde aryse agayne,

I shewed muche practyse muche to my payne;

For the tallest man within this towne

Shulde <sup>8</sup> nat with ease haue broken her sowne.<sup>9</sup>

All-though for lyfe I dyd nat doute her,

728

Yet dyd I take more payne <sup>10</sup> about her

<sup>1</sup> Coll. given you, *without note*.

<sup>6</sup> Coll. A. of.

<sup>2</sup> Coll. A. unlikest.

<sup>7</sup> A. ere.

<sup>3</sup> Coll. on, *without note*.

<sup>8</sup> Coll. A. Could.

<sup>4</sup> Coll. longer, *without note*.

<sup>9</sup> Coll. swowne, *without note*.

<sup>5</sup> Coll. But in, *without note*.

<sup>10</sup> Coll. A. paines.

Then I wolde take with my owne syster.  
 Syr, at the last I gaue her a glyster, —  
 I thrust a tampyon<sup>1</sup> in her tewell  
 And bad her kepe it for a iewell. 733  
 But I knewe<sup>2</sup> it so heuy<sup>3</sup> to cary  
 That I was sure<sup>4</sup> it wolde nat tary;  
 For where gonpouder is ones fyerd  
 The tampyon<sup>5</sup> wyll no lenger be hyerd, —  
 Whiche was well sene in tyme of thys chaunce, 738  
 For, when I had charged this ordynaunce,  
 Sodeynly as it had thonderd,  
 Euen at a clap losed her bumberd.  
 Now marke, for here begynneth the reuell:  
 This tampion<sup>6</sup> flew x longe myle leuell. 743  
 To a fayre castell of lyme and stone, —  
 For strength I knowe nat suche a one, —  
 Whiche stode vpon an<sup>7</sup> hyll full hye  
 At fote wherof a ryuer ranne bye,  
 So depe, tyll chaunce had it forbyden, 748  
 Well myght the Regent there haue ryden.  
 But when this tampyon<sup>8</sup> on this castell lyght,<sup>9</sup>  
 It put the castels<sup>10</sup> so farre<sup>11</sup> to flyght  
 That downe they came eche vpon othér,  
 No stone lefte standynge, by Goddes Mother! 753  
 But rolled downe so faste the hyll  
 In suche a nomber and so dyd fyll  
 From botom to bryme, from shore to shore,  
 Thys forsayd ryuer, so depe before,  
 That who lyste nowe to walke therto, 758  
 May wade it ouer and wet no shoo.  
 So was thys castell layd wyde open  
 That euery man myght se the token.

<sup>1</sup> M. Coll. thampyon.<sup>7</sup> Coll. a, *without note*.<sup>2</sup> Coll. *inserts there from A.*<sup>8</sup> Coll. thampyon, *without note*.<sup>3</sup> Coll. it was to heeuy, *without note*.<sup>4</sup> Coll. sure was.<sup>9</sup> Coll. A. at this castle did lyght.<sup>10</sup> Coll. castel, *without note*.<sup>5</sup> Coll. Thampyon, *without note*.<sup>11</sup> *Qy. read stones for so farre.*<sup>6</sup> M. tampton; Coll. thampion, *without note*.

But — in a good houre maye these wordes<sup>1</sup> be spoken! —  
 After the tampyon on the walles was wroken, 763  
 And pece by pece in peces broken,  
 And she delyuered, with suche violens,  
 Of all her inconueniens,  
 I left her in good helth and luste ;  
 And so she doth contynew, I truste! 768

PEDLER. Syr, in your cure I can nothyng tell,  
 But to our<sup>2</sup> purpose ye haue sayd well.

PARDONER. Well, syr, then marke what I can say :  
 I haue ben a pardoner many a day,  
 And done greater<sup>3</sup> cures gostely 773  
 Then euer he dyd bodely, —  
 Namely thys one whiche ye shall here,  
 Of one departed within thys seuen yere, —  
 A frende of myne, and lykewyse I  
 To her agayne was as frendly, — 778  
 Who fell so syke so sodeynly  
 That dede she was euen by-and-by,  
 And neuer spake with preste nor clerke,  
 Nor had no whyt of thys holy warke.  
 For I was thens, it coude nat be ; 783  
 Yet harde I say she asked for me.  
 But when I bethought me howe thys chaunced,  
 And that I haue to heuen auaunced  
 So many soules to me but straungers  
 And coude nat kepe my frende from daungers, 788  
 But she to dy so daungerously,  
 For her soule helth especyally, —  
 That was the thyng that greued me soo  
 That nothyng coude release my woo  
 Tyll I had tryed euen out of hande 793  
 In what estate her soule dyd stande ;  
 For whiche tryall, shorte tale to make,

<sup>1</sup> *It is impossible to tell from the note in Coll. whether A. has this wordes or this word, — apparently the former.*

<sup>2</sup> Coll. A. your.

<sup>3</sup> A. more.

I toke thys journey for her sake, —  
 Geue eare, for here begynneth the story, —  
 From hens I went to purgatory,  
 And toke with me thys gere in my fyste,  
 Wherby I may do there what I lyste.  
 I knocked and was let in quykly,  
 But, Lorde, how lowe the soules made curtesy!  
 And I to euery soule agayne 803  
 Dyd gyue a beck them to retayne,  
 And axed them thys question than:  
 Yf that the soule of suche a woman  
 Dyd late amonge them there appere.  
 Wherto they sayd she came nat here. 808  
 Then ferd I muche it was nat well;  
 Alas, thought I, she is in hell!  
 For with her lyfe I was so acqueynted  
 That sure I thought she was nat saynted.  
 With thys it chaunced<sup>1</sup> me to snese; 813  
 “Christe helpe!” quoth a soule that ley for his fees.  
 “Those wordes,” quoth I, “thou shalt nat lees!”  
 Then with these pardons of all degrees  
 I payed hys tole, and set hym so quyght  
 That strait to heuen he toke his flyght. 818  
 And I from thens to hell that nyght,  
 To help this woman yf I myght,  
 Nat as who sayth by authorite,  
 But by the waye of entreate.  
 And fyrst [to]<sup>2</sup> the deuyll that kept the gate 823  
 I came, and spake after this rate:  
 “All hayle, syr deuyll!” and made lowe curtesy.  
 “Welcome!” quoth he thys<sup>3</sup> smillyngly.  
 He knew me well; and I at laste  
 Remembred hym syns longe tyme paste, 828  
 For, as good hadde wolde haue it chaunce,

<sup>1</sup> *Misprinted* chanced in M.

<sup>2</sup> Coll. *inserts* to, *without note*.

<sup>3</sup> Coll. A. thus.



Thys deuyll and I were of olde acqueyntaunce,  
 For oft in the play of Corpus Cristi  
 He had played the deuyll at Couentry.  
 By his acqueyntaunce and my behauoure 833  
 He shewed to me ryght frendly fauoure.  
 And, to make my returne the shorter,  
 I sayd to this deuyll: "Good mayster porter,  
 For all olde loue, yf it lye in your power,  
 Helpe me to speke with my lorde and your." 838  
 "Be sure," quoth he, "no tongue can tell  
 What tyme thou coudest haue come so well,  
 For <sup>1</sup> thys daye Lucyfer fell, —  
 Whiche is our festyuall in hell.  
 Nothyng vnreasonable craued thys day 843  
 That shall in hell haue any nay.  
 But yet be-ware thou come nat in  
 Tyll tyme thou may <sup>2</sup> thy pasporte wyn;  
 Wherefore stande styll, and I wyll wyt  
 If I can get thy saue-condyt." 848  
 He taryed nat, but shortely gat it,  
 Under seale and the deuyls hande at it,  
 In ample wyse, as ye shall here, —  
 Thus it began: "Lucyfer,  
 By the power of God chyefe deuyll of hell, 853  
 To all the deuyls that there do dwell,  
 And euery of them, we sende gretynge,  
 Under streyght <sup>3</sup> charge and commaundyng,  
 That they aydynge and assystent be  
 To suche a pardonor, — and named <sup>4</sup> me, — 858  
 So that he may at lybertie  
 Passe saue without hys <sup>5</sup> ieopardy  
 Tyll that he be from vs extyncte  
 And clerely out of helles precincte;  
 And, hys pardons to kepe sauegarde,<sup>6</sup> 863

<sup>1</sup> Coll. A. For as on.<sup>4</sup> M. maned, *silently corr.* by Coll.<sup>2</sup> A. maist.<sup>5</sup> Coll. A. any.<sup>3</sup> M. streygyt; *corr. silently* by Coll.<sup>6</sup> Coll. in sauegarde, *without note.*

We wyll they lye in the porters warde.  
 Geuyn in the fornes of our palys,  
 In our hye courte of maters of malys,  
 Suche a day and yere of our reyne."  
 "God saue the deuyl!" quoth I, "for, for playne,<sup>1</sup> 868  
 I truste thys wrytynge to be sure."  
 "Then put thy truste," quoth he, "in euer,<sup>2</sup>  
 Syns thou art sure to take no harme."  
 Thys deuyl and I walket arme in arme  
 So farre tyll he had brought me thyther 873  
 Where all the deuyls of hell togyther  
 Stode in a-ray in suche apparell  
 As for that day there metely fell:  
 Theyr hornes well gylt, theyr clowes full clene,  
 Theyr taylles well kempt, and, as I wene, 878  
 With sothery butter theyr bodyes anoynted, —  
 I neuer sawe deuyls so well appoynted.  
 The mayster deuyl sat in his iacket,  
 And all the soules were playnge at racket.  
 None other rackettes they hadde in hande 883  
 Saue euery soule a good fyre-brande;  
 Wherwith they played so pretely  
 That Lucyfer laughed merely,  
 And all the resedew of the fendes<sup>3</sup>  
 Dyd laugh full well togytther<sup>4</sup> lyke frendes. 888  
 But of my frende I sawe no whyt,  
 Nor durst nat axe for her as yet.  
 Anone all this rout was brought in silens,  
 And I by an vscher brought in presens.  
 Then to Lucyfer low as I coude<sup>5</sup> 893  
 I knelyd; which he so well alowde

<sup>1</sup> Coll. follows A. in reading quoth I amain, and gives reading of M. as quoth I for playne.

<sup>2</sup> A. cure, possibly a misprint of eue (= ure), but perhaps a substitute for it.

<sup>3</sup> M. frendes; corr. by Coll., from A.

<sup>4</sup> Coll. A. thereat ful wel.

<sup>5</sup> Coll. A.: in presens Of Lucyfer: then lowe, as well as I could.

That thus he becke and, by Saynt Antony,  
 He smyled on me well-fauoredly,  
 Bendynge hys browes, as brode as barne-durres,  
 Shakyng hys eares, as ruged as burres, 898  
 Rolyng hys yes, as rounde as two bushels,  
 Flastyng<sup>1</sup> the fyre out of his nose-thryls,  
 Gnashynge hys teeth so vaynglorously  
 That me thought tyme to fall to flatery.  
 Wherwith I tolde, as I shall tell : 903  
 "O plesant pycture! O prince of hell,  
 Feurred<sup>2</sup> in fashyon abominable!  
 And syns that is inestimable  
 For me to prayse the worthyly,  
 I leue of prays, vnworthy<sup>3</sup> 908  
 To geue the prays, besechynge the  
 To heare my sewte and then to be  
 So good to graunt the thyng I craue;  
 And, to be shorte, thys wolde I haue, —  
 The soule of one whiche hyther is flytted 913  
 Deliuered<sup>4</sup> hens and to me remitted.  
 And in thys doynge, though al be nat quyt,  
 Yet some<sup>5</sup> parte I shall<sup>6</sup> deserue it;  
 As thus, — I am a pardonor  
 And ouer soules as a controller, 918  
 Thorough-out the erth my power doth stande,  
 Where many a soule lyeth on my hande,  
 That spede in maters as I vse them,  
 As I receyue them or refuse them;  
 Wherby, what tyme thy pleasure is, 923  
 Ye shall requyre<sup>7</sup> any part of thys, —  
 The leste deuyll here that can come thither

<sup>1</sup> *Qy. Fnastyng, or Flashynge.*<sup>4</sup> *A. Deliver.*<sup>2</sup> *Coll. Feutred, without note.*<sup>5</sup> *Coll. Yet in some, without note.*<sup>3</sup> *Coll. as unworthy, without note.*<sup>6</sup> *A. wil.*<sup>7</sup> *M. I shall requyre; Coll., I shall requyte, with a note implying that his text contains Ye, but that he himself prefers I. He has no textual note on requyte. Any part of this seems to support my emendation rather than Collier's.*

Shall chose a soule and brynge hym hyther."

"Nowe,"<sup>1</sup> quoth the deuyll, "we are well pleased.

What is hys name thou woldest haue eased?"

928

"Nay," quoth I, "be it good or euyll,

My comynge is for a she-deuyll."

"What calste her?" quoth he, "thou horson!"<sup>2</sup>

"Forsoth," quoth I, "Margery Coorson."

"Now, by our honour," sayd Lucyfer,

933

"No deuyll in hell shall witholde her;

And yf thou woldest haue twenty mo,

Were<sup>3</sup> nat for iustyce, they shulde goo,

For all we<sup>4</sup> deuyls within thys den

Haue more to do with two women

Then with all the charge we haue besyde.

Wherefore, yf thou our frende wyll be tryed,

Aply thy pardons to women so

That vnto vs there come no mo."

To do my beste I promysed by othe;

943

Whiche I haue kepte, for, as the sayth goth,

At these dayes<sup>5</sup> to heuen I do procure

Ten women to one man, be sure.

Then of Lucyfer my leue I toke,

And streyght vnto the mayster coke;

948

I was hadde into the kechyn,

For Margaryes<sup>6</sup> offyce was ther-in.

All thyng<sup>7</sup> handled there discretely,—

For euery soule bereth offyce metely,—

Whiche<sup>8</sup> myght be sene to se her syt,

953

So bysely turnynge of the spyt;

For many a spyt here hath she turned,

And many a good spyt hath she burned,

And many a spyt full hot<sup>9</sup> hath tosted<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Coll. A. Ho, ho.

<sup>2</sup> M. horyson; Coll. A. whoorson.

<sup>3</sup> Coll. Wert, *without note*.

<sup>4</sup> A. the.

<sup>5</sup> M. thys dayes; Coll. A. this day.

<sup>6</sup> Coll. Margerie's, *without note*.

<sup>7</sup> Coll. thyngs, *without note*.

<sup>8</sup> *Misprinted woiche in Coll.*

<sup>9</sup> M. Coll. hoth.

<sup>10</sup> Coll. rosted, *without note*.

- Before the meat coude be halfe rosted ; 958  
 And, or <sup>1</sup> the meate were halfe rosted in-dede,  
 I toke her then fro the spyt for <sup>2</sup> spede.  
 But when she sawe thys brought to pas,  
 To tell the ioy wherin she was,  
 And of all the deuyls, for ioy how they 963  
 Dyd rore at her delyuery,  
 And how the cheynes in hell dyd rynge,  
 And how all the soules therin dyd synge,  
 And how we were brought to the gate,  
 And how we toke our leue therat, — 968  
 Be suer lacke of tyme sufferyth nat  
 To reherse the xx parte of that ;  
 Wherfore, thys tale to conclude breuely,  
 Thys woman thanked me chye fly  
 That she was ryd of thys endles deth ; 973  
 And so we departed on New-Market Heth.  
 And yf that any man do mynde her,  
 Who lyst to seke her there shall he fynde her!  
 PEDLER. Syr, ye haue sought her wonders <sup>3</sup> well,  
 And, where ye founde her, as ye tell, 978  
 To here the chaunce ye founde <sup>4</sup> in hell,  
 I fynde ye were in great parell.<sup>5</sup>  
 PALMER. His tale is all mucche parellous,<sup>6</sup>  
 But parte is mucche more meruaylous ;  
 As where he sayde the deuyls complayne 983  
 That women put them to suche payne  
 By <sup>7</sup> theyr condicions so croked and crabbed,  
 Frowardly fashonde, so waywarde and wrabbed,<sup>8</sup>  
 So farre in deuision, and sturryinge suche stryfe,  
 That all the deuyls be wery of theyr lyfe. 988

<sup>1</sup> A. ere.<sup>4</sup> Coll. A. had.<sup>2</sup> Coll. with, *without note*.<sup>5</sup> Coll. A. peril.<sup>3</sup> Coll. A. wunderous.<sup>6</sup> Coll. A. perilous.<sup>7</sup> Coll. Be, *without note*, though he entirely changes the construction of the passage.<sup>8</sup> There is no occasion to correct the spelling to rabid.

This<sup>1</sup> in effect he tolde for<sup>2</sup> trueth;  
 Wherby muche maruell<sup>3</sup> to me ensueth,  
 That women in hell suche shrewes can be  
 And here so gentyll, as farre as I se.  
 Yet haue I sene many a myle 993  
 And many a woman in the whyle, —  
 Nat one good cytye, towne, nor borough  
 In Cristendom but I haue ben th[o]rough, —  
 And this I wolde ye shulde vnderstande:  
 I haue sene women v hundred thousande 998

And oft with them haue longe tyme taryed,<sup>4</sup>  
 Yet in all places where I haue ben,  
 Of all the women that I haue sene,  
 I neuer sawe nor knewe, in my consyens,  
 Any one woman out of paciens. 1003

POTYCARY. By the masse, there is a great lye!<sup>5</sup>

PARDONER. I neuer harde a greater, by. Our Lady!

PEDLER. A greater? nay, knowe ye any so great?

PALMER. Syr, whether that I lose or get, 1008  
 For my parte iudgement shall be prayed.

PARDONER. And I desyer as he hath sayd.

POTYCARY. Procede, and ye shall be obeyed.

PEDLER. Then shall nat iudgement be delayd:  
 Of all these thre, yf eche mannes tale 1013  
 In Poules<sup>6</sup> Churche-yarde were set on sale  
 In some mannes hande that hath the sleyghte,  
 He shulde sure sell these tales by weyght;  
 For, as they wey, so be they worth.  
 But whiche weyth beste, — to that now forth! 1018  
 Syr, all the tale that ye dyd tell  
 I bere in mynde; and yours as well;

<sup>1</sup> A. thus.

<sup>2</sup> A. of.

<sup>3</sup> *Misprinted muruell in M.*

<sup>4</sup> *M. maryed (or matyed); Coll. A. taried; a line has, as Collier suggests, probably been lost, — perhaps: Wives and widows, maids and married.*

<sup>5</sup> *M. greatlye, corr. silently by Coll.*

<sup>6</sup> *Coll. Poole's, without note.*

And, as ye sawe the mater metely,  
 So lyed ye bothe well and discretely.  
 Yet were your lyes with the lest, truste me; 1023  
 [*To Potycary*] For, yf ye had sayd ye had made fle  
 Ten tampons out of ten womens tayles  
 Ten tymes ten myle to ten castels or iayles<sup>1</sup>  
 And fyll<sup>2</sup> ten ryuers ten tymes so depe  
 As ten of that whiche your castell stones dyde kepe,<sup>3</sup> — 1028  
 [*To Pardonere*] Or yf ye ten tymes had bodely  
 Fet ten soules out of purgatory,  
 And ten tymes so many out of hell, —  
 Yet, by these ten bonnes, I could ryght well  
 Ten tymes sonner all that haue beleued 1033  
 Then the tenth parte of that he hath meued.

POTYCARY. Two knaues before i lacketh ii knaues of  
 fyue;

Then one, and then one, and bothe knaues a-lyue;  
 Then two, and then two, and thre at a cast;  
 Thou knaue, and thou knaue, and thou knaue, at laste! 1038  
 Nay, knaue, yf ye try me by nomber,  
 I wyll as knauyshly you accomber.  
 Your mynde is all on your pryuy tythe,  
 For all in ten me thynketh your wit lythe.  
 Now ten tymes I beseche Hym that hye syttes 1043  
 Thy wyfes x commaundementes may serch thy v wittes;  
 Then ten of my tordes in ten of thy teth,  
 And ten of<sup>4</sup> thy nose, whiche euery man seth,  
 And twenty tymes ten this wyshe I wolde, —  
 That thou haddest ben hanged at ten yere olde, 1048  
 For thou goest about to make me a slaue, —  
 I wyll thou knowe yf I am a gentylman,<sup>5</sup> knaue!  
 And here is an other shall take my parte.

PARDONER. Nay, fyrste I be-shrew your knaues herte  
 Or I take parte in your knauery! 1053

<sup>1</sup> M. tayles; Coll. jayles, *without note*.

<sup>4</sup> Coll. on, *without note*.

<sup>2</sup> Coll. fild, *without note*.

<sup>5</sup> A. gentle.

<sup>3</sup> These two words are cut off at the top.

I wyll speke fayre, by Our<sup>1</sup> Lady!  
 Syr, I beseche your mashyp to be  
 As good as ye can<sup>2</sup> be to me.

PEDLER. I wolde be glade to do you good  
 And hym also, be he neuer so wood ; 1058  
 But dout you nat I wyll now do  
 The thyng my consciens ledeth me to.  
 Both your tales I take farre impossyble<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet take I his fa[r]ther<sup>4</sup> incredyble.  
 Nat only the thyng it-selfe alloweth it, 1063  
 But also the boldenes therof auoweth it,  
 I knowe nat where your tale to trye,<sup>5</sup>  
 Nor yours but in hell or purgatorye ;  
 But hys boldnes hath faced a lye  
 That may be tryed euyn in thys companye : 1068  
 As, yf ye lyst, to take thys order, —  
 Amonge the women in thys border,  
 Take thre of the yongest and thre of the oldest,  
 Thre of the hottest and thre of the coldest,  
 Thre of the wysest and thre of the shrewdest, 1073  
 Thre of the chastest and thre of the lewdest,<sup>6</sup>  
 Thre of the lowest and thre of the hiest,  
 Thre of the farthest and thre of the nyest,  
 Thre of the fayrest and thre of the maddest,  
 Thre of the fowlest and thre of the saddest, — 1078  
 And when all these threes be had a-sonder,  
 Of eche thre two iustly by nomber  
 Shall be founde shrewes, excepte thys fall,  
 That ye hap to fynde them shrewes all.  
 Hym-selfe for trouthe all this doth knowe, 1083  
 And oft hath tryed some of thys rowe ;  
 And yet he swereth by his consciens  
 He neuer saw woman breke paciens.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Coll. A. ; M. one.

<sup>5</sup> M. crye ; *corr. silently by Coll.*

<sup>2</sup> A. you may.

<sup>6</sup> *This line supp. by Coll. from A.*

<sup>3</sup> Coll. unpossyble, *without note.* <sup>7</sup> Coll. patiens, *without note.*

<sup>4</sup> *Corr. by Coll., without note.*



Wherefore, considered with true entente  
 Hys lye to be so euident, 1088  
 And to appere so euydently  
 That both you affyrmed it a ly,  
 And that my consciens so depely  
 So depe hath sought thys thyng to try,  
 And tryed it with mynde indyfferent, 1093  
 Thus I awarde, by way of iudgement,  
 Of all the lyes ye all haue spent  
 Hys lye to be most excellent.

PALMER. Syr, though ye<sup>1</sup> were bounde of equyte  
 To do as ye haue done to me, 1098  
 Yet do I thanke you of your payne,  
 And wyll requyte some parte agayne.

PARDONER. Mary, syr, ye can no les do  
 But thanke hym as muche as it cometh to;  
 And so wyll I do for my parte: 1103  
 Now a vengeance on thy knaues harte!  
 I neuer knewe pedler a iudge before  
 Nor neuer wyll truste pedlyng-knaue more!

[*He sees the Potycary curtesying about the Palmer.*]

What doest thou there, thou horson nody?  
 POTYCARY. By the masse, lerne to make curtesy! 1108  
 Curtesy before, and curtesy behynde hym,  
 And then on eche syde, the deuyll blynde hym!  
 Nay, when I<sup>2</sup> haue it perfytyl,  
 Ye shall haue the deuyll and all of curtesy!  
 But it is nat sone lerned, brother,<sup>3</sup> 1113  
 One knaue to make curtesy to another;  
 Yet, when I am angry, that is the worste,  
 I shall call my mayster knaue at the fyrste.

PALMER. Then wolde some mayster perhappes clowt ye,  
 But as for me ye nede nat doute ye; 1118  
 For I had leuer<sup>4</sup> be without ye

<sup>1</sup> M. we; *corr. silently by Coll.*

<sup>3</sup> Coll. A. gentle brother.

<sup>2</sup> Coll. A. ye.

<sup>4</sup> A. rather.

Then haue suche besynesse aboute ye.

PARDONER. So helpe me God, so were ye better!  
What shulde a begger be a ietter?

It were no whyt your honestie 1123  
To haue vs twayne iet after ye.

POTYCARY. Syr, be ye sure he telleth you true;  
Yf we shulde wayte, thys wolde ensew:  
It wolde be sayd, truste me at a worde,  
Two knaues made<sup>1</sup> curtesy to a<sup>2</sup> thyrd. 1128

PEDLER. Now, by my trouth, to speke my mynde, —  
Syns, they be so loth to be assyned,<sup>3</sup>  
To let them lose I thynke it beste,  
And so shall ye lyue beste<sup>4</sup> in rest.

PALMER. Syr, I am nat on them so fonde 1133  
To compell them to kepe theyr bonde;  
And, syns ye lyst nat to wayte on me,  
I clerely of waytynge dyscharge ye.

PARDONER. Mary, syr, I hertely thanke you.

POTYCARY. And I lyke-wyse, I make God auowe.<sup>5</sup> 1138

PEDLER. Now be ye all eunyn as ye begoon;  
No man hath loste nor no man hath woon.  
Yet in the debate wherwith ye began,  
By waye of aduyse I wyll speke as I can:  
[To Palmer] I do perceyue that pylgrymage 1143  
Is chyefe<sup>6</sup> the thyng ye haue in vsage;  
Wherto, in effecte, for loue of Chryst  
Ye haue, or shulde haue, bene entyst;  
And who so doth with suche entent,  
Doth well declare hys tyme well spent; 1148

[To Pardonere] And so do ye in your pretence,  
If ye procure thus<sup>7</sup> indulgence  
Unto your neyghbours charytably  
For loue of them in God onely. —

<sup>1</sup> A. make.

<sup>2</sup> Coll. the, *without note*.

<sup>3</sup> Steevens suggests *affyned*, but, as Collier *points out*, *assyned* is correct.

<sup>4</sup> Coll. A. the better.

<sup>6</sup> A. cheefest.

<sup>5</sup> Coll. A. And likewise I, to God I vow.

<sup>7</sup> A. this.

All thys may be ryght well applyed 1153  
 To shew<sup>1</sup> you both well occupied ;  
 For, though ye walke nat bothe one waye,  
 Yet, walkynge thus, thys dare I saye :  
 That bothe your walkes come to one<sup>2</sup> ende.  
 And so for all that do pretende, 1158  
 By ayde of Goddes grace, to ensewe  
 Any maner kynde of vertue :  
 As, some great almyse for to gyue,  
 Some in wyllfull pouertie to lyue,  
 Some to make hye-wayes and suche other<sup>3</sup> warkes, 1163  
 And some to mayntayne prestes and clarkes  
 To synge and praye for soule[s] departed, —  
 These, with all other vertues well marked,  
 All-though they be of sondry kyndes,  
 Yet be they nat vsed with sondry myndes ; 1168  
 But, as God only doth all those moue,  
 So euery man, onely for his loue,  
 With loue and dred obediently  
 Worketh in these vertues vnyformely.  
 Thus euery vertue, yf we lyst to scan, 1173  
 Is pleasaunt to God and thankfull to man ;  
 And who that by grace of the Holy Goste  
 To any one vertue is moued moste, —  
 That man, by that grace, that one apply,  
 And therin serue God most plentyfully !<sup>4</sup> 1178  
 Yet nat that one so farre wyde to wreste,  
 So lykynge the same to myslyke the reste ;  
 For who so wresteth hys worke is in vayne.  
 And euen in that case I perceyue you twayne, —  
 Lykynge your vertue in suche wyse 1183  
 That eche others vertue you do dyspyse.  
 Who walketh thys way for God wolde fynde hym,  
 The farther they seke hym, the farther behynde hym.  
 One kynde of vertue to dyspyse another

<sup>1</sup> M. shewell ; *corr. by Coll. from A.*<sup>3</sup> Coll. A. lyke.<sup>2</sup> A. on.<sup>4</sup> A. plenteously.

Is lyke as the syster myght hange the brother. 1188

POTYCARY. For fere lest suche parel to me myght  
fall,

I thanke God I vse no vertue at all!

PEDLER. That is of all the very worste waye;  
For more harde it is, as I haue harde saye,  
To begynne vertue where none is pretendyd 1193  
Then, where it is begonne, the abuse to be mended.

How-be-it, ye be<sup>1</sup> nat all to begynne;  
One syne of vertue ye are entred in:  
As thys, I suppose ye dyd saye true,  
In that ye sayd ye vse no vertue; 1198  
In the whiche wordes I dare well reporte,  
Ye are well be-loued<sup>2</sup> of all thys sorte,  
By your raylynge here openly  
At pardons and relyques so leudly.

POTYCARY. In that I thynke my faute nat great, 1203  
For all that he hath I knowe conterfete.<sup>3</sup>

PEDLER. For his and all other that ye knowe fayned  
Ye be nother<sup>4</sup> counceled nor constrayned  
To any suche thyng in any suche case  
To gyue any reuerence in any suche place; 1208  
But where ye dout the truthe, nat knowynge,  
Beleuyng the beste, good may be growynge,—  
In iudgyng the beste, no harme at the leste,  
In iudgyng the worste, no good at the beste.  
But beste in these thynges it semeth to me 1213  
To take<sup>5</sup> no iudgement vpon ye;  
But, as the Church doth iudge or take them,  
So do ye receyue or forsake them;  
And so, be sure,<sup>6</sup> ye can nat erre,  
But may be a frutfull folower. 1218

POTYCARY. Go ye before and, as I am true man,  
I wyll folow as faste as I can.

<sup>1</sup> A. are.

<sup>4</sup> Coll. A. not.

<sup>2</sup> Kittredge suggests beleued.

<sup>5</sup> M. Coll. make.

<sup>3</sup> Coll. counterfete, *without note*. <sup>6</sup> Coll. be you sure, *without note*.

PARDONER. And so wyll I, for he hath sayd so well,  
Reason<sup>1</sup> wolde we shulde folowe hys counsell. 1222

PALMER. Then to our reason God gyue vs his grace,  
That we may folowe with fayth so fermely  
His commaundementes, that we may purchase  
Hys loue, and so consequently  
To byleue hys Church faste and faythfully;  
So that we may, accordynge to his promyse,  
Be kepte out of errour in any wyse. 1229

And all that hath scapet<sup>2</sup> vs here by neglygence,  
We clerely reuoke and forsake it.  
To passe the tyme in thys without offence,  
Was the cause why the maker dyd make it;  
And so we humbly beseche you take<sup>3</sup> it;  
Besechyng Our Lorde to prosper you all  
In the fayth of hys Church Vniuersall ! 1236

<sup>1</sup> *Smudged over in M.*

<sup>2</sup> A. *escapte.*

<sup>3</sup> Coll. you to take.

FINIS.

*Imprynted at London in Fletestrete at the  
sygne of the George by Wylllyam  
Myddylton. .*

## PART VI.



# KYNGE JOHAN.

By JOHN BALE.

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Printed from the edition by J. P. Collier (Camden Society, 1838). Punctuation, capitals, and arrangement of lines are, as usual, mine; all other changes are indicated in the footnotes. The statements in regard to the readings of the MS. are, of course, derived from Collier's introduction and notes. Several additions to the play in Bale's own hand are pointed out as they occur, but it must be added that he seems to have corrected the whole play, cf. p. 530, n. 1. For an account of the play, see vol. III. of this book.

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## [*Dramatis Personae.*]

KYNGE JOHAN.	PRYVAT WELTH.
YNGLOND.	DISSIMULACYON.
CLARGY.	RAYMUNDUS.
SEDYCYON.	SYMON OF SWYNSETT.
CYVYLE ORDER.	USURPYD POWER.
STEVYN LANGTON.	THE POPE.
COMMYNALTE.	INTERPRETOUR.
NOBYLYTE.	TREASON.
CARDYNALL PANDULPHUS.	VERYTE.
IMPERYALL MAJESTYE.]	

[*Enter Kynges Johan alone.*]

K. JOHAN.<sup>1</sup> To declare the powres and their force to  
enlarge,  
The Scripture of God doth flow in most abowndaunce;  
And of sophysters the cauteles to dyscharge,  
Bothe Peter and Pawle makyth plenteosse utterauns;  
How that all pepell shuld shew there trew alegyauns

<sup>1</sup> I have not followed C. in the abbreviation of the names of speakers.



To ther lawfull kyng, Christ Jesu dothe consent,  
 Whych to the hygh powres was ever obedyent.

7

To shew what I am, I thynke yt convenyent :

Johan, Kyng of Ynglond, the cronyclys doth me call.  
 My granfather was an emp[er]owr. excelent,  
 My father a kyng by successyon lyneall,  
 A kyng my brother, lyke as to hym ded fall,  
 Rychard Curdelyon they callyd hym in Fraunce,  
 Whych had over enymyes most fortynable chaunce.

14

By the wyll of God and his hygh ordynaunce,

In Yerlond and Walys, in Angoye and Normandye,  
 In Ynglond also, I have had the governaunce ;  
 I have worne the crowne and wrowght vycctoriouslye,  
 And now do purpose by practyse and by stodye  
 To reforme the lawes and sett men in good order,  
 That trew justyce may be had in every border.

21

[Enter] *Ynglond vidua.*

[YNGL.] Than I trust yowr Grace wyll waye a poore  
 wedowes cause,

Ungodly usyd, as ye shall know in short clause.

K. JOHAN. Yea, that I wyll swere, yf yt be trew and just.

YNGL. Lyke as yt beryth trewth, so lett yt be dyscussyt.

25

K. JOHAN. Than, gentyll wydowe, tell me what the  
 mater ys.

YNGL. Alas, yowr clargy hath done very sore amys  
 In mysusyng me ageynst all ryght and justyce,  
 And for my more greffe therto they other intyce.

K. JOHAN. Whom do they intyce for to do the injurie?

30

YNGL. Soch as hath enterd by false hypocrysye,  
 Moch worse frutes havynge than hathe the thornes unplesaunt,  
 For they are the trees that God dyd never plant,  
 And, as Christ dothe saye, blynd leaders of the blynd.

K. JOHAN. Tell me whom thou menyst, to satsify my  
 mynd.

35

YNGL. Suche lubbers as hath dysgysed heads in their  
hoodes,  
Whych in ydelnes do lyve by other menns goodes, —  
Monkes, chanons and nones, in dyvers coloure and shappe,  
Bothe whyght, blacke and pyed, God send ther increase yll  
happe!

K. JOHAN. Lete me know thy name or I go ferther with  
the.

40

YNGL. Ynglond, syr, Ynglond my name is; ye may trust me.

K. JOHAN. I mervell ryght sore how thow commyst  
chaungyd thus.

[Enter] *Sedwysyon.*

[SED.] What, yow ij alone? I wyll tell tales, by Jesus!  
And saye that I se yow fall here to bycherye.

K. JOHAN. Avoyd, lewde person, for thy wordes are un-  
godlye.

45

SED. I crye you mercy, sur, pray yow be not angrye;  
Be me fayth and trowth, I came hyther to be merye.

K. JOHAN. Thou canst with thy myrth in no wysse  
dyscontent me,

So that thow powder yt with wysdome and honeste.

SED. I am no spycer, by the messe! ye may beleve me.

50

K. JOHAN. I speke of no spyce, but of cyvyle honeste.

SED. Ye spake of powder, by the Holy Trynyte!

K. JOHAN. Not as thow takyst yt, of a grosse capasyte,  
But as Seynt Pawle meanyth unto the Collossyans<sup>1</sup> playne:

“So seasyne yowr speche, that yt be withowt disdayne.”

55

Now, Ynglond, to the: go thow forth with thy tale,  
And showe the cawse why thow lokyst so wan and pale.

YNGL. I told yow before the faulte was in the clergye  
That I, a wedow, apere to yow so barelye.

SED. Ye are a Wylly Wat, and wander here full warelye!

60

K. JOHAN. Why in the clargye? do me to understande!

YNGL. For they take from me my cattell, howse and land,  
My wods and pasturs, with other commodityes,

<sup>1</sup> C. Collessyans.

Lyke as Christ ded saye to the wyckyd Pharyseys :  
 "Pore wydowys howsys ye grosse up by long prayers," — 65  
 In syde cotys wandryng lyke most dysgysed players.

SED. They are well at ese that hath soch soth-sayers !

K. JOHAN. They are thy chylderne, thou owghtest to say  
 then<sup>1</sup> good.

YNGL. Nay, bastardes they are, unnaturall, by the rood !  
 Sens ther begynnyng they ware never good to me. 70  
 The wyld bore of Rome, — God let hym never to thee ! —  
 Lyke pygges they folow in fantysyes, dreames and lyes,  
 And ever are fed with hys vyle cerymonyes.

SED. Nay, sumtyme they eate bothe flawnes and pygyn-  
 pyes.

K. JOHAN. By the bore of Rome, I trow, thou menyst  
 the Pope. 75

YNGL. I mene non other but hym, God geve hym a rope !

K. JOHAN. And why dost thow thus compare hym to a  
 swyne ?

YNGL. For that he and hys to such bestlynes inclyne ;  
 They forsake Gods word, whych is most puer and cleane,  
 And unto the lawys of synfull men they leane ; 80  
 Lyke as the vyle swyne the most vyle metes dessyer  
 And hath gret plesure to walowe them-selvys in myre,  
 So hath this wyld bore with his Church Unyversall,  
 His sowe with hyr pygys, and monstres<sup>2</sup> bestyall,  
 Dylight in mennys draffe and covytus lucre all ; 85  
 Yea, *aper de sylva* the prophet dyd hym call.

SED. Hold yowr peace, ye whore, or ellys, by masse, I  
 trowe,

I shall cawse the Pope to curse the as blacke as a crowe.

K. JOHAN. What art thow, fellow, that seme so braggyng  
 bolde ?

SED. I am Sedycyon, that with the Pope wyll hold 90  
 So long as I have a hole within my breche.

YNGL. Command this fellow to avoyd, I you beseche,  
 For dowghtles he hath done me great injury.

<sup>1</sup> *Qy.* them.

<sup>2</sup> *C.* monstros.

K. JOHAN. A-voyd, lewd felow, or thou shalt rewe yt truly!

SED. I wyll not a-waye for that same wedred wytche; 95  
She shall rather kysse where-as it doth not ytche.

*Quodcunque ligaveris*, I trow, wyll playe soch a parte,  
That I shall abyde in Ynglond, magry yowr harte.

Tushe, the Pope ableth me to subdewe bothe kyng and keyser.

K. JOHAN. Off that thow and I wyll common more at leyser. 100

YNGL. Trwly of the devyll they are that do ony thyng  
To the subdewyng of any Christen kyng;  
For, be he good or bade, he is of Godes apoyntyng;  
The good for the good, the badde ys for yll doying.

K. JOHAN. Of that we shall talke here-after: say forth thy mynd now, 105  
And show me how thou art thus be-cum a wedowe.

YNGL. Thes vyle popych swyne hath clene exyled my hosband.

K. JOHAN. Who ys thy husbond? Tel me,<sup>1</sup> good gentyll Ynglond.

YNGL. For soth, God hym-selfe, the spowse of every sort  
That seke hym in fayth to the sowlis helth and comfort. 110

SED. He is scant honest that so many wyfes wyll have.

K. JOHAN. I saye, hold yowr peace, and stand asyde lyke a knave!

Ys God exylyd owt of this regyon? Tell me.

YNGL. Yea, that he is, ser, yt is the much more pete.

K. JOHAN. How commyth yt to passe that he is thus  
• abusyd? 115

YNGL. Ye know he abydyth not where his word ys re-fusyd;

For God is his word, lyke as Seynt John dothe tell

In the begynnyng of his moste blyssyd gspell.

The Popys pyggys may not abyd this word to be hard,

Nor knowyn of pepyll, or had in anye regard: 120

<sup>1</sup> C. telme.

Ther eyes are so sore they may not abyd the lyght,  
 And that bred so hard ther gald gummes may yt not byght.  
 I, knowyng yowr Grace to have here the governance  
 By the gyft of God, do knowlege my allegiance,  
 Desyeryng yowr Grace to waye suche injurys 125  
 As I daylye suffer by thes same subtyll spyas,  
 And lett me have ryght, as ye are a ryghtfull kyng  
 Apoyntyd of God to have such mater in doying;  
 For God wylllyth yow to helpe the pore wydowes cause,  
 As he by Esaye protesteth in this same clause: 130

*Querite judicium, subvenite oppresso,*

*Judicate pupillo, defendite viduam:*

Seke ryght to poore,<sup>1</sup> to the weake and fat[h]erlesse,  
 Defende the wydowe whan she is in dystresse.

SED. I tell ye, the woman ys in great hevynes. 135

K. JOHAN. I may not in nowyse leve thi ryght undyscuste,  
 For God hath sett me by his apoyntment just  
 To further thy cause, to mayntayne thi ryght,  
 And therfor I wyll supporte the daye and nyght;  
 So long as my symple lyffe shall here indewer 140  
 I wyll se the haue no wrong, be fast and swer.

I wyll fyrst of all call my nobylite,  
 Dwkis, erlyes and lords, yche one in ther degre;  
 Next them the clargy, or fathers spirituall,  
 Archebysshopes, bysshoppes, abbottes, and pryers all; 145  
 Than the great juges and lawers every-chone,  
 So opyny[n]g to them thi cause and petyfull mone,  
 By the meanys wherof I shall their myndes vnderstande.  
 Yf they helpe the not, my-selfe wyll take yt in hande,  
 And sett such a waye as shall be to thi comforte. • 150

YNGL. Than, for an answer I wyll shortly ageyne resort.

K. JOHAN. Do, Ynglond, hardly, and thow shalt have  
 remedy.

YNGL. God reward yowr Grace, I besече hym hartely,  
 And send yow longe dayes to governe this realme in peace!

<sup>1</sup> C. suggests procure, but, remarks that Bale did not make the change, although he inserted a in weake in the same line.

K. JOHAN. Gramercy, Ynglond! and send the plentyus  
increase!

155

*Go out Ynglond, and dresse for Clargy.*

SED. Of bablyng-matters, I trow, yt is tyme to cease.

K. JOHAN. Why dost thou call them bablyng-maters?  
Tell me.

SED. For they are not worth the shakying of a per-tre<sup>1</sup>  
Whan the peres are gone; they are but dyble-dable.

I marvell ye can abyde suche byble-bable. 160.

K. JOHAN. Thou semyst to be a man of symple dys-  
crescyon.

SED. Alas, that ye are not a pryst to here confessyon!

K. JOHAN. Why for confessyon? Lett me know thi fan-  
tasye.

SED. Becawse that ye are a man so full of mercye,  
Namely to women, that wepe with a hevye harte 165  
Whan they in the churche hath lett but a lytyl farte.

K. JOHAN. I perseyve well now thou speakyst all this in  
mockage,

Becawse I take parte with Englandes ryghtfull herytage.  
Say thou what thou wylt, her maters shall not peryshe.

SED. Yt is joye of hym that women so can cheryshe. 170

K. JOHAN. God hathe me ordeynned in this same princely  
estate,

For that I shuld helpe such as be desolate.

SED. Yt is as great pyte to se a woman wepe  
As yt is to se a sely dodman crepe,  
Or, as ye wold say, a sely goose go barefote. 175

K. JOHAN. Thou semyste by thy wordes to have no more  
wytt than a coote.

I mervell thou arte to Englund so unnaturall,  
Beyng her owne chyld: thou art worse than a best brutall.

SED. I am not her chyld! I defye hyr, by the messe!  
I her sone, quoth he? I had rather she were hedlesse. 180  
Though I sumtyme be in Englund for my pastaunce,

<sup>1</sup> C. pertre.

Yet was I neyther borne here, in Spayne, nor in Fraunce,  
But under the Pope in the holy cyte of Rome,  
And there wyll I dwell unto the daye of dome.

K. JOHAN. But what is thy name? Tell me yett onys  
agayne. 185

SED. As I sayd afore, I am Sedycyon playne :  
In euery relygyon and munkysh secte I rayne,  
Havyng yow prynces in scorne, hate and dysdayne.

K. JOHAN. I pray the, good frynd, tell me what ys thy  
facyon.

SED. Serche and ye shall fynd in euery congregacyon 190  
That long to the Pope, for they are to me full swer,  
And wyll be so long as they last and endwer.

K. JOHAN. Yff thow be a cloysterer, tell of what order  
thow art.

SED. In euery estate of the clargye I playe a part :  
Sumtyme I can be a monke in a long syd cowle ; 195  
Sumtyme I can be a none and loke lyke an owle ;  
Sumtyme a chanon in a syrples fayer and whyght ;  
A chapterhowse monke sumtyme I apere in syght ;  
I am ower Syre John sumtyme, with a new-shaven crowne ;  
Sumtyme the person, and swepe the stretes with a syd gowne ; 200  
Sumtyme the bysshoppe with a myter and a cope ;  
A graye fryer sumtyme with cutt shoes and a rope ;  
Sumtyme I can playe the whyght monke, sumtyme the fryer,  
The purgatory prist, and euery mans wyffe desyer.  
This cumpany hath provyded for me morttmayne, 205  
For that I myght ever among ther sort remayne.

Yea, to go farder, sumtyme I am a cardynall ;  
Yea, sumtyme a pope and than am I lord over all,  
Bothe in hevyn and erthe and also in purgatory,  
And do weare iij crownes whan I am in my glorie. 210

K. JOHAN. But what doeste thow here in England? Tell  
me shortlye.

SED. I hold upp the Pope, as in other places many,  
For his ambassador I am contynwally,  
In Sycell, in Naples, in Venys and Ytalye,

In Pole, Spruse, and Berne, in Denmarke and Lumbardye, 215  
 In Aragon, in Spayne, in Fraunce and in Germanye,  
 In Ynglond, in Scotlond, and in other regyons elles;  
 For his holy cawse I mayntayne traytors and rebelles,  
 That no prince can have his peples obedyence  
 Except yt doth stond with the Popes prehemynence. 220

K. JOHAN. Gett the hence, thow knave, and moste pre-  
 sumptuows wreche,

Or, as I am trew kyng, thow shalt an halter streche!  
 We wyll thow know yt, owr power ys of God,  
 And therefore we wyll so execute the rod  
 That no lewde pryst shall be able to mayneteyne the. 225  
 I se now they be at to mych lyberte;  
 We wyll short ther hornys, yf God send tyme and space!

SED. Than I in Englond am lyke to have no place?

K. JOHAN. No, that thow arte not, and therfor avoyd  
 apace!

SED. By the holy masse, I must lawgh to here yowr  
 Grace! 230

Ye suppose and thynke that ye cowd me subdewe;  
 Ye shall never fynd yowr supposycyon trewe,  
 Though ye wer as strong as Hector and Diomedes,  
 Or as valyant as ever was Achylles.  
 Ye are well content that bysshoppes contynew styll? 235

K. JOHAN. We are so, in-dede, yf they ther dewte fullfyll.

SED. Nay than, good inowgh! Yowr awtoryte and power  
 Shall passe as they wyll; they have sawce bothe swet and  
 sower.

K. JOHAN. What menyst thow by that? shew me thy  
 intende this hower.

SED. They are Godes vycars, they can both save and  
 lose. 240

K. JOHAN. Ah, thy meening ys that they maye a prynce  
 depose.

SED. By the rood, they may, and that wyll appere by yow!

K. JOHAN. Be the helpe of God, we shall se to that well  
 inow.



SED. Nay, ye can not, thowgh ye had Argus eyes,  
 In abbeyes they haue so many suttill spyes; 245  
 For ones in the yere they have secret vysytacyons,  
 And yf ony prynce reforme ther ungodly facyons,  
 Than ij of the monkes must forthe to Rome by-and-by  
 With secrett letters to avenge ther injury.  
 For a thowsand pownd they shrynke not in soch matter, 250  
 And yet for the tyme the prynce to his face they flater.  
 I am ever-more ther gyde and ther advocate.

K. JOHAN. Than with the bysshoppes and monkes thu  
 art checke-mate?

SED. I dwell among them and am one of ther sorte.

K. JOHAN. For thy sake they shall of me have but small  
 comforte. 255

Loke, wher I fynd the, that place wyll I put downe.

SED. What yf ye do chance to fynd me in euery towne  
 Where-as is fownded any sect monastycall?

K. JOHAN. I pray God I synke yf I dystroye them not all!

SED. Well, yf ye so do, yett know I where to dwell. 260

K. JOHAN. Thow art not skoymose thy fantasy for to tell.

SED. Gesse! At a venture ye may chance the marke to  
 hytt.

K. JOHAN. Thy falssed to shew, no man than thy selfe  
 more fytt.

SED. Mary, in confessyon under-nethe *benedicite*.

K. JOHAN. Nay, tell yt agayne, that I may understond the. 265

SED. I say I can dwell, whan all other placys fayle me,  
 In ere-confessyon undernethe *benedicite*;

And whan I am there, the pryst may not bewray me.

K. JOHAN. Why, wyll ere-confessshon soch a secret traytor  
 be?

SED. Whan all other fayle, he is so sure as stele. 270  
 Offend Holy Church, and I warrant ye shall yt fele;  
 For by confessyon the Holy Father knoweth  
 Throw-owt all Christendom what to his Holynes growyth.

K. JOHAN. Oh, where ys Nobylite, that he myght knowe  
 thys falshed?

SED. Nay, he is becum a mayntener of owr godhed. 275  
 I know that he wyll do Holy Chyrche no wronge,  
 For I am his gostly father and techear amonge.  
 He belevyth nothyng but as Holy Chyrch doth tell.

K. JOHAN. Why, geveth he no credence to Cristes holy  
 gospell?

SED. No, ser, by the messe, but he callyth them here- 280  
 tyckes

That preche the gospell, and sedycyows scysmatyckes,  
 He tache them, vex them, from prison to prison he turne them,  
 He indyghth them, juge them, and, in conclusyon, he burne  
 them.

K. JOHAN. We rewe to here this of owr nobylte. 285  
 But in this be-halfe what seyst of the spretuallte?

SED. Of this I am swer to them to be no stranger,  
 And spesyally, whan ther honor ys in dawnger.

K. JOHAN. We trust owr lawers have no such wyckyd  
 myndes.

SED. Yes, they many tymys are my most secrett fryndes. 290  
 With faythfull prechers they can play leger-demayne,  
 And with falcze colores procure them to be slayne.

K. JOHAN. I perseyve this worlde is full of iniquite.  
 As God wold have yt, here cummyth Nobylte.

SED. Doth he so in-dede? By Owr Lord, than wyll I  
 hence!

K. JOHAN. Thow saydest thu woldyst dwell where he 295  
 kepyth resydence.

SED. Yea, but fyrst of all I must chaunge myn apparell  
 Unto a bysshoppe, to maynetayene with my quarell,  
 To a monke or pryst, or to sum holy fryer;  
 I shuld never elles accomplych my dysyre.

K. JOHAN. Why, art thou goyng? Naye, brother, thou 300  
 shalte not hence.

SED. I wold not be sene as I am for fortye pence.  
 Whan I am relygyouse, I wyll returne agayne.

K. JOHAN. Thow shalt tary here, or I must put the to  
 payne.

SED. I have a great mynd to be a lecherous man —  
 A wengonce take yt! I wold saye, a relygyous man. 305  
 I wyll go and cum so fast as evyr I can.

K. JOHAN. Tush, dally not with me! I saye thow shalt  
 abyde.

SED. Wene yow to hold me that I shall not slyppe asyde?

K. JOHAN. Make no more prattyng, for I saye thu shalt  
 abyde.

SED. Stoppe not my passage, I must over see at the next  
 tyde! 310

K. JOHAN. I will ordeyne so, I trowe, thow shalt not over.

SED. Tush, tush, I am sewer of redy passage at Dover.

K. JOHAN. The devyll go with hym! The unthryftye  
 knave is gone.

*Her go owte Sedusion and dresse for Syvyll Order. [Enter Nobelyte.]*

NOB. Troble not yowr-sylfe with no such dyssolute per-  
 sone;

For ye knowe full well very lyttell honeste 315  
 Ys gote at ther handes in every commynnalte.

K. JOHAN. This is but dallyaunce; ye do not speke as ye  
 thynke.

NOB. By my trowthe, I do, or elles I wold I shuld synke!

K. JOHAN. Than must I marvell at yow of all men  
 lyvyng.

NOB. Why mervell at me? tell me yowr very menyng. 320

K. JOHAN. For no man levyng is in more famylyerite  
 With that wycked wrech, yf it be trew that he told me.

NOB. What wrech speke ye of? For Jesus love, inty-  
 mate!

K. JOHAN. Of that presumtous wrech that was with me  
 here of late,

Whom yow wylyd not to vexe my-selfe with-all. 325

NOB. I know hym not, I, by the waye that my sowll to  
 shall!

K. JOHAN. Make yt not so strange, for ye know hym wyll  
 inow.

NOB. Beleve me yff ye wyll! I know hym not, I assuer  
yow.

K. JOHAN. Ware ye never yett aquantyde with Sedission?

NOB. Syns I was a chyld, both hym and his condycyon 330  
I ever hated for his iniquite.

[Enter Clargy.]

K. JOHAN. A clere tokyn that is of trewe nobelyte;  
But I pray to God we fynde yt not other- wyse.  
Yt was never well syns the clargy wrowght by practyse,  
And left the Scripture for mens ymagynacyons, 335  
Dyvydyng them-selvys in so many congrygacyons  
Of monkes, chanons and fryers, of dyvers colors and facyons.

THE CLARGY. I do trust yowr Grace wyll be as lovyng  
now

As yowr predysessowrs have bene to us before yow.

K. JOHAN. I wyll, suer, wey my love with yowr be-havers: 340  
Lyke as ye deserve, so wyll I bere yow favers.

Clargy, marke yt well, I have more to yow to say  
Than, as the sayeng is, the prest dyd speke a Sondag.

CLARGY. Ye wyll do us no wrong, I hope, nor injurie.

K. JOHAN. No, I wyll do you ryght in seyng yow do  
yowr dewtye. 345

We know the cawtelles of yowr sotyll companye.

CLARGY. Yf ye do us wrong, we shall seke remedy.

K. JOHAN. Yea, that is the cast of all fowr company.  
Whan kynges correcte yow for yowr actes most ungodly,  
To the Pope, syttyng in the chayer of pestoolens, 350  
Ye ronne to remayne in yowr concupysens.

Thus sett ye at nowght all princely prehemynens,  
Subdewyng the order of dew obedyens.

But with-in a whyle I shall so abate yowr pryde  
That to yowr Pope ye shall noyther runne nor ryde, 355  
But ye shall be glad to seke to me, yowr prynce,  
For all such maters as shall be with-in this provynce,  
Lyke as God wyllth yow by his Scripture evydente.

NOB. To the Church, I trust, ye wyll be obedyent.

K. JOHAN. No mater to yow whether I be so or no. 360

NOB. Yes, mary, is yt, for I am sworne therunto.

I toke a great othe whan I was dubbed a knyght  
Ever to defend the Holy Churches ryght.

CLARGY. Yea, and in her quarell ye owght onto deth to  
fyght.

K. JOHAN. Lyke backes, in the darke ye always take  
yowr flyght, 365

Flytteryng in fanseys, and ever abhorre the lyght.

I rew yt in hart that yow, Nobelyte,

Shuld thus bynd yowr-selfe to the grett captyvyte

Of bloody Babulon, the grownd and mother of whordom,

The Romych Churche I meane, more vyle than ever was

Sodom,

370

And, to say the trewth, a mete spowse for the fynd.

[Enter Syvyll Order.]

CLARGY. Yowr Grace is fare gone; God send yow a  
better mynd!

K. JOHAN. Hold yowr peace, I say! ye are a lytyll to  
fatte;

In a whyle, I hope, ye shall be lener sumwhatte!

We shall loke to yow and to Sivyll Order also; 375

Ye walke not so secrett but we know wher-a-bowght ye goo.

S. ORDER. Why, yowr Grace hath no cawse with me to  
be dysplesyd.

K. JOHAN. All thyngs consyderyd, we have small cause  
to be plesyd.

S. ORDER. I besech yowr Grace to graunt me a word or  
too.

K. JOHAN. Speke on yowr pleasure, and yowr hole mynd  
also. 380

S. ORDER. Ye know very well, to set all thynges in order

I have moche ado, and many thynges passe fro me,

For yowr common-welth, and that in euery border

For offyces, for londes, for lawe and for lyberte,

And for transgressors I appoynt the penalte;

That cytes and townes maye stand in quietose peace,  
That all theft and murder, with other vyce, maye seace. 387

Yff I have chaunsed, for want of cyrcumspeccyon,  
To passe the lymytes of ryght and equite,  
I submyte my-selfe unto yowr Graces correccyon,  
Desyryng pardon of yowr benygnyte.  
I wot I maye fall throwgh my fragylyte;  
Therefore I praye yow tell me what the mater ys,  
And amends shall be where-as I have done amyse. 394

K. JOHAN. Aganste amendement no resonnable man can  
be.

NOB. That sentence rysyth owt of an hygh charyte.

K. JOHAN. Now that ye are here assembled all to-gether,  
Amongeste other thynges ye shall fyrst of all consyder  
That my dysplesure rebounyth<sup>1</sup> on-to yow all.

CLARGY. To yow non of us ys prejudycyall. 400

K. JOHAN. I shall prove yt. Yes! how have ye usyd  
Englond?

NOB. But as yt becommyth us, so fare as I understand.

K. JOHAN. Yes! the pore woman complayneth her gre-  
vosly,  
And not with-owt a cawse, for she hath great injurie.  
I must se to yt, — ther ys no remedy, — 405  
For it ys a charge gevyn me from God All-myghtye.  
How saye ye, Clargye? Apperyth it not so to yow?

CLARGY. Yf it lykyth yowr Grace, all we know that well  
ynow.

K. JOHAN. Than yow, Nobelyte, wyll affyrme yt, I am  
suer.

NOB. Ye, that I wyll, sur, so long as my lyfe endure. 410

K. JOHAN. And yow, Cyvyll Order, I thynke wyll graunte  
the same!

S. ORDER. Ondowghted, sir; yea, elles ware yt to me gret  
shame.

<sup>1</sup> C. rebonnyth; Kittredge suggests redounyth, but rebounyth is possible.

K. JOHAN. Than for Englondeſ cawſe I wyll be ſume-  
what playne.

Yt is yow, Clargy, that hathe her in dysdayne :  
With yowr Latyne howrs, ſerymonyes, and popetly playes, 415  
In her more and more Gods holy worde decayes ;  
And them to maynteyn, unreaſonable ys the ſpoyle  
Of her londs, her goods, and of her pore chylders toyle.  
Rekyn fyrſt yowr tythis, yowr devocyons and yowr offrynges,  
Mortuaries, pardons, bequeſts and other thynges, 420  
Beſydes that ye cache for halowed belles and purgatorye,  
For juelles, for relyckes, confeffyon and cowrts of baudrye,  
For legacies, trentalls, with Scalacely meſſys,  
Wherby ye have made the people very aſſys ;  
And over all this ye have browght in a rabyll 425  
Of Latyne mummers and ſects deſſeyvabyll,  
Evyn to dewore her and eat her upp attonnys.

CLARGY. Yow wold have no Churche, I wene, by theſe  
ſacred bones!

K. JOHAN. Yes, I wold have a Churche, not of dysgysyd  
ſhavelynges,  
But of faythfull hartes and charytable doynges ; 430  
For whan Chriſtes Chyrch was in her hyeſte glory,  
She knew neyther theſe ſectes nor their ipocryſy.

CLARGY. Yes, I wyll prove yt by David ſubſtancyally :  
*Aſtitit Regina a dextris tuis in veſtitu*  
*Deaurato, circumdata varietate :* 435  
A quene, ſayth Davyd, on thy ryght hand, Lord, I ſe  
Apparrellyd with golde and compaſſyd with dyverſyte.

K. JOHAN. What ys yowr meanyng by that ſame Scrip-  
ture? Tell me.

CLARGY. This quene ys the Chyrch, which thorow all  
Criſten regions  
Ys beawtyfull, dectyd<sup>1</sup> with many holy relygyons : 440  
Munks, chanons and fryers, moſt excellent dyvynis,  
As Grandy Montensers and other Benedictyns,  
Primoſtratensers, Bernards and Gylbertyns,

<sup>1</sup> Kittredge ſuggeſts deccyd.

Jacobytes, Mynors, Whyght Carmes and Augustynis,  
 Sanbenets, Cluniackes, with holy Carthusyans, 445  
 Heremytes and ancors, with most myghty Rodyans,  
 Crucifers, Lucifers, Brigettis, Ambrosyanes,  
 Stellifers, Ensifers, with Purgatoryanes,  
 Sophyanes, Indianes and Camaldulensers,  
 Clarynes and Columbynes, Templers, Newe Ninivytes, 450  
 Rufyanes, Tercyanes, Lorytes and Lazarytes,  
 Hungaryes, Teutonykes, Hospitellers, Honofrynes,  
 Basyles and Bonhams, Solanons and Celestynes,  
 Paulynes, Hieronymytes, and Monkes of Josaphathes Valleie,  
 Fulygyues, Flamynes, with Bretherne of the Black Alleye, 455  
 Donates and Dimysynes, with Canons of S. Marke,  
 Vestals and monyals, a worlde to heare them barke,  
 Abbotts and doctors, with bysshoppes and cardynales,  
 Archedecons and pristes, as to ther fortune falles.

S. ORDER. Me thynkyth yowr fyrst text stondeth nothyng  
 with yowr reson, 460

For in Davydes tyme wer no such sects of relygyon.

K. JOHAN. Davyd meanyth vertuys by the same diversyte,  
 As in the sayd psalme yt is evydent to se,  
 And not munkysh sects ; but it is ever yowr cast  
 For yowr advauncement the Scripturs for to wrast. 465

CLARGY. Of owr Holy Father in this I take my grownd,  
 Which hathe awtoryte the Scripturs to expound.

K. JOHAN. Nay, he presumyth the Scripturs to confownd.  
 Nowther thow nor the Pope shall do pore Englund wronge,  
 I beyng governor and kyng her peple amonge. 470

Whyle yow for lucre sett forth yowr popysh lawys  
 Yowr-selvys to advaunce, ye wold make us pycke strawes.  
 Nay, ipocryts, nay ! We wyll not be scornyd soo  
 Of a sort of knavys ; we shall loke yow otherwyse too !

NOB. Sur, yowr sprytes are movyd, I persayve by yowr  
 langage. 475

K. JOHAN. I wonder that yow for such veyne popych bag-  
 gage  
 Can suffyr Englund to be impoverishyd



And mad a begger ; yow are very yll advysyd.

NOB. I marvell grettly that ye say thus to me.

K. JOHAN. For dowghtles ye do not as becummyth  
Nobelyte ; 480

Ye spare nouthr lands nor goods, but all ye geve  
To thes cormerants ; yt wold any good man greve  
To se yowr madnes, as I wold God shuld save me !

NOB. Sur, I suppose yt good to bylde a perpetuite  
For me and my frendes to be prayed for evermore. 485

K. JOHAN. Tush, yt is madnes all to dyspayre in God so  
sore,

And to thynke Christs deth to be insufficient !

NOB. Sur, that I have don was of a good intent.

K. JOHAN. The intente ys nowght whych hath no sewer  
grounde.

CLARGY. Yff yow continue, ye wyll Holy Chyrch con-  
funde. 490

K. JOHAN. Nay, no Holy Chyrch, nor feythfull congre-  
gacyon,

But an hepe of adders of Antechrists generacyon.

S. ORDER. Yt pyttyth me moche that ye are to them so  
harde.

K. JOHAN. Yt petyeth me more that ye them so mych  
regarde.

They dystroye mennys sowlls with damnable supersticyon, 495  
And decaye all realmys by meyntenaunce of sedycyon.

Ye wold wonder to know what profe I have of this.

NOB. Well, amenment shalbe wher anythyng is amysse ;  
For, undowtted, God doth open soche thyngs to prynoes  
As to none other men in the Crystyen provynces, 500  
And therfor we wyll not in this with yowr Grace contend.

S. ORDER. No, but with Gods grace we shall owr myse-  
dedes amend.

CLARGY. For all such forfeits as yowr pryncely Mageste  
For yowr owne person or realme can prove by me  
I submytte my-selfe to yow, bothe body and goods. 505

*Knele.*

K. JOHAN. We pety yow now, consydering yowr repent-  
ante modes,

And owr gracyous pardone we grawnte yow upon amendment.

CLARGY. God preserve yowr Grace and Mageste excelent!

K. JOHAN. Aryse, Clargy, aryse, and ever be obedyent,  
And, as God commandeth yow, take us for yowr governer. 510

CLARGY. By the grace of God, the Pope shall be my ruler!

K. JOHAN. What saye ye, Clargy? who ys yowr governer?

CLARGY. Ha! ded I stomble? I sayd my prynce ys my  
ruler.

K. JOHAN. I pray to owr Lord this obedyence maye in-  
dewre.

CLARGY. I wyll not breke yt, ye may be fast and suer. 515

K. JOHAN. Than cum hether all thre; ye shall know more  
of my mynde.

CLARGY. Owr kyng to obeye, the Scriptur doth us bynde.

K. JOHAN. Ye shall fyrst be sworne to God and to the  
Crowne

To be trew and juste in every cetye and towne;  
And this to performe set hand and kysse the bocke! 520

S. ORDER. With the wyffe of Loth we wyll not backe-  
ward locke,

Nor turne from owr oth, but ever obeye yowr Grace.

K. JOHAN. Than wyll I gyve yow yowr chargys her in  
place,

And accepte yow all to be of owr hyghe councell.

ALL THREE. To be faythfull, than, ye us more streytly  
compell. 525

K. JOHAN. For the love of God, loke to the state of  
Englond!

Leate non enemy holde her in myserable bond;  
Se yow defend her as yt becummyth Nobilite;  
Se yow instructe<sup>1</sup> her acording to yowr degre;  
Fournysh her yow with a cyvyle honeste: 530  
Thus shall she florysh in honor and grett plente.  
With godly wysdom yowr matters so conveye

<sup>1</sup> C. instrutte.

That the commynnalte the powers maye obeye,  
 And ever be ware of that false thefe Sedycyon,  
 Whych poysenneth all realmes and bryng them to perdycon. 535

NOB. Sur, for soche wrecches we wyll be so circumspecte  
 That neyther ther falsed nor gylle shall us infecte.

CLARGY. I warrant yow, sur, no, and that shall well apere.

S. ORDER. We wyll so provyde, yff anye of them cum  
 here

To dysturbe the realme, they shall be full glad to fle. 540

K. JOHAN. Well, yowr promyse includeth no small dyffy-  
 culte;

But I put the case that this false thefe Sedycyon  
 Shuld cum to yow thre and call hym-selfe Relygyon,  
 Myght he not under the pretence of holynes

Cawse yow to consent to myche ungodlynnes? 545

NOB. He shall never be able to do yt, verily.

K. JOHAN. God graunt ye be not deceyvvyd by hypocresye!  
 I say no more, I; in shepes aparell sum walke  
 And seme relygeyose that deceyvably can calke.

Be ware of soche hypocrites as the kyngdom of hevyn fro man 550  
 Do hyde for a-wantage, for they deceyve now and than.

Well, I leve yow here; yche man consyder his dewtye!

NOB. With Gods leve, no faute shall be in this companye!

K. JOHAN. Cum, Cyvyle Order, ye shall go hence with  
 me.

S. ORDER. At your commandmente! I wyll gladlye  
 wayte upon ye. 555

*Here Kyng Johan and Sivile Order go out, and Syvile Order dresse hym  
 for Sedusyon.*

NOB. Me thynke the kyng is a man of a wonderfull wytt.

CLARGY. Naye, saye that he is of a vengeable craftye  
 wytt,

Than shall ye be sure the trewth of the thyng to hytt.

Hard ye not how he of the Holy Church dyd rayle?

His extreme thretynyngs shall lytyll hym avayle: 560

I wyll worke soch wayes that he shall of his purpose fayle.

NOB. Yt is meet a prince to saye sumwhat for his plesure.

CLARGY. Yea, but yt is to moch to rayle so without  
mesure.

NOB. Well, lett every man speke lyke as he hathe a cawse.

CLARGY. Why, do ye say so? Yt is tyme for me, than,  
to pawse.

565

NOB. This wyll I saye, sur, that he ys so noble a prynce  
As this day raygneth in ony Cristyen provynce.

CLARGY. Mary, yt apereth well by that he wonne in  
Fraunce!

NOB. Well, he lost not there so moche by martyall  
chaunce

But he gate moche more in Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

570

CLARGY. Yea, God sped us well, Crystmes songes are  
mery tales!

NOB. Ye dysdayne soche mater as ye know full evydent.  
Are not both Ireland and Wales to hym obedyent?

Yes, he holdyth them bothe in pessable possessyon,  
And—by-cause I wyll not from yowr tall make degressyon,—  
For his lond in Fraunce he gyveth but lytell forsse,  
Havyng to Englund all his love and remorse;  
And Angoye he gave to Artur his nevy in chaunge.

775

CLARGY. Our changes are soche that an abbeye turneth  
to a graunge.

We are so handled we have scarce eyther horse or male.

580

NOB. He that dothe hate me the worse wyll tell my tale!<sup>1</sup>

Yt is yowr fassyon soche kyngs to dyscommend

As yowr abuses reforme or reprehend.

You pristes are the cawse that chronycles doth defame

So many prynces, and men of notable name,

585

For yow take upon yow to wryght them evermore;

And therefore Kyng Johan ys lyke to rewe yt sore,

Whan ye wryte his tyme, for vexyng of the Clargy.

CLARGY. I mervell ye take his parte so earnestlye.

NOB. Yt be-comyth Nobelyte his prynces fame to pre-  
serve.

590

CLARGY. Yf he contynew, we are lyke in a whyle to starve:

<sup>1</sup> C. suggests that this line belongs to Clergy.

He demaundeth of us the tenth parte of owr lyvyng.

NOB. I thynke yt is then for sum nessessary thyng.

CLARGY. Mary, to recover that he hath lost in Fraunce,  
As Normandy dewkedom, and his land beyond Orleauce. 595

NOB. And thynke ye not that a mater nessesary?

CLARGY. No, sur, by my trowth, he takyng yt of the  
Clergy.

NOB. Ye cowde be content that he shuld take yt of us.

CLARGY. Yea, so that he wold spare the Clargy, by swet  
Jesus!

This takyng of us myght sone growe to a custom, 600  
And than Holy Churche myght so be browght to thraldom,  
Whych hath ben ever from temporall prynces free,  
As towchyng trybute or other captyvyte.

NOB. He that defendeth yow owght to have parte of yowr  
goodes.

CLARGY. He hath the prayers of all them that hathe  
hoodes. 605

NOB. Why, ys that inowgh to helpe hym in his warre?

CLARGY. The Churche he may not of lyberte debarre.

NOB. Ded not Crist hym-selfe pay trybutt unto Ceser?  
Yf he payd trybute, so owght his holy vycar.

CLARGY. To here ye reson so ondyscretlye, I wonder. 610  
Ye must consyder that Crist that tyme was under,  
But his vycar now ys above the prynces all;  
Therfor be ware ye do not to herysy fall.

Ye owght to beleve as Holy Chyrche doth teche yow,  
And not to reason in soche hygh maters now. 615

NOB. I am vnlernyd; my wyttis are sone confowndyd.

CLARGY. Than leve soch maters to men more depely  
growndyd.

NOB. But how wyll ye do for the othe that ye have take?

CLARGY. The keyes of the Church can all soche maters  
of-shake.

NOB. What call ye those keyes? I pray yow hartly, tell  
me! 620

CLARGY. Owr Holy Fathers power and hys hygh autoryte.

NOB. Well, I can no more say; ye are to well lernyd  
for me.

My bysynes ys soche that here now I must leve ye.

CLARGY. I must hence also so fast as ever maye be,  
To sewe vn-to Rome for the Churches lyberte. 625

*Go out Nobylte and Clargy. Here Sedycyon cummyth in.*

SED. Haue in onys a-geyne, in spyght of all my enymyes!  
For they cannot dryve me from all mennys companyes;  
And, though yt were so that all men wold forsake me,  
Yet dowght I yt not but sume good women wold take me.  
I loke for felowys that here shuld make sum sporte: 630  
I mervell yt is so longe ere they hether resorte.  
By the messe, I wene the knaves are in the bryers,  
Or ells they are fallen into sum order of fryers!  
Naye, shall I gesse ryght? they are gon into the stues;  
I holde ye my necke, anon we shall here newes. 635

*[He hears Dyssymulacyon] seyng the Leteny.<sup>1</sup>*

Lyst, for Gods passyon! I trow her cummeth sum hoggherd  
Callyng for his pygges. Such a noyse I neuer herd!

*Here cum Dyssymulacyon synngyng of the letany.*

DYS. (*syng*) *Sancte Dominice, ora pro nobis!*

SED. (*syng*) *Sancte pyld monache, I be-shrow vobis!*

DYS. (*syng*) *Sancte Francisse, ora pro nobis!* 640

SED. Here ye not? Cocks sowle, what meaneth this ypo-  
crite knaue?

DYS. *Pater noster*, I pray God bryng hym sone to his  
grave,

*Qui es in celis*, with an vengeable *sanctificetur*,  
Or elles Holy Chyrche shall neuer thryve, by Saynt Peter!

SED. Tell me, good felowe, makyste thu this prayer for  
me? 645

DYS. Ye are as ferce as thowgh ye had broke yowr nose  
at the buttre.

<sup>1</sup> C. has only Seyng the leteny.

I medyll not with the, but here to good sayntes I praye  
Agenst soch enmyes as wyll Holy Chyrche decaye.

*Here syng this :*

*A Johanne Rege iniquo, libera nos, Domine!*

SED. Leve, I saye! or, by messe, I wyll make yow  
grone! 650

DYS. Yff thow be jentyll, I pray the leate me alone,  
For with-in a whyle my devocyon wyll be gone.

SED. And wherfor dost thou praye here so bytterly,  
Momblyng thy pater noster and chaunting the letany?

DYS. For that Holy Chyrch myght save hyr patrymonye, 655  
And to haue of Kyng Johan a tryumphant vactorye.

SED. And why of Kyng Johan? doth he vexe yow so  
sore?

DYS. Both chyrchys and abbeys he oppressyth more and  
more

And take of the clergie, yt is onrasonable to tell.

SED. Owte with the Popys bulles than, and cursse hym  
downe to hell! 660

DYS. Tushe! man, we haue done so, but all wyll not helpe :  
He regardyth no more the Pope than he dothe a whelpe.

SED. Well, lett hym alone; for that wyll I geve hym a  
scelpe.

But what arte thou callyd of thyn owne munkych nacyon?

DYS. Kepe yt in counsell: Dane Davy Dyssymulacyon. 665

SED. What, Dyssymulacyon? Coks sowle, myn old aquen-  
tence!

*Par me faye, mon amye, je [suis]<sup>1</sup> tote ad voutre plesaunce.*

DYS. Gramercyes, good frend, with all my very hert!

I trust we shall talke more frely or we deperte.

SED. Why, vylayn horson, knowyst not thi cosyn Sedy-  
cyon? 670

DYS. I have ever loved both the and thy condycyon.

SED. Thow must nedes, I trowe, for we cum of ij breth-  
erne;

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by C.

Yf thu remember, owr fathers were on mans chylderne,—  
Thow comyst of Falsed and I of Prevy Treason.

DYS. Than Infydelyte owr granfather ys by reason. 675

SED. Mary, that ys trewe, and his begynner Antycrist,  
The great <sup>of</sup> Rome, or fyrst veyne popysh prist.

DYS. Now welcum, cosyn, by the waye that my sowle  
shall to !

SED. Gramercy, cosyn, by the holy byssshope Benno !  
Thow kepyst thi old wont, thow art styll an abbe-man. 680

DYS. To hold all thynges vp I play my part now and than.

SED. Why, what manere of offyce hast thou with-in the  
abbey?

DYS. Of all relygyons I kepe the chyrch-dore keye.

SED. Than of a lykelyhod thou art ther generall porter?

DYS. Nay, of monks and chanons I am the suttlyl sorter. 685

Whyle sum talke with Besse, the resydewe kepe sylence ;

Though we playe the knavys, we must shew a good pretence ;

Where-so-ever sum eate, a serten kepe the froyter ;<sup>1</sup>

Where-so-ever sum slepe, sum must nedes kepe the dorter.

Dedyst thou never know the maner of owr senyes? 690

SED. I was never with them aqueynted, by seynt Denyes.

DYS. Than never knewyst thou the knavery of owr menyys.

Yf I shuld tell all; I coud saye more than that.

SED. Now, of good felowshyppe, I beseeche the shew me  
what.

DYS. The profytable lucre cummyth ever in by me. 695

SED. But by what meane? tell me, I hartely pray the.

DYS. To wynne the peple, I appoynt yche man his place :

Sum to syng Latyn, and sum to ducke at grace ;

Sum to go mummyng, and sum to beare the crosse ;

Sum to stowpe downward as the[r] heades ware stopt with  
mosse ; 700

Sum rede the epystle and gospell at hygh masse ;

Sum syng at the lectorne with long eares lyke an asse ;

The pawment of the chyrche the aunchent faders tredes,

Sum-tyme with a portas, sumtyme with a payre of bedes.

<sup>1</sup> *Qy. freyter.*



- And this exedyngly drawt peple to devoycyone, 705  
 Specyally whan they do se so good relygeone.  
 Than have we imagys of Seynt Spryte and Seynt Savyer:  
 Moche is the sekyng of them to gett ther faver;  
 Yong whomen berfote, and olde men seke them bre<sup>ntles</sup>.  
 The myracles wrought there I can in no wyse expresse. 710  
 We lacke neyther golde nor sylwer, gyrdles nor rynges,  
 Candelles nor taperes, nor other customyd offerynges.  
 Thowgh I seme a shepe, I can play the suttile fox;  
 I can make Latten to bryng this gere to the boxe.  
 Tushe! Latten is alone to bryng soche mater to passe, 715  
 There ys no Englyche that can soche slyghtes compasse;  
 And therfor we wyll no servyce to be songe,  
 Gospell nor pystell, but all in Latten tonge.  
 Of owr suttell dryftes many more poyntes are behynde;  
 Yf I tolde you all, we shuld never have an ende. 720  
 SED. *In nomine Patris*, of all that ever I hard  
 Thow art alone yet of soche a dremyng bussard!  
 DYS. Nay, dowst thu not se how I in my colours jette?  
 To blynd the peple I have yet a farther fette:  
 This is for Bernard, and this is for Benet, 725  
 This is for Gylbard, and this is for Jhenet,  
 For Frauncys this is, and this is for Domynyke,  
 For Awsten and Elen, and this is for Seynt Partryk.  
 We haue many rewlls, but never one we kepe;  
 Whan we syng full lowde our harts be fast aslepe. 730  
 We resemble sayntes in gray, whyte, blacke, and blewe,  
 Yet vnto prynces not one of owr nomber trewe,—  
 And that shall Kyng Johan prove shortly, by the rode!  
 SED. But in the meane-tyme yowr-selves gett lytyll good;  
 Yowr abbeys go downe, I heresaye, every-where. 735  
 DYS. Yea, frynd Sedysyon, but thow must se to that  
 gere.  
 SED. Than must I have helpe, by swete Saynt Benetts  
 cuppe!  
 DYS. Thow shalt have a chylde of myn owne bryngyng  
 uppe.

SED. Of thy bryngyng uppe? Coks sowle, what knave  
is that?

DYS. Mary, Pryvat Welth; now hayve I tolde the what. 740  
I made hym a monke and a perfytt cloysterer,  
And in the abbeye he began fyrst celerer,  
Than pryor, than abbote of a thowsand pownd land, no wors,  
Now he is a bysshoppe and rydeth with an hondryd hors;  
And, as I here say, he is lyke to be a Cardynall. 745

SED. Ys he so in-dede? By the masse, than have att all!

DYS. Nay, fyrst Pryvat Welth shall bryng in Usurpyd  
Power

With hys autoryte, and than the gam ys ower.

SED. Tush, Usurpyd Power dothe faver me of all men,  
For in his troubles I ease his hart now and then. 750

Whan prynces rebell agenste hys autoryte,  
I make ther commons agenst them for to be.  
Twenty M<sup>d</sup> men are but a mornyng breckefast  
To be slayne for hym, he takyng his repast.

DYS. Thow hast, I persayve, a very suttlyll cast. 755

SED. I am for the Pope, as for the shyppe the mast.

DYS. Than helpe, Sedycyon, I may styll in Englund be!  
Kyng John hath thretned that I shall ouer see.

SED. Well, yf thow wylte of me have remedy this ower,  
Go seche Pryvat Welth and also Usurpyd Power. 760

DYS. I can bryng but one, be Mary, Jesus mother!

SED. Bryng thow in the one, and let hym bryng in the  
other.

*Here cum in Usurpyd Power and Private Welth, syngyng on after another.*

*Usurpyd Power syng this:*

*Super flumina Babilonis suspendimus organa nostra.*

*Private Welth syng this:*

*Quomodo cantabimus canticum bonum in terra aliena?*

SED. By the mas, me thynke they are syngyng of *placebo*!

DYS. Peace, for with my spectables *vadam et videbo*!  
Coks sowll, yt is they! At the last I have smellyd them owt.

*Her go and bryng them.*

SED. Thow mayst be a sowe, yf thou hast so good a snowt. 768

Surs, marke well this gere, for now yt begynnyth to worke :

False Dyssymulacion doth bryng in Privat Welth ;  
And Usurpyd Power, which is more ferce than a Turke,  
Cummeth in by hym to decaye all spyrytuall helth ;  
Than I by them bothe, as clere experyence telth ;

We iij by owr crafts Kyng Johan wyll so subdwe,  
That for iij C yers all Englund shall yt rewe.

775

DYS. Of the clergy, frynds, report lyke as ye se,  
That ther Privat Welth cummyth ever in by me.

SED. But by whom commyst thou? By the messe, evyn  
by the devyll,

For the grownd thow art of the Cristen peplys evyll !

DYS. And what are yow, ser? I pray yow say good by  
me.

780

SED. By my trowth, I cum by the and thy affynyte.

DYS. Feche thow in thy felow so fast as ever thow can.

PR. WELTH. I trow thow shalt se me now playe the  
praty man.

Of me, Privat Welth, cam fyrst Usurpyd Power :

Ye may perseyve yt in pagent here this hower.

785

SED. Now welcum, felowys, by all thes bonys and naylys!

US. POWER. Among companyons good felyshyp never  
faylys.

SED. Nay, Usurpid Power, thou must go backe ageyne,  
For I must also put the to a lytyll payne.

US. POWER. Why, fellaue Sedysyon, what wylt thou have  
me do?

790

SED. To bare me on thi backe and bryng me in also,  
That yt may be sayde that, fyrst, Dyssymulacion  
Browght in Privat Welth to every Cristen nacion,  
And that Privat Welth browght in Usurpid Power,  
And he Sedycyon, in cytye, towne and tower ;  
That sum man may know the feche of all owr sorte.

795

US. POWER. Cum on thy wayes than, that thou mayst  
make the fort.

DYS. Nay, Usurped Power, we shall bare hym all thre,  
 Thy-selfe, he and I, yf ye wyll be rewlyd by me,  
 For ther is non of us but in hym hath a stroke. 800

PR. WELTH. The horson knave wayeth and yt were a  
 croked oke.

*Here they shall bare hym in, and Sedycyon saythe :*

SED. Yea, thus it shuld be, mary, now thou art<sup>1</sup> alofte!  
 I wyll be-shyte yow all yf ye sett me not downe softe.  
 In my opynyon, by swete Saynt Antony,  
 Here is now gatheryd a full honest company : 805  
 Here is nowther Awsten, Ambrose, Hierom nor Gregory,  
 But here is a sorte of companyons moch more mery.  
 They of the Chirch than were fower holy doctors,  
 We of the Chirch now are the iiij generall proctors.  
 Here ys, fyrst of all, good father Dyssymulacion, 810  
 The fyrst begynner of this same congregacion ;  
 Here is Privat Welthe, which hath the Chyrch infecte  
 With all abusions, and brought yt to a synfull secte ;  
 Here ys Usurpid Power that all kyngs doth subdwe  
 With such autoryte as is neyther good ner trewe ; 815  
 And I last of all am evyn, sance pere, Sedycyon.

US. POWER. Under hevyn ys not a more knave in con-  
 dycyon.

Wher-as thou dost cum, that commonwelth cannot thryve.  
 By owr Lord, I marvell that thou art yet alyve.

PR. WELTH. Wher herbes are pluckte upp, the wedes  
 many tymes remayne. 820

DYS. No man can utter an evydence more playn.

SED. Yea, ye thynke so, yow? Now Gods blyssyng  
 breke yowr heade!

I can do but lawgh to here yow, by thys breade!  
 I am so mery that we are mett, by Saynt John,  
 I fele not the ground that I do go upon. 825  
 For the love of God, lett us have sum mery songe.

<sup>1</sup> C. suggests I am ; Kittredge suggests assigning the line to Dyssymulacion.

US. POWER. Begyne thy-self than, and we shall lepe in  
amonge. *Here syng.*

SED. I wold ever dwell here, to have such mery sporte.

PR. WELTH. Thow mayst have yt, man, yf thow wylt  
hether resorte,

For the Holy Father ys as good a felowe as we. 830

DYS. The Holy Father? Why, pray the, whych is he?

PR. WELTH. Usurped Power here, which, though he  
apparaunt be

In this apparell, yet hathe he autoryte

Bothe in hevyn and erth, in purgatory and in hell.

US. POWER. Marke well his saynges, for a trew tale he  
doth tell. 835

SED. What, Usurpid Power? Cocks sowle, ye are owr  
Pope?

Where is yowr thre crounnys, yowr crosse keys, and your  
cope?

What meanyth this mater? Me thynke ye walke astraye.

US. POWER. Thow knowest I must have sum dalyaunce  
and playe,

For I am a man lyke as an-other ys; 840

Sumtyme I must hunt, sumtyme I must Alyson kys.

I am bold of yow, I take ye for no straungers;

We are as spirituall, I dowght in yow no daungers.

DYS. I owght to conseder yowr Holy Father-hode,  
From my fyrst infancy ye have ben to me so good. 845

For Godes sake, wytsave to geve me yowr blyssing here

*A pena et culpa*, that I may stand this day clere.

*Knele.*

SED. From makying cuckoldes? mary, that were no mery  
chere!

DYS. *A pena et culpa*: I trow thow canst not here.

SED. Yea, with a cuckoldes wyff ye have dronke dobyll  
bere. 850

DYS. I pray the, Sedycyon, my pacyens no more stere.

*A pena et culpa* I desire to be clere,

And than all the devylles of hell I wold not fere.

US. POWER. But tell me one thyng: dost thou not preche  
the gospell?

DYS. No, I promyse yow, I defye yt to the devyll of hell. 855

US. POWER. Yf I knewe thow dydest, thou shuldest have  
non absolucyon.

DYS. Yf I do, abjure me or put me to execucyon.

PR. WELTH. I dare say he brekyth no popyshe consty-  
tucyon.

US. POWER. Soche men are worthy to have owr contry-  
bucyon.

I assoyle the here, behynde and also beforne! 860

Now art thou as clere as that daye thow wert borne.

Ryse, Dyssymulacion, and stond uppe lyke a bold knyght;  
Dowght not of my power, thowgh my aparell be lyght!

SED. A man, be the masse, can not know yow from a  
knave,

Ye loke so lyke hym, as I wold God shuld me save! 865

PR. WELTH. Thow art very lewde owr father so to  
deprave.

Though he for his plesure soche lyght apparell have,

Yt is now sommer and the heate ys withowt mesure,

And among us he may go lyght at his owne plesure.

Felow Sedycyon, thowgh thou dost mocke and scoffe, 870

We have other materes than this to be commyned of.

Frynd Dyssymulacion, why dost thou not thy massage,

And show owt of Englund the cause of thi farre passage?

Tush, blemysch not, whoreson, for I shall ever assyst the.

SED. The knave ys whyght-leveryd, by the Holy Trynyte! 875

US. POWER. Why so, Privat Welth, what ys the mater?  
Tell me.

PR. WELTH. Dyssymulacion ys a massanger for the  
Clargy;

I must speke for hym, there ys no remedy.

The Clargy of Ynglund, which ys yowr specyall frynde,

And of a long tyme hath borne yow very good mynde, 880

Fyllyng yowr coffers with many a thowsande pownde,

Yf ye sett not to hand, he ys lyke to fall to the grownde.

I do promyse yow truly his hart ys in his hose ;  
Kyng Johan so usyth hym that he reconnyth all to lose.

US. POWER. Tell, Dyssymulacion, why art thou so  
asshamed

885

To shewe thy massage? Thou art moche to be blamed.  
Late me se those wrytyngs ; tush ! man, I pray the cum nere.

DYS. Yowr Horryble Holynes putth me in wonderfull fere.

US. POWER. Tush ! lett me se them, I pray the hartely.

*Here Dissimulacyon shall delever the wrytynges to Usurpyd Power.*

I perseyve yt well, thou wylt lose no ceremony. 890

SED. Yet is he no lesse than a false knave veryly.

I wold thou haddyst kyst hys ars, for that is holy.

PR. WELTH. How dost thou prove me that his arse ys  
holy now?

SED. For yt hath an hole, evyn fytt for the nose of yow.

PR. WELTH. Yowr parte ys not elles but for to playe  
the knave,

895

And so ye must styll contynew to yowr grave.

US. POWER. I saye, leve yowr gawdes, and attend to me  
this hower.

The bysshoppes writeth here to me, Usurped Power,

Desyryng assystence of myne auctoryte

To save and support the Chyrches lyberte.

900

They report Kyng Johan to them to be very harde,

And to have the Church in no pryce nor regarde.

In his parliament he demaundeth of the Clargy

For his warres the tent of the Chyrches patrymony.

PR. WELTH. Ye wyll not consent to that, I trow, by  
Saynt Mary!

905

SED. No ; drawe to yow styll, but lett none from yow  
cary !

US. POWER. Ye know yt is cleane agenst owr holy  
decrees

That princes shuld thus contempne owr lybertees.

He taketh uppon hym to reforme the tythes and offrynges,

And intermedleth with other spyrytuall thynges.

910

PR. WELTH. Ye must sequester hym, or elles that wyll  
mare all.

US. POWER. Naye, besydes all this, before juges temporall  
He conventeth clarkes of cawses crymynall.

PR. WELTH. Yf ye se not to that, the Churche wyll haue  
a fall.

SED. By the masse, than pristres are lyke to have a pange; 915  
For treson, murder and thefte they are lyke to hange!  
By Cocks sowle, than I am lyke to walke for treasone,  
Yf I be taken; loke to yt therfore in seassone!

PR. WELTH. Mary, God forbyd that ever yowr holy  
anoyned

For tresone or thefte shuld be hanged, racked or joynted, 920  
Lyke the rascall sorte of the prophane layete.

US. POWER. Naye, I shall otherwyse loke to yt, ye may  
trust me.

Before hym-selfe also the bysshoppes he doth convent,  
To the derogacyon of ther dygnyte excelent,  
And wyll suffer non to the court of Rome to appele. 925

DYS. No; he contemnyth yowr autoryte and seale,  
And sayth in his lond he wyll be lord and kyng,  
No prist so hardy to enterpryse any-thing.  
For the whych of late with hym ware at veryaunce  
Fower of the bysshoppes, and, in maner, at defyaunce, 930  
Wylliam of London, and Eustace bysshope of Hely,  
Water of Wynchester, and Gylys of Hartford, trewly.  
Be yowr autoryte they have hym excommunicate.

US. POWER. Than have they done well; for he is a  
reprobate;  
To that I admytt he ys alwayes contrary: 935  
I made this fellow here the arche-bysshope of Canterbery,  
And he wyll agree therto in no condycion.

PR. WELTH. Than hath he knowlege that his name ys  
Sedycyon.

DYS. Downtles he hath so, and that drownnyth his opynyon.

US. POWER. Why do ye not saye his name ys Stevyn  
Langton? 940



Dys. Tush! we haue done so, but that helpyth not the mater ;

The bysshope of Norwych for that cawse doth hym flater.

Us. POWER. Styke thow to yt fast, we have onys admytted the.

SED. I wyll not one jote from my admyssyon fle ;  
The best of them all shall know that I am he.

Naye, in suche maters lett men be ware of me. 946

Us. POWER. The monkes of Canterbury ded more at my request

Than they wold at his concernyng that eleccyon.

They chase Sedycyon, as yt is now manifest,

In spytt of his harte ; than he for ther rebellyon

Exyled them all, and toke ther hole possessyon

In-to his owne hands, them sendyng over see

Ther lyvyngs to seke in extreme poverté. 953

This custum also he hath, as it is told me :

Whan prelates depart, — yea, bysshope, abbott, or curate, —

He entreth theyr lands with-owt my lyberte,

Takyng the profyghts tyll the nexte be consecrate,

Instytute, stallyd, inducte or intronizate,

And of the Pyed Monkes he entendeth to take a dyme.

All wyll be marryd yf I loke not to yt in tyme. 960

Dys. Yt is takyn, ser ; the some ys unresonnable,

A nynne thowsand marke ; to lyve they are not able.

His suggesteon was to subdew the Yrysh men.

PR. WELTH. Yea that same peple doth ease the Church,  
now and then ;

For that enterpryse they wold be lokyd uppon. 965

Us. POWER. They gett no mony, but they shall have  
clene remysson,

For those Yrysh men are ever good to the Church ;

Whan kynges dysobeye yt, than they begynne to worch.

PR. WELTH. And all that they do ys for indulgence and  
pardon.

SED. By the messe, and that is not worth a rottyn wardon! 970

US. POWER. What care we for that? to them yt is venyson.

PR. WELTH. Than lett them haue yt, a Gods dere benyson!

US. POWER. Now, how shall we do for this same wycked kyng?

SED. Suspend hym and curse hym, both with yowr word and wrytyng.

Yf that wyll not helpe,<sup>1</sup> than interdyght his lond 975

With extreme cruellnes; and yf that wyll not stond,

Cawse other prynces to revenge the Churchys wronge,

Yt wyll profytte yow to sett them aworke amonge.

For clene remyssyon, one kyng wyll subdew a-nother,

Yea, the chyld sumtyme wyll sle both father and mother. 980

US. POWER. This cownsell ys good; I wyll now folow yt playne.

Tary thow styll here tyll we retorne agayne.

*Here go owte Usurpid Power and Privat Welth and Sedycyon: Usurpyd Power shall drese for the Pope; Privat Welth for a Cardynall; and Sedycyon for a Monke. The Cardynall shall bryng in the crose, and Stevyn Launton the booke, bell, and candell.*

Dys. This Usurpid Power, whych now is gon from hence,

For the Holy Church wyll make such ordynance

That all men shall be under his obedyens,

Yea, kyngs wyll be glad to geve hym their alegyance,

And than shall we pristis lyve here withowt dysturbans;

As Godes owne vyker anon ye shall se hym sytt,

His flocke to avaunse by his most polytyke wytt. 989

He shall make prelates, both byshopp and cardynall,<sup>2</sup>

Doctours and prebendes with furdewhodes and syde gownes;

He wyll also create the orders monastycall,

Monkes, chanons, and fryers with graye coates and shaven crownes,

<sup>1</sup> C. holpe.

<sup>2</sup> Lines 990-1010 are an insertion in Bale's hand.

And buylde them places to corrupt cyties and townes ;  
 The dead sayntes shall shewe both visyons and myracles ;  
 With ymages and rellyckes he shall wurke sterracles. 996

He wyll make mattens, houres, masse and evensonge,  
 To drowne the Scriptures for doubte of heresye ;  
 He wyll sende pardons to save mennys sowles amonge,  
 Latyne devocyons with the holye rosarye ;  
 He wyll apoynt fastynges, and plucke downe matri-  
 monye ;

Holy water and bredde shall dryve awaye the devyll ;  
 Blessynges with blacke bedes wyll helpe in every evyll. 1003

Kynge Johan of Englande, bycause he hath rebelled  
 Agaynst Holy Church, usynge it wurse than a stable,  
 To gyve up his crowne shall shortly be compelled,  
 And the Albygeanes, lyke heretykes detestable,  
 Shall be brent bycause agaynst our father they babble.  
 Through Domyntyckes preachynge an xvij thousande are  
 slayne,

To teache them how they shall Holye Church disdayne. 1010

All this to performe he wyll cawse a generall cowncell  
 Of all Cristendom to the church of Laternense.

His intent shall be for to suppress the gospell,  
 Yet wyll he glose yt with a very good pretens,  
 To subdwe the Turkes by a Cristen vyolens.

Under this coloure he shall grownd ther many thynges,  
 Which wyll at the last be Cristen mennys undoynges. 1017

The Popys power shall be abowe the powers all,  
 And eare-confessyon a matere nessessary ;  
 Ceremonys wyll be the ryghtes ecclesyastycall ;  
 He shall sett up there both pardowns and purgatory ;  
 The gospell prechyng wyll be an heresy.

Be this provyssyon, and be soch other kyndes,  
 We shall be full suere allwaye to have owr myndes. 1024

[Enter Usurped Power as the Pope with Privat Welth as a Cardinal and  
 Sedycyon as a Monk.]

POPE. Ah, ye are a blabbe ! I perseyve ye wyll tell all ;  
I lefte ye not here to be so lyberall.

DYS. *Mea culpa, mea culpa, gravissima mea culpa !*  
Geve me yowr blyssyng *pro Deo et sancta Maria !*

*Knele and knoke on the bryst.*

POPE. Thou hast my blyssyng. Aryse now, and stond  
a-syde.

DYS. My skyn ys so thyke, yt wyll not throw glyde. 1030

POPE. Late us goo abowght owr other materes now.

*Say this all thre :*

[ALL.] We wayte her upon the greate holynes of yow.

POPE. For as moch as Kyng Johan doth Holy Church  
so handle,

Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell and candle :  
Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face, 1035  
So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace ;  
As this boke doth speare by my worke mannuall,  
I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefyttes all ;  
As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,  
I wyll God to put hym from his eternall lyght ; 1040  
I take hym from Crist, and, after the sownd of this bell,  
Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell ;  
I take from hym baptym, with the other sacramentes  
And sufferages of the Churche, bothe amber-dayes and lentes ;  
Here I take from hym bothe penonce and confessyon, 1045  
Masse of the v wondes, with sensyng and processyon ;  
Here I take from hym holy water and holy brede,  
And never wyll them to stande hym in any sted.  
This thyng to publyshe I constytute yow thre,  
Gevyng yow my power and my full autoryte. 1050

*Say this all thre :*

[ALL.] With the grace of God, we shall performe yt than.

POPE. Than gett yow foreward so fast as ever ye can  
Uppon a bone vyage ; yet late us syng meryly.

SED. Than begyne the song, and we shall folow gladly.

*Here they shall syng.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> *The song is not given.*

POPE. To colour this thyng thow shalte be callyd Pandolphus ;

1055

Thow Stevyn Langton ; thy name shall be Raymundus.

Fyrst, thou, Pandolphus, shall opynly hym suspend

With boke, bell and candle ; yff he wyll not so amēd,

Interdycte his lande, and the churches all up-speare.

PR. WELTH. I have my message ; to do yt I wyll not feare.

1060

*Here go out and dresse for Nobylte.*

POPE. And thow, Stevyn Langton, cummand the bysshoppes all

So many to curse as are to hym benefycyall,

Dwkes, erles and lords, wherby they may forsake hym.

SED. Sur, I wyll do yt, and that, I trow, shall shake hym.

POPE. Raymundus, go thow forth to the Crysten princes all :

1065

Byd them in my name that they uppon hym fall

Bothe with fyre and sword, that the Churche may hym conquerre.

DYS. Yowr plesur I wyll no longer tyme defarre.

POPE. Saye this to them also : Pope Innocent the Thred Remyssyon of synnes to so many men hath granted

1070

As wyll do ther best to slee hym yf they may.

DYS. Sur, yt shall be don with-owt ony lenger delay.

POPE. In the meane season I shall soch gere avaunce, As wyll be to us a perpetuall furderauunce :

Fyrst, eare-confessyon, than pardons, than purgatory,

1075

Sayntes-worchyppynge than, than sekyng of ymagery,

Than Laten servyce, with the cerymonyes many,

Wherby owr bysshoppes and abbottes shall gett mony.

I wyll make a law to burne all herytykes,

And kyngs to depose whan they are sysmatykes.

1080

I wyll all-so reyse up the fower beggyng orders,

That they may preche lyes in all the Cristen borders.

For this and other, I wyll call a generall counsell

To ratyfye them in lyke strength with the gospels.

1084

THE INTERPRETOUR.<sup>1</sup>

In thys present acte we have to yow declared,  
 As in a myrroure, the begynnyng of Kynge Johan,  
 How he was of God a magistrate appoynted  
 To the governaunce of thys same noble regyon,  
 To see mayntayned the true faythe and relygyon;  
 But Satan the Devyll, whych that tyme was at large,  
 Had so great a swaye that he coulde it not discharge. 1091

Upon a good zeale he attempted very farre  
 For welthe of thys realme to provyde reformacyon  
 In the Church therof, but they ded hym debarre  
 Of that good purpose; for, by excommunycacyon,  
 The space of vij yeares they interdyct thy[s] nacyon.  
 These bloudsuppers thus, of crueltie and spyght,  
 Subdued thys good kynge for executynge ryght. 1098

In the second acte thys wyll apeare more playne,  
 Wherin Pandulphus shall hym excommunicate  
 Within thys hys lande, and depose hym from hys reigne.  
 All other princes they shall move hym to hate,  
 And to persecute after most cruell rate.  
 They wyll hym poyson in their malygnyte,  
 And cause yll report of hym alwayes to be. 1105

This noble Kynge Johan, as a faythfull Moyses,  
 Withstode proude Pharo for hys poore Israel,  
 Myndynge to bryng yt owt of the lande of darkenesse,  
 But the Egyptyanes did agaynst hym so rebell  
 That hys poore people ded styll in the desart dwell,  
 Tyll that duke Josue, whych was our late Kynge Henrye,  
 Clerely brought us in-to the lande of mylke and honye. 1112

As a strong David, at the voyce of Verytie,  
 Great Golye, the Pope, he strake downe with hys slyng,  
 Restorynge agayne to a Christen lybertie

<sup>1</sup> Lines 1085-1119 are an insertion in Bale's hand.

Hys lande and people, lyke a most vycoryouse kyng ;  
 To hir first bewtye intendynge the Church to brynge,  
 From ceremonies dead to the lyvyng wurde of the Lorde.  
 Thys the seconde acte wyll plenteously recorde. 1119

*Finit Actus Primus.*

*[Incipit Actus Secundus.]*

*Here the Pope<sup>1</sup> go owte, and Sedycyon<sup>2</sup> and Nobelyte cum in and say :*

NOB. It petyeth my hart to se the controvercy  
 That now-a-dayes reygnethe betwyn the kyng and the clargy.  
 All Cantorbery monks are now the realme exyled,  
 The prysts and bysshoppes contyneally<sup>3</sup> revyled,  
 The Cystean monkes are in soche perplexyte  
 That owt of Englonde they reken all to flee. 1125  
 I lament the chaunce, as I wold God shuld me save.

SED. Yt is graciously sayd ; Godes blyssyng myght ye  
 have!

Blyssyd is that man that wyll graunte or condyssend  
 To helpe relygyon, or Holy Church defend.

NOB. For ther mayntenance I have gevyn londes full  
 fayer, 1130  
 I have dyssheryted many a lauffull ayer.

SED. Well, yt is yowr owne good ; God shall reward  
 yow for ytt,  
 And in hevyn full hyghe for soch good workes shall ye  
 sytt.

NOB. Yowr habyte showyth ye to be a man of relygeon.

SED. I am no worse, sur ; my name is Good Perfectyon. 1135

NOB. I am the more glad to be aquented with ye.

SED. Ye show yowr-selfe here lyke a noble-man, as ye  
 be.

I perseyve ryght well yowr name ys Nobelyte.

NOB. Yowr servont and Umfrey! of trewth, father, I  
 am he.

<sup>1</sup> Apparently the Pope went out after 1. 1084.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Dyssymulatyon ; corr. by C.

<sup>3</sup> C. contymeally.

SED. From Innocent, the Pope, I am cum from Rome  
evyn now. 1140

A thowsand tymes, I wene, he commendyth hym unto yow,  
And sent yow clene remyssyon to take the Chyrches parte.

NOB. I thanke his Holynes, I shall do yt with all my harte.  
Yf ye wold take paynes for heryng my confessyon,  
I wold owt of hand resayve this cleane remyssyon. 1145

SED. Mary, with all my hart, I wyll be full glad to do ytt.

NOB. Put on yowr stolle then, and, I pray yow in Godes  
name, sytt.

*Here sett downe, and Nobelyte shall say benedycyte.*

NOB. *Benedicite.*

SED. *D[o]m[i]n[u]s: In nomine Domini  
Pape, amen!*

Say forth yowr mynd, in Godes name.

NOB. I have synnyd a-gaynst God; I knowlege my-  
selfe to blame: 1150

In the vij dedly synnys I have offendyd sore;  
Godes ten commandyments I have brokyn ever-more;  
My v boddyly wytes I have ongodly kepte;  
The workes of charyte in maner I have owt-slepte.

SED. I trust ye beleve as Holy Chyrch doth teache ye, 1155  
And from the new lernyng ye are wyll yng for to fle.

NOB. From the new lernyng! mary, God of hevyn save  
me!

I never lov yd yt of a chyld, so mote I the!

SED. Ye can say yowr crede, and yowr Laten Ave Mary?

NOB. Yea, and dyрге also, with sevy n psalmes and letteny. 1160

SED. Do ye not beleve in purgatory and holy bred?

NOB. Yes, and that good prayers shall stand my soule in  
stede.

SED. Well than, good enowgh; I warant my soulle for  
yowr!

NOB. Than execute on mē the Holy Fatheres power.

SED. Naye, whyll I have yow here underneth *benedicite*,  
In the Popes behalfe I must move other thynges to ye.



NOB. In the name of God, saye here what ye wyll to me.

1167

SED. Ye know that Kyng Johan ys a very wycked man,  
 And to Holy Chyrch a contynuall adversary.  
 The Pope wylllyth yow to do the best ye canne  
 To his subduyng for his cruell tyranny;  
 And for that purpose this privylege graciously  
 Of clene remyssyon he hath sent yow this tyme,  
 Clene to relese yow of all yowr synne and cryme.

1174

NOB. Yt is clene agenst the nature of Nobelyte  
 To subdew his kyng with-owt Godes autoryte;  
 For his princely estate and power ys of God.  
 I wold gladly do ytt, but I fere his ryghtfull rode.

SED. Godes holy vycare gave me his whole autoryte :  
 Loo! yt is here, man; beleve yt, I beseche the,  
 Or elles thow wylte faulle in danger of damnacyon.

1180

NOB. Than I submyt me to the Chyrches reformacyon.

SED. I assoyle the here from the kynges obedyence  
 By the auctoryte of the Popys Magnificence :

*Auctoritate Roma in pontificis ego absolvo te*

1185

[*Aside*] From all possessyons gevyn to the spiritualte,  
*In nomine Domini Pape, amen!*

Kepe all thynges secrett, I pray yow hartely. *Go owte Nobelyte.*

NOB. Yes, that I wyll, sur, and cum agayne hether shortly.

*Here enter Clargy and Cyvyll Order<sup>1</sup> together, and Sedysyon shall go up and down a praty whyle.*

CLARGY. Ys not yowr Fatherhod Archbyssshope of Canterbery?

1190

SED. I am Stevyn Langton. Why make ye here inquiry?

*Knele and say both :*

[CLARGY AND C. ORDER.] Ye are ryght welcum to this same regyon trewly.

<sup>1</sup> I shall mark the speeches of CIVIL ORDER with S. ORDER or C. ORDER according as MS. has Syvyll or Cyvyll.

SED. Stond up, I pray yow. I trow, thu art the Clargy.

CLARGY. I am the same, sur; and this is Cyvyle Order.

SED. Yf a man myght axe yow, what make yow in this border?

1195

CLARGY. I herd tell yester-daye ye were cum in-to the land;

I thowght for to se yow, sum newes to understand.

SED. In fayth thow art welcum; ys Cyvyll Order thy frynd?

CLARGY. He is a good man, and beryth the Chyrch good mynd.

C. ORDER. Ryght sory I am of the great controvarsy  
Betwyn hym and the kyng, yf I myght yt remedy. 1200

SED. Well, Cyvyll Order, for thy good wyll gramercy!  
That mater wyll be of an other facyon shortly.  
Fyrst, to begyne with, we shall interdyte the lond.

C. ORDER. Mary, God forbyde we shuld be in soche bond!

1205

But who shall do yt, I pray yow hartly?

SED. Pandulphus and I; we have yt in owr legacy.  
He went to the kyng for that cawse yester-daye,  
And I wyll folow so fast as ever I maye.

Lo, here ys the bull of myn auctoryte! 1210

CLARGY. I pray God to save the Popes Holy Maieste.

SED. Sytt downe on yowr kneys, and ye shall have  
absolucion

*A pena et culpa*, with a thowsand dayes of pardon.

Here ys fyrst a bone of the Blyssyd Trynyte;

A dram of the tord of swete Seynt Barnabe; 1215

Here ys a fedder of good Seynt Myhelles wyng;

A toth of Seynt Twyde; a pece of Davyds harpe-stryng;

The good blood of Haylys; and Owr Blyssyd Ladys mylke;

A lowse of Seynt Frauncis in this same crymsen sylke;

A scabbe of Seynt Job; a nayle of Adams too; 1220

A maggot of Moyses; with a fart of Saynt Fandigo;

Here is a fygge-leafe and a grape of Noes vyneyearde;

A bede of Saynt Blythe; with the bracelet of a berewarde;

The devyll that was hatcht in Maistre Johan Shornes bote,  
 That the tree of Jesse did plucke up by the roote ; 1225  
 Here ys the lachett of swett Seynt Thomas shewe ;  
 A rybbe of Seynt Rabart ; with the huckyll-bone of a Jewe ;  
 Here ys a joynt of Darvell Gathyron ;  
 Besydes other bonys and relyckes many one.

*In nomine Domini Pape, amen!* 1230

Aryse now lyke men, and stande uppon yowr fete,  
 For here ye have caught an holy and a blyssyd hete.  
 Ye are now as clene as that day ye were borne,  
 And lyke to have increase of chylderne, catell and corne.

C. ORDER. Chyldryn he can have non, for he ys not of  
 that loade. 1235

SED. Tushe, though he hath non at home, he may have  
 sume abroad!

Now, Clargy, my frynd, this must thow do for the Pope,  
 And for Holy Chyrch : thow must mennys consyence grope,  
 And as thow felyst them, so cause them for to wurke :  
 Leat them show Kyng Johan no more faver than a Turke ; 1240  
 Every-wher sture them to make an insurreccyon.<sup>1</sup>

CLARGY. All that shall I do ; and, to provoke them more,  
 This interdyccyon I wyll lament very sore  
 In all my prechyngs, and saye throwgh his occasyon  
 All we are under the danger of dampnacyon. 1245  
 And this wyll move peple to helpe to put hym downe,  
 Or elles compell hym to geve up septur and crowne.  
 Yea, and that wyll make those kynges that shall succede  
 Of the Holy Chyrche to stonde evermore in drede.  
 And, by-sydes all this, the chyrch-dores I wyll up-seale, 1250  
 And closse up the bells that they ryng never a pele ;  
 I wyll spere up the chalyce, crysmatory, crosse, and all,  
 That masse they shall have non, baptyrm nor beryall,  
 And thys, I know well, wyll make the peple madde.

SED. Mary, that yt wyll ; soche sauce he never had. 1255

<sup>1</sup> *There is nothing to indicate that a line rhyming with this has been lost, and it seems better to suppose that the line never had a mate than to emend insurreccyon to uproar.*

And what wylte thou do for Holy Chyrche, Cyvyll Order?

S. ORDER. For the Clargyes sake, I wyll in every border  
Provoke the gret men to take the commonys parte.  
With cautyllys of the lawe I wyll so tyckle ther hart,  
They shall thynke all good that they shall passe upon, 1260  
And so shall we cum to ower full intent anon;  
For yf the Church thryve, than do we lawers thryve,  
And yf they decay, ower welth ys not alyve.  
Therefore we must helpe yowr state, masters, to uphold,  
Or elles owr profyttes wyll cache a wynter colde. 1265  
I never knew lawer whych had ony crafty lernyng  
That ever escapte yow with-owt a plentyows levying;  
Therefore we may not leve Holy Chyrchys quarell,  
But ever helpe yt, for ther fall ys owr parell.

SED. Gods blyssyng have ye! this gere than wyll worke,  
I trust. 1270

S. ORDER. Or elles sum of us are lyke to lye in the dust.

SED. Let us all avoyde; be the messe, the kyng cum-  
myth here!

CLARGY. I wold hyde my-selfe for a tyme, yf I wyst  
where.

S. ORDER. Gow we hence apace, for I have spyed a  
corner. 1274

*Here go owt all, and Kyng Johan cummyth in.*

K. JOHAN. For non other cawse God hath kyngs con-  
stytute

And gevyn them the sword but forto correct all vyce.  
I have attempted this thyng to execute

Uppon transgressers accordyng unto justyce;  
And be-cawse I wyll not be parcyall in myn offyce  
For theft and murder to persones spirytuall,  
I have ageynst me the pristes and the bysshoppes all. 1281

A lyke dysplesure in my fathers tyme ded fall,

Forty yeres ago, for ponyshment of a clarke;  
No cunsell myght them to reformacyon call,  
In ther openyon they were so stordy and starke,  
But ageynst ther prynce to the Pope they dyd so barke

That here in Ynglond in every cyte and towne  
Excommunycacyons as thonder-bolts cam downe. 1288

For this ther captayn had a ster-apared crowne,  
And dyed upon yt with-owt the kynges consent.  
Than interdiccyons were sent from the Popes Renowne,  
Whych never left hym tyll he was penytent,  
And fully agreed unto the Popes apoyntment,  
In Ynglond to stand with the Chyrches lyberte,  
And suffer the pristis to Rome for appeles to flee. 1295

They bownd hym also to helpe Jerusalem cyte  
With ij hundrid men the space of a yere and more,  
And thre yere after to maynteyne battell free  
Ageynst the Sarazens whych vext the Spanyards sore.  
Synce my fathers tyme I have borne them groge ther-  
fore,

Consydering the pryde and the capcyose dysdayne  
That they have to kyngs whych oughte over them to rayne. 1302

*Privat Welth cum in lyke a Cardynall.*

God save you, sur Kyng, in yowr pryncly mageste!

K. JOHAN. Frynd, ye be welcum; what is yowr plesure  
with me?

PR. WELTH. From the Holy Father, Pope Innocent the  
Thred,

As a massanger I am to yow dyrectyd,  
To reforme the peace betwyn Holy Chyrch and yow,  
And in his behalfe I avertyce yow here now  
Of the Chyrchys goods to make full restytucyon,  
And to accepte also the Popes holy<sup>1</sup> constytucyon 1310  
For Stevyn Langton, archebysshop of Canturbery,  
And so admytt hym to his state and primacy;  
The monkes exilyd ye shall restore agayne  
To ther placys and londes, and nothyng of thers retayne.  
Owr Holy Fatheres mynde ys that ye shall agayne restore 1315  
All that ye have ravys hyd from Holy Chyrche with the more.

<sup>1</sup> C. hely.

K. JOHAN. I reken yowr father wyll never be so harde  
But he wyll my cawse as well as theres regarde.  
I have done nothyng but that I may do well,  
And as for ther taxe I have for me the gospels. 1320

PR. WELTH. Tushe, gospels or no, ye must make a  
recompens!

K. JOHAN. Yowr father is sharpe and very quicke in  
sentence,  
Yf he wayeth the word of God no more than so ;  
But I shall tell yow in this what Y shall do :  
I am well content to receyve the monkes agayne 1325  
Upon amendement ; but as for Stevyn Langton, playne,  
He shall not cum here, for I know his dysposycyon,  
He is moche inclyned to sturdynesse and sedycyon.  
There shall no man rewle in the lond where I am kyng  
With-owt my consent, for no mannys plesure lyvyng. 1330  
Never-the-lesse, yet, upon a newe behaver,  
At the Popys request here-after I may hym faver,  
And graunt hym to have sum other benyfyce.

PR. WELTH. By thys I perseyve ye bare hym groge and  
malyce.  
Well, thys wyll I say by-cause ye are so blunte : 1335  
A prelate to dyscharge, Holy Chyrche was never wont,  
But her custome ys to mynyster ponyshment  
To kynges and princes beyng dyssobedyent.

K. JOHAN. Avant, pevysh prist ! What ! dost thou  
thretten me?  
I defy the worst both of thi Pope and the ! 1340  
The power of princys ys gevyng from God above,  
And, as sayth Salomon, ther harts the Lord doth move ;  
God spekyth in ther lypes whan they geve jugement ;  
The lawys that they make are by the Lordes appoyntment.  
Christ wyll not his<sup>1</sup> the princes to correcte, 1345  
But to ther precepptes rether to be subjecte.  
The offyce of yow ys not to bere the sword,  
But to geve counsell accordyng to Gods word.

<sup>1</sup> One would be inclined to insert apostles but for l. 1349.

He never tawght his to weare nowther sword ne sallett,  
 But to preche abrode with-owt staffe, scrypp or walett; 1350  
 Yet are ye becum soche myghty lordes this hower  
 That ye are able to subdewe all princes power.  
 I can not perseyve but ye are becum Belles prystes,  
 Lyvyng by ydolls, yea, the very Antychrysts.

PR. WELTH. Ye have sayd yowr mynd, now wyll I say  
 myn also. 1355

Here I curse yow for the wrongs that ye have do  
 Unto Holy Church, with crosse, bocke, bell and candell;  
 And, by-sydes all thys, I must yow other-wyse handell:  
 Of contumacy the Pope hath yow convyt;  
 From this day forward yowr lond stond interdytt. 1360  
 The bysshope of Norwyche and the bysshope of Wyn-  
 chester,  
 Hath full autoryte to spred it in Ynglond here;  
 The bysshope of Salysbery and the bysshope of Rochester  
 Shall execute yt in Scotland every-where;  
 The bysshope of Landaffe, Seynt Assys and Seynt Davy 1365  
 In Walles and in Erlond shall puplyshe yt openly;  
 Through-owt all Crystyndom the bysshoppes shall suspend  
 All soche as to yow any mayntenance pretend;  
 And I curse all them that geve to yow ther harte,  
 Dewks, erlls and lordes, so many as take yowr parte; 1370  
 And I assoyle yowr peple from yowr obedyence,  
 That they shall owe yow noyther fewte<sup>1</sup> nor reverence;  
 By the Popys awctoryte I charge them yow to fyght  
 As with a tyrant agenst Holy Chyrchys ryght;  
 And by the Popes auctoryte I geve them absolucyon 1375  
*A pena et culpa*, and also clene remyssyon.

SED. (*extra locum*) Alarum! Alarum! tro ro ro ro! tro  
 ro ro ro! tro ro ro ro!

Thomp, thomp, thomp! downe, downe, downe! to go, to go,  
 to go!

K. JOHAN. What a noyse is thys that without the dore  
 is made?

<sup>1</sup> C. sewte.

PR. WELTH. Suche enmyes are up as wyll your realme  
invade. 1380

K. JOHAN. Ye cowde do no more and ye cam from the  
devyll of hell

Than ye go abowt here to worke by yowr wyckyd cownsell!  
Ys this the charyte of that ye call the Church?

God graunt Cristen men not after yowr wayes to worche!  
I sett not by yowr curssys the shakynge of a rod, 1385  
For I know they are of the devyll and not of God.

Yowr curssys we have that we never yet demaundyd,  
But we can not have that God hath yow commandyd.

PR. WELTH. What ye mene by that I wold ye shuld  
opynly tell.

K. JOHAN. Why, know ye it not? the prechyng of the  
gospell. 1390

Take to ye yowr traysh, yowr ryngyng, syn[g]y[n]g, pypyng,  
So that we may have the Scryptures openyng;  
But that we can not have, yt stondyth not with yowr avan-  
tage.

PR. WELTH. Ahe! now I tell<sup>1</sup> yow, for this heretycall  
langage,

I thynke noyther yow nor ony of yowres, iwys, — 1395  
We wyll so provyd, — shall ware the crowne after this.

*Go owt and drese for Nobylte.*

K. JOHAN. Yt becum not the, Godes secret workes to  
deme.

Gett the hence, or elles we shall teche the to blaspheme!  
Oh Lord, how wycked ys that same generacyon  
That never wyll cum to a godly reformacyon! 1400

The prystes report me to be a wyckyd tyrant,  
Be-cause I correct ther actes and lyfe unplesant.  
Of thy prince, sayth God, thow shalt report non yll,  
But thy-selfe applye his plesur to fulfyll.

The byrdes of the ayer shall speke to ther gret shame, 1405  
As sayth Ecclesyastes, that wyll a prince dyffame.

The powers are of God, — I wot Powle hath soch sentence, —

<sup>1</sup> C. fell.



He that resyst them, agenst God maketh resystence.

Mary and Joseph at Cyryns<sup>1</sup> appoyntment

In the descripcyon to Cesar were obedyent.

1410

Crist ded paye trybute for hymselfe and Peter, to,  
For a lawe prescrybyng the same unto pristres also.

To prophane princes he obeyed unto dethe;

So ded John Baptyst so longe as he had brethe.

Peter, John and Powle, with the other apostles all,

1415

Ded never withstand the powers imperyll.

[*Enter Syoyll Order.*]

Prystes are so wycked they wyll obeye no power,

But seke to subdewe ther prynces day and hower,

As they wold do me; but I shall make them smart,

Yf that Nobelyte and Law wyll take my parte.

1420

S. ORDER. Dowghtles we can not tyll ye be reconsylyd  
Unto Holy Chyrche, for ye are a man defylyd.

K. JOHAN. How am I defylyd? Tel me,<sup>2</sup> good gentyll  
mate!

S. ORDER. By the Popes hye power ye are excomynycate.

K. JOHAN. By the word of God, I pray the, what power  
hath he?

1425

S. ORDER. I spake not with hym, and therfore I cannot  
tell ye.

K. JOHAN. With whom spake ye not? late me know  
yowr intent.

S. ORDER. Mary, not with God sens the latter weeke of  
Lent.

[*Enter Clargy.*]

K. JOHAN. Oh mercyfull God, what an unwyse clawse ys  
this,

Of hym that shuld se that nothyng ware amys!

1430

That sentence or curse that Scriptur doth not dyrect

In my opynyon shall be of non effecte.

CLARGY. Ys that yowr beleve? Mary, God save me  
from yow!

<sup>1</sup> C. Cyryus.

<sup>2</sup> C. telme.

K. JOHAN. Prove yt by Scriptur, and than wyll I yt  
alowe.

But this know I well, whan Baalam gave the curse 1435  
Uppon Godes peple they ware never a whyt the worse.

CLARGY. I passe not on the Scriptur; that is i-now  
for me

Whyche the Holy Father approvyth by his auctoryte.

K. JOHAN. Now, alas, alas! what wreched peple ye are  
And how ygnorant, yowr owne wordes doth declare. 1440  
Woo ys that peple whych hath so wycked techeres!

CLARGY. Naye, wo ys that peple that hathe so cruell  
rewlars!

Owr Holy Father, I trow, coud do no lesse,  
Consyderyng the factes of yowr owtragosnes.

[Enter Nobelyte.]

NOB. Com awaye, for shame, and make no more ado! 1445  
Ye are in gret danger for commynyng with hym so;  
He is accursyd, I mervell ye do not waye yt.

CLARGY. I here by his wordes that he wyll not obeye yt.

NOB. Whether he wyll or no, I wyll not with hym  
talke

Tell he be assoyllyd. Com on, my frynds, wyll ye walke? 1450

K. JOHAN. Oh, this is no tokyn of trew Nobelyte,  
To flee from yowr kyng in his extremyte.

NOB. I shall dyssyer yow as now to pardone me;  
I had moche rather do agaynst God, veryly,  
Than to Holy Chyrche to do any injurie. 1455

K. JOHAN. What blyndnes is this? On this peple, Lord,  
have mercy!

Ye speke of defylyng, but ye are corrupted all  
With pestylent doctryne or leven pharesyacall.  
Good and <sup>1</sup> faythfull Susan sayd that yt was moche better  
To fall in daunger of men than do the gretter, 1460  
As, to leve <sup>2</sup> Godes lawe, whych ys his word most pure.

<sup>1</sup> C. to; amend. by Kittredge.

<sup>2</sup> C. love.

CLARGY. Ye have nothyng, *thow[gh]*,<sup>1</sup> to allege to us but  
Scripture :

Ye shall fare the worse for that, ye may be sure.

K. JOHAN. What shulde I allege elles, thu wycked  
Pharyse?

To yowr false lernyng no faythfull man wyll agree. 1465

Dothe not the Lord say, *nunc, reges, intelligite* :<sup>2</sup>

The kyngs of the erthe that worldly cawses juge,

Seke to the Scriptur, late that be yowr refuge?

S. ORDER. Have ye nothyng elles but this? than God  
be with ye!

K. JOHAN. One questyon more yet ere ye departe from  
me 1470

I wyll fyrst demaund of yow, Nobelyte :

Why leve ye yowr prince and cleave to the Pope so sore?

NOB. For I toke an othe to defend the Chyrche ever-  
more.

K. JOHAN. Clergy, I am sure than yowr quarell ys not  
small.

CLARGY. I am professyd to the ryghtes ecclesyastycall. 1475

K. JOHAN. And yow, Cyvyle Order, oweth her sum  
offyce of dewtye.

S. ORDER. I am hyr feed man; who shuld defend her  
but I?

K. JOHAN. Of all thre partyes yt is spoken resonably :

Ye may not obeye becawse of the othe ye mad ;

Yowr strong professyon maketh yow of that same trad ; 1480

Yowr fee provokyth yow to do as thes men do ;—

Grett thyngs to cawse men from God to the devyll to go!

Yowr othe is growndyd fyrst uppon folyshenes ;

And yowr professyon uppon moche pevyshenes ;

Yowr fee, last of all, ryseth owt of covetusnes ;— 1485

And thes are the cawses of yowr rebellyosnes!

CLARGY. Cum, Cyvill Order, lett us departe from hence !

K. JOHAN. Than are ye at a poynt for yowr obedyence?

S. ORDER. We wyll in no wysse be partakers of yowr yll.

<sup>1</sup> C. yow.

<sup>2</sup> C. intellege.

*Here go owr Clargy and dresse for Ynglond, and Cyuyll Order for Commynalte.*

K. JOHAN. As ye have bene ever, so ye wyll contynew  
styl. 1490

Though they be gone, tarye yow with me a-whyle;  
The presence of a prynce to yow shuld never be vyle.

NOB. Sur, nothyng grevyth me but yowr excomynycacion.

K. JOHAN. That ys but a fantasy in yowr ymagynacyon.  
The Lord refuse not soch as hath his great cursse, 1495  
But call them to grace, and faver them never the worsse.  
Saynt Pawle wylllyth you, whan ye are among soch sort,  
Not to abhore them, but geve them words of comfort.

Why shuld ye than flee from me yowr lawfull kyng,  
For plesure of soch as owght to do no suche thyng? 1500  
The Chyrches abusyons, as holy Seynt Powle do saye,  
By the princes power owght for to be takyn awaye:  
"He baryth not the sword withowt a cawse," sayth he.

In this neyther bysshope nor spirituall man is free;  
Offendyng the lawe they are under the powers all. 1505

NOB. How wyll ye prove me that the fathers sprytuall  
Were under the princes ever contynewally?

K. JOHAN. By the actes of kynges I wyll prove yt by-  
and-by:

David and Salomon the pristis ded constitute,  
Commandyng the offyces that they shuld execute; 1510  
Josaphat, the kyng, the mynysters ded appoynt,  
So ded kyng Ezechias, whom God hymselfe ded anoynt;  
Dyverse of the princes for the pristis ded make decrees,  
Lyke as yt is pleyn in the fyrst of Machabees.

Owr prists are rysyn throwgh lyberte of kynges 1515  
By ryches to pryd and other unlawfull doynge;  
And that is the cawse that they so oft dysobeye.

NOB. Good Lord, what a craft have you thes thynges  
to convaye!

K. JOHAN. Now, alas, that the false pretence of super-  
stycyon  
Shuld cawse yow to be a mayntener of Sedycyon! 1520

Sum thynkyth Nobelyte in natur to consyst  
 Or in parentage; ther thought is but a myst;<sup>1</sup>  
 Wher habundance is of vertu, faith and grace,  
 With knowlage of the Lord, Nobelyte is ther in place,  
 And not wher-as is<sup>2</sup> the wylfull contempte of thyngs 1525  
 Pertaynyng to God in the obedyence of kynges.  
 Beware ye synke not with Dathan and Abiron  
 For dysobeyng the power and domynyon.

NOB. Nay, byd me be aware I do not synke with yow  
 here;

Beyng acurssyd, of trowth, ye put me in fere. 1530

K. JOHAN. Why, are ye gone hence and wyll ye no  
 longar tarrye?

NOB. No-wher as yow are in place, by swete Seynt Marye!

*Here Nobelyte go owte and dresse for the Cardynall. Here enter Yng-  
 lond and Commynalte.*

K. JOHAN. Blessed Lord of Heaven, what is the wretch-  
 ednesse

Of thys wycked worlde! An evyll of all evyls, doubtlesse!  
 Perceyve ye not here how the Clergye hath rejecte 1535  
 Their true allegeaunce, to maynteyne the popysh secte?  
 See ye not how lyghte the lawyers sett the poure,  
 Whanne God commandyth them to obeye yche daye and  
 howre?

Nobylyte also, whych ought hys prynce to assyste,  
 Is vanyshed awaye as it we[re]<sup>3</sup> a wynter myste. 1540  
 All they are from me; I am now left alone,  
 And,<sup>4</sup> God wote, knowe not to whome to make my mone.  
 Oh, yet wolde I fayne knowe the mynde of my Commynalte,  
 Whether he wyll go with them or abyde with me.

YNGL. He is here at hond, a symple creature as may be. 1545

K. JOHAN. Cum hether, my frynde; stand nere! ys thy-  
 selfe he?

COM. Yf it lyke yowr grace, I am yowr pore Commynalte.

<sup>1</sup> C. amyst.

<sup>3</sup> Corr. by C.

<sup>2</sup> C. in; *emend.* by Kittredge.

<sup>4</sup> C. Knd.

K. JOHAN. Thou art poore inowgh; yf that be, good  
God<sup>1</sup> helpe the.

Me thynte thou art blynd; tell me, frynde, canst thou not  
see?

YNGL. He is blynd in-dede, yt is the more rewth and  
pytte. 1550

K. JOHAN. How cummyst thou so blynd? I pray the,  
good fellow, tell me.

COM. For want of knowlage in Christes lyvely veryte.

YNGL. This spirituall blyndnes bryngeth men owt of  
the waye,

And cause them oft-tymes ther kynges to dys sobaye.

K. JOHAN. How sayst thou, Commynalte? wylt not thou  
take my parte? 1555

COM. To that I coud be contented with all my hart;  
But, alas, in me are two great impedymentes!

K. JOHAN. I pray the, shew me what are those impedy-  
mentes.

COM. The fyrst is blyndnes, wherby I myght take with  
the Pope

Soner than with yow; for, alas! I can but grope, 1560

And ye know full well ther are many nowghty gydes.

The nexte is poverte, whych cleve so hard to my sydes

And ponych me so sore that my power ys lytyll or non.

K. JOHAN. In Godes name, tell me! how cummyth thi  
substance gone?

COM. By pristres, channons, and monkes, which do but  
fyll ther bely 1565

With my swett and labour for ther popych purgatory.

YNGL. Yowr Grace promysed me that I shuld have  
remedy

In that same mater whan I was last here, trewly.

K. JOHAN. Dowghtles I ded so, but, alas, yt wyll not be!  
In hart I lament this great infelycyte. 1570

YNGL. Late me have my spowse and my londes at lyberte,  
And I promyse you my sonne here, your Commynalte,

<sup>1</sup> Kittredge suggests: yf that be thou, God helpe the,

I wyll make able to do ye dewtyfull servyce.

K. JOHAN. I wold I ware able to do to the that offyce;  
But alas, I am not! for-why my Nobelyte, 1575  
My Lawers, and Clargy hath cowardly forsake me,  
And now last of all, to my most anguysh of mynd,  
My Commynalte here I fynd both poore and blynde.

YNGL. Rest upon this, ser, for my governor ye shall be  
So long as ye lyve; God hath so apoynted me. 1580  
His owtward blyndnes ys but a sygnyfication  
Of blyndnes in sowle for lacke of informacyon  
In the word of God, which is the orygynall grownd  
Of dyssobedyence, which all realmes doth confund.  
Yf yowr Grace wold cawse Godes word to be tawght  
sincerly, 1585  
And subdew those pristes that wyll not preche yt trewly,  
The peple shuld know to ther prynce ther lawfull dewty;  
But, yf ye permytt contynuanee of ypocresye  
In monkes, chanons and pristes, and mynysters of the  
clargy,  
Yowr realme shall never be with-owt moch traytery. 1590

K. JOHAN. All that I perseyve, and therefore I kepe owt  
fryers,  
Lest they shuld bryng the moch farder into the bryers.  
They have mad labur to inhabytt this same regyon;  
They shall for my tyme not enter into domynyon.  
We have to many of soch vayne lowghtes all-redy; 1595  
I beshrew ther harts, they have made you ij full nedy!

*Here enter Pandulphus, the Cardynall, and sayth :*

PAND. What, Commynalte, ys this the counaunt<sup>1</sup> kepyng?  
Thow toldyst me thu woldest take hym no more for thi kyng.

COM. *Peccavi, mea culpa!* I submyt me to yowr  
Holynes.

PAND. Gett the henc than shortly, and go aboutt thi  
besynes! 1600  
Wayet on thy capttaynes, Nobelyte and the Clargy,

<sup>1</sup> C. connaunt.

With Cyvyll Order, and the other company;  
Blow ow't yow'r tromppettes and sett forth manfully;  
The Frenche kyng, Phelype, by sea doth hether apply  
With the power of Fraunce to subdew this herytyke. 1605

K. JOHAN. I defy both hym and the, lewde scysmatyke!  
Why wylt thou forsake thy prince or thi prince leve the?

COM. I must nedes obbay whan Holy Chirch com-  
mandyeth me.

*Go out Commynalte.*

YNGL. Yf thow leve thy kyng, take me never for thy  
mother.

PAND. Tush, care not thou for that, I shall provyd the  
another! 1610

Yt ware fyttter for yow to be in another place.

YNGL. Yt shall becum me to wayte upon his Grace,  
And do hym servyce where-as he ys resydente,  
For I was gevyn hym of the Lord Omnipotente.

PAND.<sup>1</sup> Thow mayst not abyde here, for-whye we have  
hym curssyd. 1615

YNGL. I be-shrow yow'r hartes, so have ye me onpursed!  
Yf he be acursed, than are we a mete cuppell,  
For I am interdyct; no salve that sore can suppell.

PAND. I say, gett the hence, and make me no more  
pratyng.

YNGL. I wyll not a-waye from myn owne lawfull kyng, 1620  
Appoynted of God, tyll deth shall us departe.

PAND. Wyll ye not, in-dede? Well than, ye are lyke to  
smarte.

YNGL. I smarte all-redy throw yow'r most suttell practyse,  
And am clene ondone by yow'r false merchandyce,  
Yow'r pardons, yow'r bulles, yow'r purgatory-pyckepurse, 1625  
Yow'r Lent-fastes, yow'r schryftes, that I pray God geve yow  
his curse!

PAND. Thou shalt smart better or we have done with the,  
For we have this howr great navyes upon the see

<sup>1</sup> *This and the next two speeches of Pandulphus are in C. assigned to C., which must be intended as an abbreviation of Cardynall.*



In every quarter, with this Loller here to fyght,  
 And to conquare hym for the Holy Chyrchis ryght : 1630  
 We have on the northe Alexander, the kyng of Scotts,  
 With an armye of men that for their townnes cast lottes ;  
 On the sowthe syde we have the French kyng with his power,  
 Which wyll sle and burne tyll he cum to London Tower ;  
 In the west parts we have Kyng Alphonso with the Spanyards, 1635  
 With sheppes full of gonepowder now cummyng hether to-  
 wards ;  
 And on the est syde we have Esterlynges, Danes and Nor-  
 ways,

With soch power landyng as can be resystyd nowayes.

K. JOHAN. All that is not true that yow have here  
 expressed.<sup>1</sup>

PAND. By the masse, so true as I have now confessed ! 1640

K. JOHAN. And what do ye meane by such an hurly-  
 burlye?

PAND. For the Churches ryght to subdue ye ma[n]fullye.<sup>2</sup>

SED. To all that wyll fyght I proclame a Jubyle  
 Of cleane remysyon, thys tyrant here to slee.  
 Destroye hys people, burne up both cytie and towne, 1645  
 That the Pope of Rome maye have hys scepture and  
 crowne !

In the Churches cawse to dye, thys daye be bolde ;  
 Your sowles shall to heaven ere your fleshe and bones be  
 colde !

K. JOHAN. Most mercyfull God, as my trust is in the,  
 So comferte me now in this extremyte ! 1650  
 As thow helpyst <sup>3</sup> David in his most hevynes,  
 So helpe me this hour, of thy grace, mercye and goodnes !

PAND. This owtward remorse that ye show here evydent  
 Ys a grett lykelyhod and token of amendment.  
 How say ye, Kyng Johan, can ye fynd now in yowr hart 1655  
 To obaye Holy Chyrch and geve ower yowr froward part?

<sup>1</sup> Lines 1639-1648 are an insertion in Bale's hand.

<sup>2</sup> Corr. by C.

<sup>3</sup> Read helpedst, or holpyst.

K. JOHAN. Were yt so possyble to hold thes enmyes  
backe,

That my swete Ynglond perysh not in this sheppewracke?<sup>1</sup>

PAND. "Possyble," quoth he? yea, they shuld go bake  
in-dede,

And ther gret armyse to some other quarters leade, 1660

Or elles they have not so many good blyssyngs now,

But as many cursyngs they shall have, I make God avowe.

I promyse yow, sur, ye shall have specyall faver

Yf ye wyll submyt yowr-sylfe to Holy Chyrch here.

K. JOHAN. I trust than ye wyll graunt some delyber-  
acyon 1665

To have an answe're of thys your protestacyon.

SED. Tush, gyve upp the crowne, and make no more  
a-do!

K. JOHAN. Your spirytual charyte wyll be better to me  
than so.

The crowne of a realme is a matter of great wayght;

In gyvyng it upp we maye not be to slayght. 1670

SED. I saye, gyve it up; let us have no more a-do.

PAND. Yea, and in our warres we wyll no farder go.

K. JOHAN. Ye wyll gyve me leave to talke first with my  
Clergye?

SED. With them ye nede not; they are at a poynt  
alreadye.

K. JOHAN. Than with my lawers, to heare what they  
wyll tell. 1675

SED. Ye shall ever have them as the Clergye gyve them  
counsell.

K. JOHAN. Then wyll I commen with my Nobylte.

SED. We have hym so jugled he wyll not to yow agree.

<sup>1</sup> Besides the insertions noted above, the MS. contains three additions in Bale's hand, marked with the reference-letters A, B, C. Collier says that only for that marked A is the place of insertion indicated. This insertion he made, but without stating precisely where; it is, however, certain that the inserted passage begins between l. 1658 and l. 1683; for reasons for thinking that it begins with l. 1665 and ends with l. 1727, see Notes.

K. JOHAN. Yet shall I be content to do as he counsell  
me.

PAND. Than be not to longe from hence, I wyll advyse  
ye. [Exeunt Kyng Johan and Ynglond.] 1680

SED. Is not thys a sport? By the messe, it is, I trowe!  
What welthe and pleasure wyll now to owr kyngedom growe!  
Englande is our owne, whych is the most plesaunte grounde  
In all the rounde worlde! Now may we realmes confounde.  
Our Holye Father maye now lyve at hys pleasure, 1685  
And have habundaunce of wenches, wynes and treasure.  
He is now able to kepe downe Christe and his gospell,  
True fayth to exyle, and all vertues to expell.  
Now shall we ruffle it in velvetts, gold and sylke,  
With shaven crownes, syde gowned, and rochettes whyte as  
mylke. 1690

By the messe, Pandulphus, now may we synge *cantate*,  
And crowe *confitebor* with a joyfull *jubilate*!  
Holde me, or els for laughynge I must burste.

PAND. Holde thy peace, whorson; I wenè thou art accurst!  
Kepe a sadde countenaunce, a very vengeaunce take the! 1695

SED. I can not do it, by the messe, and thou shuldest  
hange me.

If Solon were here, I reckon that he woulde laugh  
Whych never laught yet; yea, lyke a whelp he would waugh.  
Ha, ha, ha! "Laugh," quoth he? yea, laugh and laugh  
agayne:

We had never cause to laugh more free, I am playne. 1700

PAND. I pray the, no more, for here come the kyng  
agayne! [Enter Kyng Johan and Ynglond.]

K. JOHAN. If I shoulde not graunt, here woulde be a  
wondrefull spoyle,<sup>1</sup>

Every-where the enemyes woulde ruffle and turmoyle;  
The losse of [the] people stycketh most unto my harte.

ENGL. Do as ye thynke best, yche waye is to my smarte. 1705

<sup>1</sup> Lines 1702-1705 are the second of the additions mentioned, p. 583, n. 1.  
That they belong here is certain; they end in MS. with a repetition of the  
first half of l. 1706: PAND. Are ye at a poynt.

PAND. Are ye<sup>1</sup> at a poynt wherto ye intende to stande?

SED. Yea, hardely, sir : gyve up the crowne of Englande.

K. JOHAN. I have cast in my mynde the great displeasures of warre,

The daungers, the losses, the decayes both nere and farre ;  
The burnynge of townes, the throwynge downe of buyld-  
ynges,

1710

Destructyon of corne and cattell, with other thynges ;  
Defylynge of maydes, and shedyng of Christen blood,  
With suche lyke outrages, neythar honest, true nor good :  
These thynges consydered, I am compelled thys houre  
To resigne up here both crowne and regall poure.

1715

ENGL. For the love of God, yet take some better advysement.

SED. Holde your tunge, ye whore, or, by the messe, ye  
shall repent!

Downe on yowr marry-bones, and make no more a-do.

ENGL. If ye love me sir, for Gods sake, do never so!

K. JOHAN. O Englande, Englande! showe now thyselfe  
a mother,

1720

Thy people wyll els be slayne here without number.  
As God shall judge me, I do not thys of cowardnesse,  
But of compassyon in thys extreme heavynesse.  
Shall my people shedde their bloude in suche habundaunce?  
Naye, I shall rather gyve upp my whole governaunce.

1725

SED. Come of apace, than, and make an ende of it  
shortly!

ENGL. The most pytiefull chaunce that hath bene  
hytherto, surely.

K. JOHAN. Here I submyt me to Pope Innocent the  
Thred,

Dyssyering mercy of hys Holy Fatherhed.<sup>2</sup>

PAND. Geve up the crowne than, yt shalbe the better  
for ye ;

1730

He wyll unto yow the more favorable be.

<sup>1</sup> C. Ye are; *but cf.* p. 584, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> See below, p. 587, n. 1.

*Here the Kyng deleuyr the crowne to the Cardynall.*

K. JOHAN. To hym I resygne here the septer and the  
crowne

Of Ynglond and Yrelond with the power and renowne,  
And put me wholly to his mercyfull ordynance.

PAND. I may say this day the Chyrch hath a full gret  
chaunce.

1735

This v dayes I wyll kepe this crowne in myn owne hande,  
In the Popes behalfe upseasyng Ynglond and Yerlond.  
In the meane season ye shall make an oblygacyon  
For yow and yowr ayers in this synyficyon :

To resayve yowr crowne of the Pope for-ever-more

1740

In maner of fefarme ; and, for a tokyn therfore,

Ye shall every yere paye hym a thowsand marke

With the Peter-pens, and not agenst yt barke.

Ye shall also geve to the bysshoppe of Cantorbery

A thre thowsand marke for his gret injury.

1745

To the Chyrch besydes, for the great scathe ye have done,

Forty thowsand marke ye shall delyver sone.

K. JOHAN. Ser, the taxe that I had of the hole realme  
of Ynglond

Amownted to no more but unto xxx<sup>ti</sup> thowsand ;

Why shuld I then paye so moche unto the clargy?

1750

PAND. Ye shall geve yt them ; ther is no remedy.

K. JOHAN. Shall they pay no tribute yf the realme stond  
in rerage?

PAND. Sir, they shall pay none ; we wyll have no soch  
bondage.

K. JOHAN. The Pope had at once thre hundred thowsand  
marke.

PAND. What is that to you? Ah, styll ye wyll be  
starke?

1755

Ye shall pay yt, sur ; ther is no remedy.

K. JOHAN. Yt shall be performed as ye wyll have yt,  
trewly.

ENGL. So noble a realme to stande tributarye, alas,  
To the devylls vycar! suche fortune never was !

SED. Out with thys harlot! Cocks sowle, she hath lete a  
fart!

1760

ENGL. Lyke a wretche thu lyst. Thy report is lyke as  
thu art.

PAND. Ye shall suffer the monks and chanons to make  
reentry

In-to ther abbayes and to dwell ther peaceably;

Ye shall se also to my great labur and charge;

For other thyngs elles we shall commen more at large.

1765

K. JOHAN. Ser, in every poynt I shall fulfyll yowr plesur.

PAND. Than plye yt apace, and lett us have the tresur.

YNGL. . . . .

. . . . .

. . . . . offended.<sup>1</sup>

SED. And I am full gladde ye are so welle amended.

1770

Unto Holy Church ye are now an obedyent chylde,

Where ye were afore with heresy muche defyelde.

ENGL. Sir, yonder is a clarke whych is condemned for  
treason.

The shryves woulde fayne knowe what to do with hym thys  
season.

K. JOHAN. Come hyther, fellowe. What! me thynke  
thu art a pryste!

1775

[Enter Treason.]

TREASON. He hath offer gessed that of the truthe have  
myste!

K. JOHAN. A pryste and a traytour? how, maye that  
wele agree?

TREASON. Yes, yes, wele ynough, underneth *benedicite*.

Myself hath played it, and therfore I knowe it the better.

Amonge craftye coyners<sup>2</sup> there hath not bene a gretter.

1780

<sup>1</sup> From here to the end is the third addition (cf. p. 583, n. 1). It seems likely that Bale cancelled the original ending of the play and replaced it with these lines, which, perhaps, should also replace ll. 1729-1768, thus: Dyssyryng mercy of that I have offended, etc. Collier does not state whether l. 1768 comes at the end of a leaf of the MS. or not.

<sup>2</sup> C. cloyners.

K. JOHAN. Tell some of thy feates ; thu mayest the better escape.

SED. Hem! not to bolde yet ; for a mowse the catte wyll gape.

TREASON. Twenty thousande traytour[s] I have made in my tyme,

Undre *benedicite*, betwyn hygh masse and pryme.

I have made Nobyltye to be obedyent 1785

To the Church of Rome, whych most kynges maye repent.

I have so conuayed that neyther priest nor lawer

Wyll obeye Gods wurde, nor yet the gospell faver.

In the place of Christe I have sett up supersticyons :

For preachynges, ceremonyes ; for Gods wurde, mennys tradicyons. 1790

Come to the temple and there Christe hath no place,

Moyses and the paganes doth utterly hym deface.

ENGL. Marke wele, sir ; tell what we have of Moyses.

TREASON. All your ceremonyes, your copes and your sensers, doubtlesse,

Your fyers, your waters, your oyles, your aulters, your ashes, 1795

Your candlestyckes, your cruettes, your salte, with suche lyke trashes ;

Ye lacke but the bloude of a goate, or els a calfe.

ENGL. Lete us heare sumwhat also in the paganes behalfe.

TREASON. Of the paganes ye have your gylded ymages all,

In your necessarytees upon them for to call, 1800

With crowchynges, with kyssynges, and settinge up of lyghtes,

Bearynge them in processyon, and fastynges upon their nyghtes ;

Some for the tothe-ake, some for the pestylence and poxe ;

With ymages of waxe to brynge moneye to the boxe.

ENGL. What have they of Christe in the Church? I praye the tell. 1805

TREASON. Marry, nothyng at all, but the epystle and  
the gospels,

And that is in Latyne, that no man shoulde it knowe.

SED. Peace, noughty whoreson, peace! Thu playest the  
knave, I trowe.

K. JOHAN. Has thu knowne suche wayes, and sought  
no reformacyon?

[TREASON.]<sup>1</sup> It is the lyvyng of my whole congregacyon. 1810  
If supersticyons and ceremonyes from us fall,  
Farwele monke and chanon, priest, fryer, byshopp, and all!  
My conveyaunce is suche that we haue both moneye and  
ware.

SED. Our occupacyon thu wylt marre, God gyve the care!

ENGL. Very fewe of ye wyl Peters offyce take. 1815

TREASON. Yes, the more part of us our Maistre hath  
forsake.

ENGL. I meane for preachynge, -- I pray God thu be  
curste!

TREASON. No, no, with Judas we love wele to be purste.  
We selle owr Maker so sone as we have hym made,  
And, as for preachynge, we meddle not with that trade, 1820  
Least Annas, Cayphas and the lawers shulde us blame,  
Callyng us to rekenynge for preachynge in that name.

K. JOHAN. But tell to me, person, whie wert thou cast in  
preson?

[TREASON.]<sup>1</sup> For no great matter; but a lytle petye  
treason:

For conjuryng, calkyng, and coynyng of newe grotes, 1825  
For clippyng of nobles, with suche lyke pratye motes.

ENGL. Thys is hygh treason, and hath bene evermor.

K. JOHAN. It is suche treason as he shall sure hange for.

TREASON. I have holy orders; by the messe, I defye  
your wurst!

Ye can not towche me but ye must be accurst. 1830

K. JOHAN. We wyl not towche the, the halter shall do  
yt alone;

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by C.



Curse the rope therfor whan thu begynnest to grone.

TREASON. And sett ye no more by the holy ordre of  
prestehode?

Ye wyll prove your-selfe an heretyke, by the rode!

K. JOHAN. Come hyther, Englande, and here what I  
saye to the! 1835

ENGL. I am all readye to do as ye commaunde me.

K. JOHAN. For so much as he hath falsefyed our coyne,  
As he is worthie, lete hym with an halter joyne.

Thu shalt hange no priest, nor yet none honest man,  
But a traytour, a thefe, and one that lyttle good can. 1840

PAND. What, yet agaynst the Church? Gett me boke,  
belle and candle!

As I am true priest, I shall ye yett better handle!

Ye neyther regarde hys crowne nor anynted fyngers,  
The offyce of a priest, nor the grace that therin lyngers.

SED. Sir, pacyent yourselfe, and all thyng shall be well. 1845  
Fygh, man, to the Church that ye shulde be styll a rebell!

ENGL. I accompt hym no priest that worke such hay-  
nouse treason.

SED. It is a worlde to heare a folysh woman reason!

PAND. After thys maner ye used Peter Pomfrete,  
A good symple man, and, as they saye, a profete. 1850

K. JOHAN. Sir, I did prove hym a very supersticyouse  
wretche,

And blasphemouse lyar; therfor did the lawe hym upstretche.

He prophecye first I shulde reigne but xiiij years,

Makyng the people to beleve he coude bynde bears;

And I have reigned a seventene yeares, and more. 1855

And anon after he grudged at me very sore,

And sayde I shulde be exyled out of my realme

Before the Ascencyon, whych was turned to a fantastycall  
dreame,

Saynge he woulde hange if hys prophecye were not true.

Thus hys owne decaye hys folyshnesse did brue. 1860

PAND. Ye shuld not hange hym whych is a frynde to  
the Church.

K. JOHAN. Alac that ye shoulde counte them fryndes of  
the Churche

That agaynst all truthe so hypocritically lurche!  
An yll Churche is it that hath such fryndes, in-dede!

ENGL. Of Maister Morres suche an-other fable we reade, 1865  
That in Morgans fylde the sowle of a knyght made verses,  
Apearynge unto hym, and thys one he rehearses:

*Destruat hoc regnum Rex regum duplici plaga, —*  
Whych is true as God spake with the ape at Praga.  
The sowles departed from thys heavey mortall payne 1870  
To the handes of God, returneth never agayne.

A marvelouse thyng that ye thus delyght in lyes!

SED. Thys queane doth not els but mocke the blessed  
storyes.

That Peter angred ye, whan he called ye a devyll incarnate.

K. JOHAN. He is now full sure, no more so uncomely to  
prate. 1875

Well, as for thys man, because that he is a priste  
I gyve hym to ye; do with hym what ye lyst!

PAND. In the Popes behalfe I wyll sumwhat take upon  
me:

Here I delyver hym to the Churches lyberte,  
In spyght of your hart; make of it what ye lyst! 1880

K. JOHAN. I am pleased, I saye, because he ys pryste.

PAND. Whether ye be or no, it shall not greatly force.  
Lete me see those cheanes; go thy waye and have remorce!

TREASON. God save your lordeshyppes; I trust I shall  
amende,

And do no more so, or els, sir, God defende! 1885

SED. I shall make the, I trowe, to kepe thy benefyce.  
By the Marye messe, the knave wyll never be wyse!

ENGL. Lyke lorde, lyke ehaplayne; neyther barrell bet-  
ter herynge.

SED. Styll she must trattle; that tunge is alwayes  
sterynge.

A wurde or two, sir, I must tell yow in your eare. 1890

PAND. Of some advauntage I woulde very gladly heare.

SED. Release not Englande of the generall interdictyon  
 Tyll the kynge hath graunted the dowrye and the pencyon  
 Of Julyane, the wyfe of Kynge Richard Cour de Lyon.  
 Ye knowe very well she beareth the Churche good mynde; 1895  
 Tush, we must have all, manne, that she shall leave be-  
 hynde!

As the saynge is, he fyndeth that surely bynde.  
 It were but folye suche louse endes for to lose;  
 The lande and the monye wyll make well for our purpose.  
 Tush, laye yokes upon hym, more then he is able to beare; 1900  
 Of Holy Churche so he wyll stande ever in feare;  
 Suche a shrewe as he it is good to kepe undre awe.

ENGL. Woo is that persone whych is undreneth your  
 lawe!

Ye may see, good people, what these same merchantes are;  
 Their secrete knaveryes their open factes declare. 1905

SED. Holde thy peace, callet! God gyve the sorowe  
 and care!

PAND. Ere I release yow of the interdictyon heare,  
 In the whych yowr realme contynued hath thys seven yeare,  
 Ye shall make Julyane, your syster-in-lawe, thys bande:  
 To gyve her the thirde part of Englande and of Irelande. 1910

K. JOHAN. All the worlde knoweth, sir, I owe her no  
 suche dewtye.

PAND. Ye shall gyve it to hir; there is no remedye.  
 Wyll ye styll withstande our Holy Fathers precepte?

SED. In peyne of dampnacyon, hys commaundement  
 must be kepte.

K. JOHAN. Oh, ye undo me, consyderynge my great  
 paymentes! 1915

ENGL. Sir, disconfort not, for God hath sent debate-  
 mentes;

Yowr mercyfull Maker hath shewed upon ye hys powere,  
 From thys heavye yoke delyverynge yow thys howre:  
 The woman is dead, — suche newes are hyther brought.

K. JOHAN. For me a synnar thys myracle hath God  
 wrought; 1920

In most hygh paryls he ever me preserved,  
And in thys daunger he hath not from me swerved.

*In genua procumbens Deum adorât, dicens :*

As David sayth, Lorde, thou dost not leave thy servaunt  
That wyll trust in the and in thy blessyd covaunt.

SED. A vengeance take it! By the messe, it is un-  
happye

1925

She is dead so sone! Now is it past remedye.

So must we lose all, now that she is clerely gone.

If that praye had bene ours, oh, it had bene alone!

The chaunce beyng suche, by my trouthe, even lete it go:

No grote no pater noster, no peny no *placebo*.

1930

The devyll go with it, seyng it wyll be no better!

ENGL. Their myndes are all sett upon the fylthie luker.

PAND. Than here I releace yow of yowr interdictyons  
all,

And straghtly commaunde yow, upon daungers that may  
fall,

No more to meddle with the Churches reformacyon,

1935

Nor holde men from Rome whan they make appellacyon,

By God and by all the contentes of thys boke.

K. JOHAN. Agaynst Holy Churche I wyll nomore speake  
nor loke.

SED. Go, open the churche-dores and let the belles be  
ronge,

And through-out the realme see that *Te Deum* be songe.

1940

Pryck upp your candels before Saynt Loe and Saynt  
Legearde;

Lete Saynt Antonyes hogge be had in some regarde.

If yowr ale be sowre, and yowr breade mouldre, certayne

Now wyll they waxe swete, for the Pope hath blest ye  
agayne.

ENGL. Than within a whyle I trust ye wyll preache the  
gospell.

1945

SED. That shall I tell the, kepe thou it in secrete coun-  
sell:

It shall neyther come in churche nor yet in chauncell.

PAND. Goo your wayes a-pace, and see my pleasure be done!

K. JOHAN. As ye have commaunded, all shall be perfourmed sone.

[*Kynge Johan and England go out.*]

PAND. By the messe, I laugh to see thys cleane conveyance! 1950

He is now full glad, as our pype goeth, to daunce;  
By Cockes sowle, he is now become a good parrysh clarke.

SED. Ha, ha, wylle whoreson, dost that so busily marke?

I hope in a whyle we wyll make hym so to rave,  
That he shall become unto us a commen slave, 1955  
And shall do nothyng but as we byd hym do.

If we byd hym slea, I trowe he wyll do so;  
If we byd hym burne suche as beleve in Chryste,  
He shall not say naye to the byddyng of a priste.  
But yet it is harde to trust what he wyll be, 1960

He is so crabbed; by the Holy Trinite,  
To save all thynges up, I holde best we make hym more sure,

And gyve hym a sawce that he no longer endure.

Now that I remembre, we shall not leave hym thus.

PAND. Whye, what shall we do to hym els, in the name of Jesus? 1965

SED. Marry, fatche in Lewes, Kynge Phyllyppes sonne of Fraunce,

To falle upon hym with his menne and ordynaunce,  
With wyldfyer, gunpouder, and suche lyke myrre trickes,  
To dryve hym to holde and scarche hym in the quyckes.

I wyll not leave hym tyll I bryng hym to hys yende. 1970

PAND. Well, farwele, Sedicyon, do as shall lye in thy [mynde].<sup>1</sup> [Exit.]

<sup>1</sup> A blot makes the MS. illegible here; C. suggests intende (= intent); but cf. the rhymes in ll. 719, 879, 2238, etc.

SED. I mervele greatly where Dissymulacyon is.

DYS. [*without*] I wyll come anon, if thu tarry tyll I pysse.

[*Enter Dyssymulacyon.*]

SED. I beshrewe your hart, where have ye bene so longe?

DYS. In the gardene, man, the herbes and wedes  
amonge; 1975

And there have I gotte the poyson of toade.

I hope in a whyle to wurke some feate abroad.

SED. I was wonte sumtyme of thy prevye counsell to be;

Am I now-adayes become a straunger to the?

DYS. I wyll tell the all, undreneth *benedicite*, 1980

What I mynde to do, in case thu wylte assoyle me.

SED. Thu shalt be assoyled by the Most Holy Fathers  
auctoryte.

DYS. Shall I so in-dede? by the masse, than now have  
at the!

*Benedicite.*

SED. *In nomine papae, amen!*

DYS. Sir, thys is my mynde: I wyll gyve Kyng Johan  
thys poyson, 1985

So makynge hym sure that he shall never have foyson.

And thys must thu saye to colour with the thyng,

That a penyfe lofe he wolde have brought to a shylynge.

SED. Naye, that is suche a lye as easely wyll be felte.

DYS. Tush, man, amonge fooles it never wyll be out-  
smelte! 1990

Though it be a foule<sup>1</sup> lye, set upon it a good face,

And that wyll cause men beleve it in every place.

SED. I am sure, than, thu wylt geve it hym in a drynke.

DYS. Marry, that I wyll, and the one half with hym  
swynke,

To encourage hym to drynke the botome off. 1995

SED. If thu drynke the halfe, thu shalt fynde it no scoff;

<sup>1</sup> Above foule is written, in Bale's hand, great. C. says "this is by no means a singular instance in the course of the drama," but he does not point out the others.

Of terryble deathe thu wylt stacker in the plashes.

Dys. Tush, though I dye, man, there wyll ryse more of  
my ashes.

I am sure the monkes wyll praye for me so bytterlye,  
That I shall not come in helle nor in purgatorye. 2000  
In the Popes Kychyne the scullyons shall not brawle  
Nor fyght for my grese. If the priestes woulde for me  
yawle,

And grunt a good pace *placebo* with requiem masse,  
Without muche tarryaunce I shulde to paradyse passe,  
Where I myght be sure to make good cheare and be myrye, 2005  
For I can not awaye with that whoreson purgatorye.

SED. To kepe the from thens, thu shalt have five monkes  
syngynge

In Swynsett abbeye so longe as the worlde is durynge ;  
They wyll daylye praye for the sowle of father Symon,  
A Cisteane monke whych poysened Kyng John. 2010

Dys. Whan the worlde is done, what helpe shall I have  
than?

SED. Than shyft for thy-self so wele as ever thu can.

Dys. Cockes sowle, he cometh here ! Assoyle me that  
I were gone, then.

SED. *Ego absolvo te in nomine papae, amen !* 2014

[*They go out ; enter Kyng Johan and England.*]

K. JOHAN. No prince in the worlde in suche captivyte

As I am thys howre, and all for ryghteousnesse.

Agaynst me I have both the lordes and commynalte,  
Byshoppes and lawers, whych in their cruell madnesse  
Hath brought in hyther the Frenche kynges eldest  
sonne, Lewes.

The chaunce unto me is not so dolourrouse  
But my lyfe thys daye is muche more tedyouse. 2021

More of compassyon for shedynge of Christen blood

Than any-thinge els, my sceptre I gave up latelye  
To the Pope of Rome, whych hath no tytyle good

Of jurisdycyon, but of usurpacyon onlye ;  
And now to the, Lorde, I woulde resygne up gladlye

*Flectit genua.*

Both my crowne and lyfe, for thyne owne ryght it is,  
If it would please the to take my sowle to thy blys. 2028

ENGL. Sir, discomfort ye not ! in the honour of Christe  
Jesu,

God wyll never fayle yow, intendynge not els but vertu.

K. JOHAN. The anguysh of sprete so pangeth me every-  
where

That incessantly I thyrst tyll I be there.

ENGL. Sir, be of good chere, for the Pope hath sent a  
legate,

Whose name is Gualo, your foes to excommunicate ;  
Not only Lewes, whych hath wonne Rochestre, 2035  
Wynsore and London, Readyng and Wynchestre,  
But so many els as agaynst ye have rebelled,  
He hath suspended and openly accursed.

K. JOHAN. They are all false knaves ; all men of them  
be-ware ;

They never left me tyll they had me in their snare. 2040  
Now have they Otto, the emproure, so wele as me,  
And the French kynge, Phyllypp, undre their captivityte.  
All Christen princes they wyll have in their handes ;  
The Pope and his priestes are poyseners of all landes.  
All Christen people be-ware of trayterouse pristes, 2045  
For of truthe they are the pernycouse Antichristes.

ENGL. This same Gualo, sir, in your cause doth stoughtly  
barke.

K. JOHAN. They are all nought, Englande, so many as  
weare that marke.

From thys habytacyon, swete Lorde, delyver me,  
And preserve thys realme, of thy benygnyte ! 2050

*[Dyssymulacyon sings without :]*

DYS. Wassayle, wassayle out of the mylke payle,  
Wassayle, wassayle, as whyte as my nayle,



Wassayle, wassayle, in snowe, froste and hayle,  
 Wassayle, wassayle, with partriche and rayle,  
 Wassayle, wassayle, that muche doth avayle,  
 Wassayle, wassayle, that never wyll fayle ! 2056

K. JOHAN. Who is that, Englande? <sup>1</sup> I praye the stepp  
 fourth and see.

ENGL. He doth seem a-farre some relygyous man to be.

[*Enter Dyssymulacyon.*]

DYS. Now Jesus preserve your worthy and excellent  
 Grace,

For doubtlesse there is a very angelyck face ! 2060  
 Now forsoth and God, I woulde thynke my-self in heaven !  
 If I myght remayne with yow but yeaeres alevyn,  
 I woulde covete here none other felicyte.

K. JOHAN. A lovyng persone thu mayest seme for to be.

DYS. I am as gentle a worme as ever ye see. 2065

K. JOHAN. But what is thy name, good frynde? I praye  
 the, tell me.

DYS. Simon of Swynsett my very name is per-dee,  
 I am taken of men for monastycall Devocyon ;  
 And here have I brought yow a marvelouse good pocyon,  
 For I harde ye saye that ye were very drye. 2070

K. JOHAN. In-dede, I wolde gladlye drynke. I praye  
 the come nye.

DYS. The dayes of your lyfe never felt ye suche a cuppe,  
 So good and so holosome, if ye woulde drynke it upp ;  
 It passeth malmesaye, capryck, tyre, or ypocras ;  
 By my faythe, I thynke a better drynke never was. 2075

K. JOHAN. Begynne, gentle monke ; I pray the, drynke  
 half to me.

DYS. If ye dronke all up, it were the better for ye ;  
 It woulde slake your thirst and also quycken your brayne ;  
 A better drynke is not in Portyngale nor Spayne,  
 Therefore suppe it of, and make an ende of it quyklye. 2080

<sup>1</sup> C. England.

K. JOHAN. Naye, thu shalte drynke half, there is no remedye.

DYS. Good lucke to ye, than! have at it by-and-bye!

[*Aside*] Halfe wyll I consume, if there be no remedye.

K. JOHAN. God saynt the, good monke, with all my very harte !

DYS. I have brought ye half ; conveye me that for your parte. 2085

[*Dyssymulacion goes to another part of the stage and says :*]

Where art thou, Sedicyon? by the masse I dye, I dye!

Helpe now at a pynche! Alas, man, cum awaye shortlye!

SED. Come hyther apace, and gett thee to the farmerye ;  
I have provyded for the, by swete Saynt Powle,  
Fyve monkes that shall synge contynually for thy sowle, 2090  
That, I warande the, thou shalt not come in helle.

DYS. To sende me to heaven goo rynge the holye belle,  
And synge for my sowle a masse of Scala Celi,  
That I may clyme up aloft with Enoch and Heli.  
I do not doubt it but I shall be a saynt ; 2095

Provyde a gyldar myne image for to paynt ;  
I dye for the Church with Thomas of Canterberye.  
Ye shall fast my vigyll and upon my daye be merye ;  
No doubt but I shall do myracles in a whyle,  
And therefore lete me be shryned in the north yle. 2100

SED. To the, than, wyll offer both crypple, halte and blynde,

Mad-men and mesels, with such as are woo behynde.

*Exeunt.*

K. JOHAN. My bodye me vexeth ; I doubt much of a tympanye.

ENGL. Now, alas, alas! your Grace is betrayed cowardlye!

K. JOHAN. Where became the monke that was here with me lately? 2105

ENGL. He is poysened, sir, and lyeth a-dyenge, surelye.

K. JOHAN. It can not be so, for he was here even now.

ENGL. Doubtlesse, sir, it is so true as I have tolde yow ;

A false Judas kysse he hath gyven and is gone.  
 The halte, sore and lame thys pitiefull case wyll mone ; 2110  
 Never prynce was there that made to poore peoples use[s]  
 So many masendewes, hospytals and spyttle-howses  
 As your Grace hath done, yet sens the worlde began.

K. JOHAN. Of priestes and of monkes I am counted a  
 wycked man,  
 For that I never buylte churche nor monasterye, 2115  
 But my pleasure was to helpe suche as were nedye.

ENGL. The more grace was yours, for at the daye of  
 judgment  
 Christe wyll rewarde them whych hath done hys com-  
 maundement ;  
 There is no promyse for voluntarye wurkes,  
 No more than there is for sacrifice of the Turkes. 2120

K. JOHAN. Doubtlesse I do fele muche grevaunce in my  
 bodye.

ENGL. As the Lorde wele knoweth, for that I am full  
 sorye.

K. JOHAN. There is no malyce to the malyce of the  
 clergie !  
 Well, the Lorde God of heaven on me and them have mer-  
 cye ! 2124

For doynge justyce they have ever hated me ;  
 They caused my lande to be excommunicate,  
 And me to resygne both crowne and princely dygnyte,  
 From my obedyence assoylynge every estate ;  
 And now last of all they have me intoxycate ;  
 I perceyve ryght wele their malyce hath none ende.  
 I desyre not els but that they maye sone amende. 2131

I have sore hungred and thirsted<sup>1</sup> ryghteousnesse  
 For the offyce sake that God hath me appoynted,  
 But now I perceyve that synne and wyckednesse  
 In thys wretched worlde, lyke as Christe prophecied,  
 Have the overhande ; in me it is verefyed.

<sup>1</sup> *Qy. insert for.*

Praye for me, good people, I besych yow hartely,  
That the Lorde above on my poore sowle have mercy. 2138

Farwell, noble-men, with the clergie spirytual,  
Farwell, men-of-lawe, with the whole commynalte.

Your disobedyence I do forgyve yow all,  
And desyre God to perdon your iniquyte.

Farwell, swete Englande, now last of all to the!  
I am ryght sorye I coude do for the nomore.  
Farwell ones agayne, yea, farwell for evermore! 2145

ENGL. With the leave of God, I wyll not leave ye thus,  
But styll be with ye tyll he do take yow from us,  
And than wyll I kepe your bodye for a memoryall.

K. JOHAN. Than plye it, Englande, and provyde for my  
buryall;

A wydowes offyce it is to burye the deade. 2150

ENGL. Alas, swete maistre, ye waye so heavy as leade.  
Oh horryble case, that euer so noble a kynge  
Shoulde thus be destroyed and lost for ryghteouse doynge  
By a cruell sort of disguysed bloud-souppers,  
Unmercyfull murtherers, all dronke in the bloude of marters!  
Report what they wyll in their most furyouse madnesse,  
Of thys noble kynge muche was the godlynesse. 2157

*Exeunt.*

*[Enter Veryte.]*

VERY. I assure ye, fryndes, lete men wryte what they wyll,  
Kynge Johan was a man both valiaunt and godlye.  
What though Polydorus reporteth hym very yll  
At the suggestyons of the malicyouse clergie,  
Thynke yow a Romane with the Romans can not lye?  
Yes; therfore, Leylonde, out of thy slumbre awake,  
And wytnesse a trewthe for thyne owne contrayes sake! 2164

For hys valiauntnesse many excellent writers make,  
As Sigebertus, Vincentius, and also Nauclerus;  
Giraldus and Mathu Parys with hys noble vertues take;  
Yea, Paulus Phrigio, Johan Major, and Hector Boethius.

Nothyng is allowed in hys lyfe of Polydorus,  
 Whych discommendeth hys ponyshmentes for trayterye,  
 Advauncyng very sore hygh treason in the clergie. 2171

Of hys godlynesse thus muche report wyll I :

Gracyouse provysyon for sore, sycke, halte and lame  
 He made in hys tyme,<sup>1</sup> both in towne and cytie,  
 Grauntyng great lyberties for mayntenaunce of the  
 same,

By markettes and fayers in places of notable name ;  
 Great monymentes are in Yppeswych, Donwych and Berye,  
 Whych noteth hym to be a man of notable mercye ; 2178

The cytie of London, through his mere graunt and premye,  
 Was first privileged to have both mayer and shryve,  
 Where before hys tyme it had but baylyves onlye ;

In hys dayes the Brydge the cytizens ded contryve.  
 Though he now be dead, hys noble actes are alyve.  
 Hys zeles is declared, as towchyng Christes religyon,  
 In that he exyled the Jewes out of thys regyon. 2185

[*Enter Nobilyte, Clergy and Cyvyll Order.*]

NOB. Whome speake ye of, sir? I besyche ye hartelye.

VERY. I talke of Kynge Johan, of late your prynce most  
 worthy.

NOB. Sir, he was a man of a very wycked sorte.

VERY. Ye are muche to blame your prynce so to reporte.  
 How can ye presume to be called Nobilyte, 2190  
 Diffamyng a prynce in your malygnyte?

Ecclesiastes sayth : " If thou with an hatefull harte  
 Misnamest a kynge, thou playest suche a wycked parte  
 As byrdes of ayer to God wyll represent,  
 To thy great parell and exceedyng ponnysment." 2195

Saynt Hierome sayth also that he is of no renowne,  
 But a vyle traytour, that rebelleth agaynst the Crowne.

CLERGY. He speaketh not agaynst the crowne, but the  
 man, per-dee !

<sup>1</sup> C. *repeats* he made.

VERY. Oh, where is the sprete whych ought to reigne  
in the?

The crowne of it-selfe without the man is nothyng. 2200

Learne of the Scriptures to have better undrestandyng.

The harte of a kyng is in the handes of the Lorde,

And he directeth it, wyse Salomon to recorde.

They are abhominable that use hym wyckedlye.

CLERGY. He was never good to us, the sanctified

Clergye.

2205

VERY. Wyll ye know the cause, before thys worshipfull  
cumpanye?

Your conversacyon and lyves are very ungodlye.

Kyng Salomon sayth: "Who hath a pure mynde,

Therin delyghtyng, shall have a kyng to frynde."

On thys wurde *cleros*, whych signyfieth a lott,

2210

Or a sortyng out into a most godly knott,

Ye do take your name, for that ye are the Lordes

Select, of hys wurde to be the specyall recordes.

As of Saynt Mathias we have a syngular mencyon

That they chose hym owt anon after Christes Ascencyon.

2215

Thus do ye reckon; but I feare ye come of *clerus*,

A very noyfull worme, as Aristotle sheweth us,

By whome are destroyed the honycombes of bees,

For poore wydowes ye robbe, as ded the Pharysees.

C. ORDER. I promyse yow, it is uncharytably spoken. 2220

VERY. Trouthe ingendereth hate; ye shewe therof a  
token.

Ye are suche a man as owght every-where to see

A godly order, but ye loose yche commynalte.

Plato thought alwayes that no hygher love coulde be

Than a man to payne hymself for hys own countreie.

2225

David for their sake the proude Philistian slewe,

Aioth mad Eglon hys wyckednesse to rewe,

Esdras from Persye for hys owne countreys sake

Came to Hierusalem their stronge-holdes up to make;

But yow, lyke wretches, cast over both contreie and kyng, —

All manhode shameth to see your unnaturall doynge.

2231

Ye wycked rulers, God doth abhorre ye all!  
 As Mantuan reporteth in hys Egloges Pastorall,  
 Ye fede not the shepe, but ever ye pylle the flocke,  
 And clyppe them so nygh that scarsely ye leve one locke. 2235  
 Your judgements are suche that ye call to God in vayne  
 So longe as ye have yowr prynces in disdayne.  
 Chrysostome reporteth that nobilyte of fryndes  
 Avayleth nothyng, except ye have godly myndes.  
 What profiteth it yow to be called spirytuall, 2240  
 Whyls yow for lucre from all good vertues fall?  
 What prayse is it to yow to be called Cyvvylyte,  
 If yow from obedyence and godly order flee?  
 Anneus Seneca hath thys most provable sentence :  
 " The gentyll free hart goeth never from obedyence." 2245  
 C. ORDER. Sir, my bretherne and I woulde gladly knowe  
 your name.

VERY. I am Veritas, that come hyther yow to blame  
 For castynge awaye of [y]our most lawfull kynge ;  
 Both God and the worlde detesteth your dampnable doynge.  
 How have ye used Kynge Johan here now of late? 2250  
 I shame to rehearce the corruptyons of your state.  
 Ye were never wele tyll ye hym cruelly slayne ;  
 And now, beyng dead, ye have hym styll in disdayne.  
 Ye have raysed up of hym most shamelesse lyes,  
 Both by your reportes and by your written storyes. 2255  
 He that slewe Saul throwgh fearcenesse vyolent  
 Was slayne sone after at Davids just commaundement,  
 For-bycause that Saul was anoynted of the Lorde, —  
 The seconde of Kynges of thys beareth plenteouse recorde.  
 He was in those dayes esteemed wurthie to dye 2260  
 On a noynted kynge that layed handes violentlye ;  
 Ye are not ashamed to fynde fyve priestes to synge  
 For that same traytour that slewe your naturall kynge.  
 A trayterouse knave ye can set upp for a saynte,  
 And a ryghteouse kynge lyke an odyouse tyrant paynte. 2265  
 I coule shewe the place where you most spyghtfullye  
 Put out your torches upon hys physnomye ;

In your glasse wyndowes ye whyppe your naturall kynges.  
As I sayde afore, I abhorre to shewe your doynge.

The Turkes, I dare say, are a thowsande tymes better than  
yow. 2270

NOB. For Gods love, no more! Alas, ye have sayde  
ynough!

CLERGY. All the worlde doth knowe that we have done  
sore amys.

C. ORDER. Forgyve it us, so that we never heare more  
of thys.

VERY. But are ye sorye for thys ungodly wurke?

NOB. I praye to God else I be dampned lyke a Turke. 2275

VERY. And make true promyse ye wyll never more do so?

CLERGY. Sir, never more shall I from true obedyence  
goo.

VERY. What say you, brother? I must have also your  
sentence.

C. ORDER. I wyll ever gyve to my prynce due reverence.

VERY. Well than, I doubt not but the Lorde wyll con-  
descende 2280

To forgyve yow all, so that ye mynde to amende.

Adewe to ye all, for now I must be gone.

[Enter Imperyall Majestye.]

IMP. MAJ. Abyde, Veryte, ye shall not depart so sone!  
Have ye done all thynges as we commanded yow?

VERY. Yea, most gracyouse prynce, I concluded the  
whole even now. 2285

IMP. MAJ. And how do they lyke the customs they have  
used

With our predecessours, whome they have so abused,  
Specyally Kyng Johan? thynke they they have done well?

VERY. They repent that ever they folowed sedicyouse  
counsell,

And have made promes they wyll amende all faultes. 2290

IMP. MAJ. And forsake the Pope with all hys cruell  
assaultes?



VERY. Whie do ye not bowe to Imperyall Majeste?  
Knele and axe pardon for yowr great enormyte!

NOB. Most godly governour, we axe your gracyouse  
pardon,  
Promysynge nevermore to maynteyne false Sedicyon. 2295

CLERGY. Neyther Pryvate Welthe, nor yet Usurped  
Poure

Shall cause me disobeye my prynce from thys same houre;  
False Dissymulacyon shall never me begyle;  
Where I shall mete hym, I wyll ever hym revyle.

IMP. MAJ. I perceyve, Veryte, ye have done wele your  
part, 2300

Refowrmynge these men; gramercyes with all my hart!  
I praye yow take paynes to call our Commynalte  
To true obedyence, as ye are Gods Veryte.

VERY. I wyll do it, sir; yet shall I have muche a-doo  
With your popish prelates; they wyll hunte me to and fro. 2305

IMP. MAJ. So longe as I lyve, they shall do yow no  
wronge.

VERY. Than wyll I go preache Gods wurde your com-  
mens amonge.

But first I desyre yow their stubberne factes to remytt.

IMP. MAJ. I forgyve yow all, and perdon your frowarde  
wytt.

OMNES UNA. The heavenly Governour rewarde your  
goodnesse for it! 2310

VERY. For Gods sake obeye, lyke as doth yow befall,  
For in hys owne realme a kynge is judge over all  
By Gods appoyntment, and none maye hym judge agayne  
But the Lorde hymself; in thys the Scripture is playne.  
He that condempneth a kynge, condempneth God, without  
dought; 2315

He that harmeth a kynge, to harme God goeth abought;  
He that a prynce resisteth, doth dampne Gods ordynaunce,  
And resisteth God in withdrawynge hys affyaunce.  
All subjectes offendynge are undre the kynges judgement;  
A kynge is reserved to the Lorde Omnytpotent. 2320

He is a mynyster immedyate undre God,  
 Of hys ryghteousnesse to execute the rod.  
 I charge yow, therfore, as God hath charge<sup>1</sup> me,  
 To gyve to your kyng hys due supremacyte,  
 And exyle the Pope thys realme for-evermore. 2325

OMNES UNA. We shall gladly doo accordynge to your  
 loore.

VERY. Your Grace is content I shewe your people the  
 same?

IMP. MAJ. Yea, gentle Veryte, shewe them their dewtye,  
 in Gods name.

To confyrme the tale that Veryte had now  
 The seconde of Kynges is evydent to yow : 2330

The younge man that brought the crowne and bracelett  
 Of Saul to David, saynge that he had hym slayne,  
 David commaunded, as though he had done the forfett,  
 Strayght-waye to be slayne ; Gods sprete ded hym  
 constrayne

To shewe what it is a kynges bloude to distayne.  
 So ded he those two that in the fylde hym mett,  
 And unto hym brought the heade of Isboset. 2337

Consydre that Christe was undre the obedyence  
 Of worldly prynces so longe as he was here,  
 And alwayes used them with a lowly reverence,  
 Payinge them tribute, all his true servauntes to stere  
 To obeye them, love them, and have them in reverent  
 feare.

Dampnacyon it is to hym that an ordre breake  
 Appoynted of God, lyke as the Apostle speake. 2344

No man is exempt from thys, Gods ordynaunce,  
 Bishopp, monke, chanon, priest, cardynall nor pope ;  
 All they by Gods lawe to kynges owe their alleageaunce.  
 Thys wyll be wele knowne in thys same realme, I hope.  
 Of Verytees wurdes the syncere meanyng I grope :

<sup>1</sup> *Perhaps* charged, *but see* Notes.

He sayth that a kynge is of God immedyatlye ;  
 Than shall never pope rule more in thys monarchie. 2351

CLERGY. If it be your pleasure we wyll exyle hym  
 cleane,  
 That he in thys realme shall nevermore be seane,  
 And your Grace shall be the supreme head of the Churche ;  
 To brynge thys to passe, ye shall see how we wyll wurche. 2355

IMP. MAJ. Here is a nyce tale! He sayth, if it be my  
 pleasure,  
 He wyll do thys acte to the Popes most hygh displeasure ;  
 As who sayth, I woulde for pleasure of my persone,  
 And not for Gods truthe, have suche an enterpryse done.  
 Full wysely convayed! the crowe wyll not chaunge her  
 hewe. 2360

It is marvele to me and ever ye be trewe.  
 I wyll the auctoryte of Gods holy wurde to do it,  
 And it not to aryse of your vayne, slypper wytt.  
 That Scripture doth not, is but a lyght fantasye.

CLERGY. Both Daniel and Paule calleth hym Gods  
 adversarye, 2365  
 And therfore ye ought as a devyll hym to expell.

IMP. MAJ. Knewe ye thys afore, and woulde it never  
 tell?

Ye shoulde repent it, had we not now forgyven ye!  
 Nobilyte, what say yow? Wyll ye to thys agree?

NOB. I can no lesse, sir, for he is wurse than the Turke, 2370  
 Whych none other wayes but by tyrannye doth wurke.

Thys bloudy bocher with hys pernycyouse bayte  
 Oppresse Christen princes by frawde, crafte and dissayte,  
 Tyll he compell them to kysse hys pestylent fete,  
 Lyke a levyathan syttynge in Moyses sete. 2375

I thynke we can do unto God no sacrifice  
 That is more accept, nor more agreynge to justyce,  
 Than to slea that beaste and slauterman of the devyll,  
 That Babylon boore, whych hath done so muche evyll.

IMP. MAJ. It is a clere sygne of a true Nobilyte, 2380

To the wurde of God whan your consyence doth agree;  
 For, as Christe ded saye to Peter, *Caro et sanguis*  
*Non revelavit tibi, sed Pater meus celestis:*  
 Ye have not thys gyfte of carnall generacion,  
 Nor of noble bloude, but by Gods owne demonstracyon. 2385  
 Of yow, Cyvyle Order, one sentence woulde I heare.

C. ORDER. I rewe it that ever any harte I ded hym  
 beare.

I thynke he hath spronge out of the bottomlesse pytt,  
 And in mennys consyence in the stede of God doth sytt,  
 Blowynge fourth a swarme of grassopers and flyes, 2390  
 Monkes, fryers and priestes, that all truthe putrifyes.  
 Of the Christen faythe playe now the true defendar,  
 Exyle thys monster and ravenous devourar,  
 With hys venym wormes, hys adders, whelpes and snakes,  
 Hys cuculled vermyne, that unto all myschiefe wakes! 2395

IMP. MAJ. Than, in thys purpose ye are all of one  
 mynde?

CLERGY. We detest the Pope, and abhorre hym to the  
 fynde.

IMP. MAJ. And ye are wele content to disobeye hys  
 pryde?

NOB. Yea, and his lowsye lawes and decrees to sett  
 asyde.

IMP. MAJ. Than must ye be sworne to take me for your  
 heade. 2400

C. ORDER. We wyll obeye yow as our governour in Gods  
 steade.

IMP. MAJ. Now that ye are sworne unto me your pryn-  
 cypall,

I charge ye to regarde the wurde of God over all,  
 And in that alone to rule, to speake and to judge,  
 As ye wyll have me your socour and refuge. 2405

CLERGY. If ye wyll make sure, ye must exyle Sedicyon,  
 False Dyssymulacyon, with all vayne superstycyon,  
 And put Private Welthe out of the monasteryes;  
 Than Usurped Power maye goo a-birdynge for flyes.

IMP. MAJ. Take yow it in hande, and do your true dily-  
gence,

2410

Iche man for hys part; ye shall wante no assystence.

CLERGY. I promyse yow here to exyle Usurped Powre,  
And yowr supremacyte to defende yche daye and howre.

NOB. I promyse also out of the monasteryes  
To put Private Welthe, and detect hys mysteryes.

2415

C. ORDER. False Dissymulacyon I wyll hange up in  
Smythfylde,

With suche supersticion as your people hath begylde.

IMP. MAJ. Than I trust we are at a very good conclu-  
syon,

Vertu to have place, and vyce to have confusyon.

Take Veryte with ye for every acte ye doo,

2420

So shall ye be sure not out of the waye to goo.

*Sedicyon intrat.*

SED. [*sings*] Pepe! I see ye! I am glad I have spyed ye!<sup>1</sup>

NOB. There is Sedicyon; stand yow asyde a-while,  
Ye shall see how we shall catche hym by a wyle.

SED. No noyse amonge ye? Where is the mery chere  
That was wont to be, with quaffynge of double bere?

2425

The worlde is not yet as some men woulde it have.

I have bene abroad, and I thynke I have playde the knave.

C. ORDER. Thu canst do none other, except thu change  
thy wunte.

SED. What myschiefe ayle ye that ye are to me so  
blunte?

2430

I have sene the daye ye have favoured me, Perfectyon.

CLERGY. Thy-selfe is not he, thu art of an other com-  
plectyon.

Sir, thys is the thiefe that first subdued Kynge John,  
Vexynge other prynces that sens have ruled thys regyon,

And now he doth prate he hath played the knave,  
That the worlde is not yet as some men woulde it have.

2435

It woulde be knowne, sir, what he hath done of late.

<sup>1</sup> *The music is printed in C.*

IMP. MAJ. What is thy name, frynde? To us here inty-mate.

SED. A sayntwary! a sayntwary! for Gods dere passion, a sayntwarye!

Is there none wyll holde me, and I have made so manye? 2440

IMP. MAJ. Tell me what thy name is. Thu playest the knave, I trowe.

SED. I am wyndesse, good man, I have muche payne to blowe.

IMP. MAJ. I saye, tell thy name, or the racke shall the constrayne.

SED. Holy Perfectyon my godmother called me playne.

NOB. It is Sedicyon, God gyve hym a very myschiefe! 2445

C. ORDER. Under heaven is not a more detestable thiefe.

SED. By the messe, ye lye! I see wele ye do not knowe me.

IMP. MAJ. Ah, brother, art thou cum? I am ryght glad we have the.

SED. By bodye, bloude, bones, and sowle, I am not he!

CLERGY. If swearynge myghte helpe, he woulde do we[le]<sup>1</sup> ynough. 2450

IMP. MAJ. He scape not our handes so lyghtly, I warande yow.

CLERGY. Thys is that thiefe, sir, that all Christendome hath troubled,

And the Pope of Rome agaynst all kynges maynteyned.

NOB. Now that ye have hym, no more but hange hym uppe!

C. ORDER. If ye so be content, it shall be done ere I suppe. 2455

IMP. MAJ. Loo! the Clergye accuseth the, Noblyte condempneth the,

And the Lawe wyll hange the. What sayst now to me?

SED. I woulde I were now at Rome at the sygne of the Cuppe,

For heavynesse is drye. Alas. must I nedes clymbe uppe?

<sup>1</sup> *Corr. by C.*

Perdon my lyfe, and I shall tell ye all, 2460  
Both that is past and that wyll herafter fall.

IMP. MAJ. Aryse; I perdon the, so that thou tell the  
trewthe.

SED. I wyll tell to yow suche treason as ensewthe.  
Yet a ghostly father ought not to bewraye confessyon.

IMP. MAJ. No confessyon is but ought to discover  
treason. 2465

SED. I thynke it maye kepe all thyng save heresy.

IMP. MAJ. It maye holde no treason, I tell the verelye,  
And therefore tell the whole matter by-and-bye.  
Thou saydest now of late that thou haddest played the knave,  
And that the worlde was not as some men woulde it have. 2470

SED. I coulde playe Pasquyll, but I feare to have re-  
buke.

IMP. MAJ. For utteryng the truthe feare neyther bysh-  
opp nor duke.

SED. Ye gave injunctyons that Gods wurde myghte be  
taught;

But who observe them? Full manye a tyme have I laught  
To see the conveyance that prelates and priestes can fynde. 2475

IMP. MAJ. And whie do they beare Gods wurde no  
better mynde?

SED. For, if that were knowne, than woulde the people  
regarde

No heade but their prynces; with the Church than were it  
harde;

Than shoulde I lacke helpe to maynteyne their estate,  
As I attempted in the Northe but now of late, 2480  
And sens that same tyme in other places besyde,  
Tyll my setters-on were of their purpose wyde.

A vengeance take it, it was never well with me  
Sens the cummyng hyther of that same Vertye!  
Yet do the byshoppes for my sake vexe hym amonge. 2485

IMP. MAJ. Do they so in-dede? well, they shall not do  
so longe.

SED. In your parlement commaunde yow what ye wyll,

The Popes ceremonies shall drowne the gospell styll.  
 Some of the byshoppes at your injunctyons slepe,  
 Some laugh and go bye, and some can playe boo-pepe. 2490  
 Some of them do nought but searche for heretykes,  
 Whyls their priestes abroad do playe the scysmatykes.  
 Tell me, in London how manye their othes discharge  
 Of the curates there; yet is it muche worse at large.  
 If your true subjectes impugne their trecheryes, 2495  
 They can fatche them in, man, for Sacramentaryes,  
 Or Anabaptystes; thus fynde they subtyl shifte  
 To proppe up their kyngedome, suche is their wyly dryfte.  
 Get they false wytnesses, they force not of whens they be,  
 Be they of Newgate, or be they of the Marshallsee. 2500  
 Paraventure a thousande are in one byshoppes boke,  
 And agaynst a daye are readye to the hooke.

IMP. MAJ. Are those matters true that thu hast spoken  
 here?

SED. What can in the worlde more evydent wytnesse  
 bere?

First of all consydre the prelates do not preache, 2505  
 But persecute those that the holy Scriptures teache;  
 And marke me thys wele, they never ponnysh for popery,  
 But the gospell-readers they handle very coursely;  
 For on them they laye by hondred poundes of yron,  
 And wyll suffer none with them ones for to common. 2510  
 Sytt they never so longe, nothyng by them cometh  
 fourthe

To the trutthes furtherance that any-thinge ys wourthe.  
 In some byshoppes howse ye shall not<sup>1</sup> fynde a Testament,  
 But yche man readye to devoure the innocent.  
 We lyngar a tyme and loke but for a daye 2515  
 To sett upp the Pope, if the gospell woulde decaye.

CLERGY. Of that he hath tolde hys-selfe is the very  
 grounde.

IMP. MAJ. Art thu of counsell in this that thu hast  
 spoken?

<sup>1</sup> MS. *repeats* shall not.



- SED. Yea, and in more than that, if all secretes myght  
be broken ;
- For the Pope I make so much as ever I maye do. 2520
- IMP. MAJ. I praye the hartely, tell me why thou doest so.
- SED. For I perceyve wele the Pope is a jolye fellowe,  
A trymme fellowe, a ryche fellowe, yea, and myry fellowe.
- IMP. MAJ. A jolye fellowe how dost thou prove the Pope?
- SED. For he hath crosse keyes, with a tryple crowne and  
a cope, 2525
- Trymme as a trencher, havynge his shoes of golde,  
Ryche in hys ryalte and angelyck to beholde.
- IMP. MAJ. How dost thou prove hym to be a fellowe  
myrye?
- SED. He hath pipys and belles, with kyrye, kyrye, kyrye.  
Of hym ye maye bye both salt, creame, oyle and waxe, 2530
- And after hygh masse ye may learne to beare the paxe.
- IMP. MAJ. Yea? and nothyng heare of the pystle and  
the gospele?
- SED. No, sir, by the masse, he wyll gyve no suche  
counsell.
- IMP. MAJ. Whan thou art abroade, where dost thy  
lodgyng take?
- SED. Amonge suche people as God ded never make: 2535
- Not only cuckoldes, but suche as folow the Popes lawes  
In disgysed coates, with balde crownes lyke jacke-dawes.
- IMP. MAJ. Than every-where thou art the Popes altogither.
- SED. Ye had proved it ere this, if I had not chaunced  
hyther.
- I sought to have served yow lyke as I ded Kynge John, 2540
- But that Veryte stopte me, the devyll hym poyson!
- NOB. He is wurthie to dye and there were men nomore!
- C. ORDER. Hange up the vyle knave, and kepe hym no  
longer in store!
- IMP. MAJ. Drawe hym to Tyburne; lete hym be hanged  
and quartered.
- SED. Whye, of late dayes ye sayde I shoulde not be so  
martyred. 2545

Where is the pardon that ye ded promyse me?

IMP. MAJ. For doynge more harme thu shalt sone pardoned be.

Have hym fourth, Cyvyle Ordre, and hang hym tyll he be dead,

And on London Brydge loke ye bestowe hys head.

C. ORDER. I shall see it done and returne to yow agayne. 2550

SED. I beshrewe your hart for takynge so muche payne!  
Some man tell the Pope, I besyche ye with all my harte,  
How I am ordered for takynge the Churches parte,  
That I maye be put in the holye letanye  
With Thomas Beckett, for I thynke I am as wurthye. 2555  
Praye to me with candels, for I am a saynt alreadye.

O blessed Saynt Partryck, I see the, I, verylye! [*Exeunt.*]

IMP. MAJ. I see by thys wretche there hath bene muche faulte in ye;

Shewe your-selves herafter more sober and wyse to be. 2559

Kynge Johan ye subdued, for that he ponnyshed treason,

Rape, theft and murther in the holye spirytualte;

But Thomas Beckett ye exalted without reason,

Because that he dyed for the Churches wanton lyberte,

That the priestes myght do all kyndes of inyquyte,

And be unponnyshed. Marke now the judgement

Of your ydle braynes, and, for Gods love, repent! 2566

NOB. As God shall judge me, I repent me of my rudenesse.

CLERGY. I am ashamed of my most vayne folyshenesse. 2568

NOB. I consydre now that God hath for sedicyon

Sent ponnyshmentes great: examples we have in Brute,

In Catilyne, in Cassius and fayer Absolon,

Whome of their purpose God alwayes destytute,

And terryble plagis on them ded execute

For their rebellyon. And therfore I wyll be ware,

Least his great vengeaunce trappe me in suche lyke snare. 2575

CLERGY. I pondre also that sens the tyme of Adam

The Lorde evermore the governours preserved :

Examples we fynde in Noe and in Abraham,

In Moyses and David, from whome God never swerved.

I wyll therfor obeye least he be with me displeased.

Homerus doth saye that God putteth fourth hys shyelde

The prynce to defende whan he is in the fyelde.

2582

C. ORDER. Thys also I marke: whan the priestes had  
governaunce

Over the Hebrues, the sectes ded first aryse

As Pharisees, Sadducees, and Esse[n]es, whych wrought  
muche grevaunce

Amonge the people by their most devylysh practyse,

Tyll destructyons the prynces ded devyse,

To the quyettesse of their faythfull commens all,

As your Grace hath done with the sectes papistycall.

2589

IMP. MAJ. That poynt hath in tyme fallen in your mem-  
ories.

The Anabaptystes, a secte newe rysen of late,

The Scriptures poyseneth with their subtile allegoryes,

The heades to subdue after a sedicyouse rate.

The cytie of Mynster was lost through their debate.

They have here begunne their pestilent sedes to sowe,

But we trust in God, to increace they shall not growe.

2596

CLERGY. God forbyd they shoulde, for they myght do  
muche harme!

C. ORDER. We shall cut them short if they do hyther  
swarme.

IMP. MAJ. The adminystracyon of a princes governaunce  
Is the gifte of God and hys hygh ordynaunce,

2600

Whome with all your power yow thre ought to support

In the lawes of God to all hys peoples confort :

First yow, the Clergye, in preachynge of Gods worde,

Than yow, Nobilyte, defendynge with the sworde,

Yow, Cyvyle Order, in executynge justyce.

2605

Thus, I trust, we shall seclude all maner of vyce,  
 And, after we have establyshed our kyngedome  
 In peace of the Lorde and in hys godly fredome,  
 We wyll confirme it with wholesom lawes and decrees,  
 To the full suppressynge of Antichristes vanytees. 2610

*Hic omnes rex osculatur.*

Farwele to ye all: first to yow, Nobilyte,  
 Than to yow, Clergye, than to yow, Cyvylyte;  
 And above all thynges remembre our injunctyon!  
 OMNES UNA. By the helpe of God yche one shall do hys  
 functyon. [Exit Imperyall Majestye.] 2614

NOB. By thys example ye may see with your eyes  
 How Antichristes whelpes have noble princes used.  
 Agayne ye may see how they with prodigyouse lyes  
 And craftes uncomely their myschiefes have excused;  
 Both nature, manhode and grace they have abused,  
 Defylynge the lawe and blyndynge Nobilyte, —  
 No Christen regyon from their abusyons free. 2621

CLERGY. Marke wele the dampnable bestowyng of their  
 masses,  
 With their foundacyons for poysenyng of their kyng.  
 Their confessyon-driftes all other traytery passes.  
 A saynt the[y]<sup>1</sup> can make of the moste knave thys  
 daye lyvyng,  
 Helpynge their market; and, to promote the thyng,  
 He shall do myracles. But he that blemysh their glorye  
 Shall be sent to helle without anye remedye. 2628

C. ORDER. Here was to be seane what ryseth of Sedicyon,  
 And howe he doth take hys mayntenaunce and grounde  
 Of ydle persones, brought upp in supersticyon,  
 Whose daylye practyse is alwayes to confounde  
 Such as myndeth vertu and to them wyll not be bounde.  
 Expedyent it is to knowe their pestylent wayes,  
 Consydyryng they were so busye now of late dayes. 2635

<sup>1</sup> *Corr. by C.*

NOB. Englande hath a quene, — thanks to the Lorde  
above! —

Whych maye be a lyghte to other princes all  
For the godly wayes whome she doth dayly move  
To her liege people, through Gods wurde specyall.  
She is that Angell, as Saynt Johan doth hym call,  
That with the Lordes seale doth marke out his true ser-  
vauntes,  
Pryntyng in their hartes his holy wourdes and covenantes. 2642

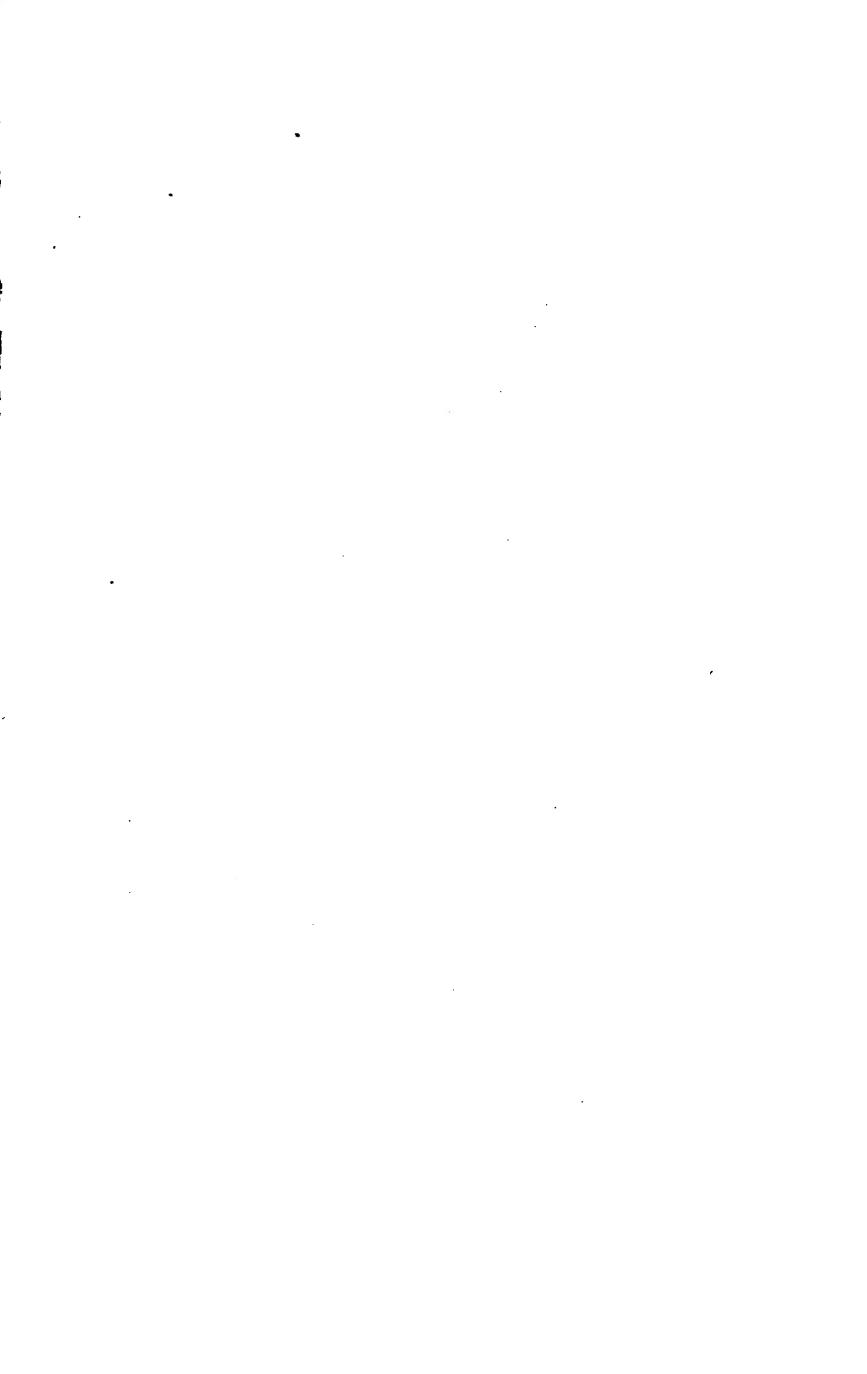
CLERGY. In Danyels sprete she hath subdued the Papistes,  
With all the ofsprynge of Antichristes generacyon;  
And now of late dayes the sect of Anabaptistes  
She seketh to suppress for their pestiferouse facyon.  
She vanquysheth also the great abhomynacyon  
Of supersticyons, witchecraftes and hydolatrye,  
Restorynge Gods honoure to hys first force and bewtye. 2649

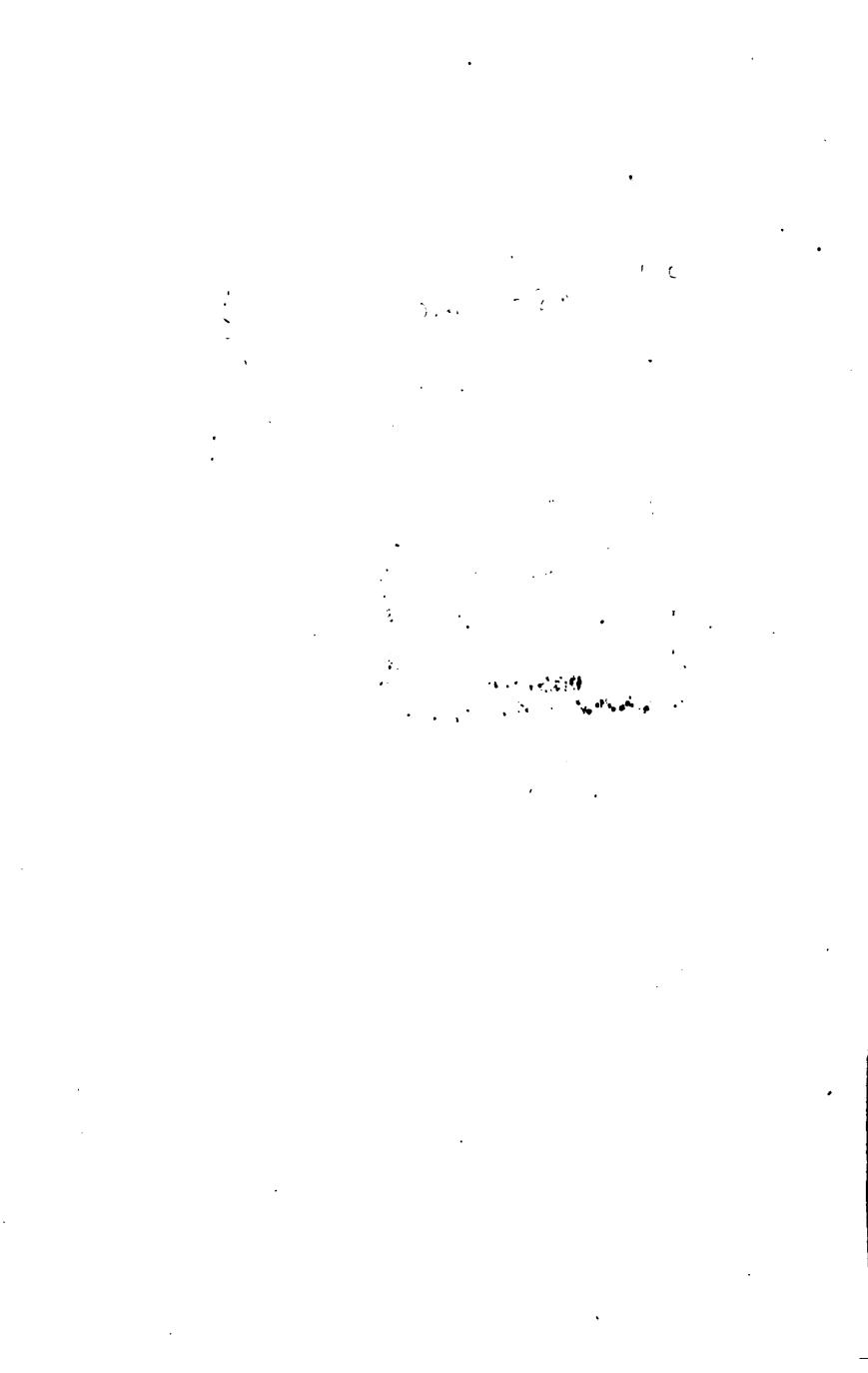
C. ORDER. Praye unto the Lorde that hir Grace may con-  
tynewe  
The dayes of Nestor to our sowles consolacyon;  
And that hir ofsprynge may lyve also to subdewe  
The great Antichriste, with hys whole generacyon,  
In Helias sprete to the confort of thys nacyon;  
Also to preserve hir most honourable Counsell,  
To the prayse of God and glorye of the gospell!<sup>1</sup> 2656

<sup>1</sup> After this line, MS. has Pretium xx<sup>s</sup>, not in Bale's hand, but con-  
temporary.

*Thus endeth the ij playes  
of Kynge Johan.*

END OF VOL. I.







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